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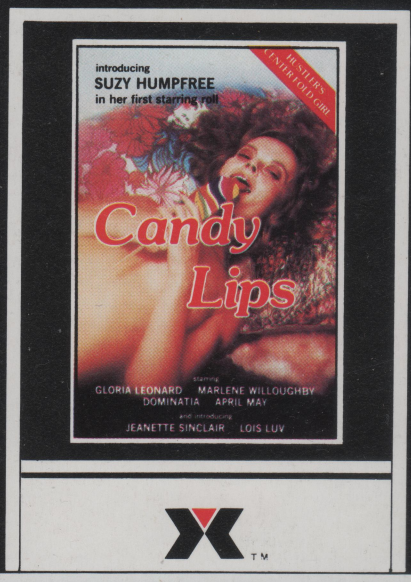
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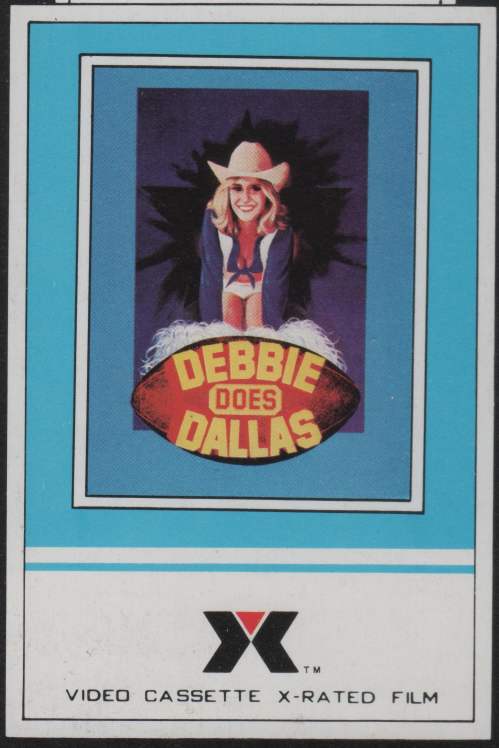
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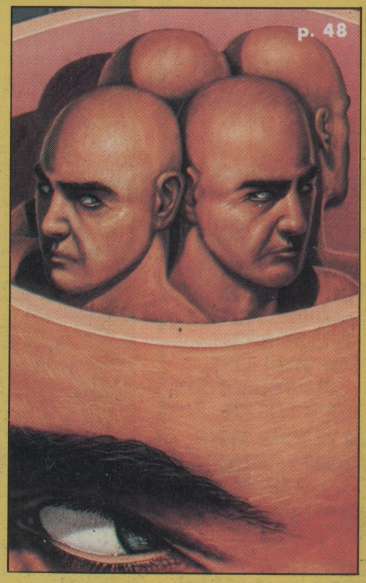
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No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

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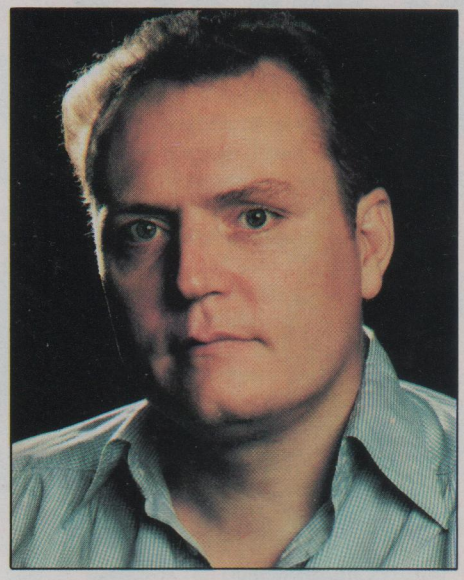
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HUSTLER JUNE 1980 VOLUME 6 NUMBER 12

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Women's Rights

"Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of sex."

That's the exact wording of the Equal Rights Amendment, better-known as the ERA. It's a simple statement of equality for the majority of American citizens—women. I support it fully.

In fact, I find it hard to believe that the ERA still hasn't been approved as part of the U.S. Constitution. How can we work so hard to achieve racial equality and then fail to realize that discrimination continues against women?

Don't for a minute believe that discrimination based on sex doesn't exist. It's so common that the average male high-school dropout earns more money than the average female college graduate. That to me is a crime. And it's also a crime that some state legislatures are in effect *accepting* this unfair situation by refusing to ratify the ERA.

It comes as no surprise to me that most of the people who oppose the amendment are the same ones who want to bring back the sexual Dark Ages. Sexual liberation and female liberation depend upon each other. So, naturally, those who would stifle free sexual expression would also deny women the same opportunities men have to fulfill any role they choose in society.

Frankly, I think a lot of these people are men who feel threatened on a sexual level by the idea that women are demanding equal rights. They know that part of that demand includes sexual satisfaction, and they're not willing to accept that sex is a two-way street.

That's an unhealthy attitude. As Publisher of HUSTLER, I promote a liberated view of sex that recognizes the needs of women as well as of men. Consequently, I've always been in favor of equal rights for women, which is why I'm constantly surprised by people who accuse HUSTLER of exploiting women.

The truth is that our models appear in HUSTLER by choice. They are paid well to work with some of the best photographers in the world. They know they won't be presented as idealized playthings, but as full sexual beings with sexual needs and desires of their own. A man looking at a HUSTLER centerfold sees female sexuality as it *really* is; so he is forced to confront his own ability to be a true sexual partner instead of just a "user." That's why HUSTLER's frank and honest view of female sexuality is not exploitation—it's liberation.

It's unfortunate that so many men feel threatened by the idea of equal rights for women. It's even more unfortunate that they are supported by enough stuffy legislators—with their old-fashioned views of sex and of a "woman's place"—to keep the ERA from passing. The root cause of their opposition is sexual repression, but the results are prejudice and discrimination, pure and simple.

Larry Flynt

Publisher &
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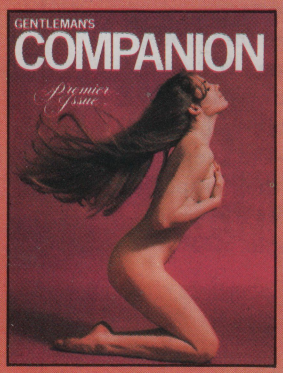
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HUSTLER has always been more than just another skin magazine. There's no doubt, of course, that our reputation for red-hot photo-spreads and our down-to-earth attitude about sexuality have combined to make HUSTLER a household word. But we're convinced it's our responsibility as a high-circulation national publication to also present our readers with the latest offerings from various well-respected professional writers and artists.

For starters this month there's **SCOTT WINOKUR**, a San Francisco-based journalist who provides a firsthand account of **PAST-LIVES THERAPY: HAVE YOU LIVED BEFORE?** Illustrated by HUSTLER regular **JOHN ANDREWS**, this fascinating look at a new self-help movement describes how various people, through hypnosis, have been led back into their own previous lifetimes. Winokur, a metropolitan-newspaper reporter who has written for a number of national publications, reported on the con man Reverend Hakeem Abdul Rasheed in HUSTLER's January issue—which hit the stands more than two months before Hakeem was convicted of defrauding his followers of millions of dollars.

Another veteran writer who brings an impressive track record to the pages of HUSTLER is **MICHAEL BANE**, author of this month's profile of one of the wonders of modern publishing, **ROLLING STONE'S JANN WENNER**. Bane, former editor of *Country Music Magazine*, has written several books about popular music. The latest, *Living Proof* (reviewed in last month's issue), grew out of Bane's August 1976 HUSTLER profile of Hank Williams, Jr. This highly acclaimed autobiography of Hank, Jr., brought renewed attention to the country singer, thus playing a large part in the stunning revitalization of his career. Before branching out into books and free-lance writing, with articles appearing in a number of national magazines (including *Rolling Stone*), Bane covered music and politics for daily newspapers in the South. The artwork accompanying the profile of Wenner is by **DAN KIRK**.



Cover by Matti Klatt

ROBERTA METZ's fiction, with its vivid, poetic images, has been a favorite in the past with HUSTLER readers, and she's back again with **TRIPLE EXPOSURE**. Set in the fast-paced world of fashion photography, it's a tale with a twist, pitting a domineering magazine photographer against a beautiful and clever model. Metz, once a fashion model herself, has written for literary magazines as well as for HUSTLER, and is working on her first novel. **HOLLY HOLLINGTON**, a former fashion designer and now a regular HUSTLER contributor, provided the companion illustration.

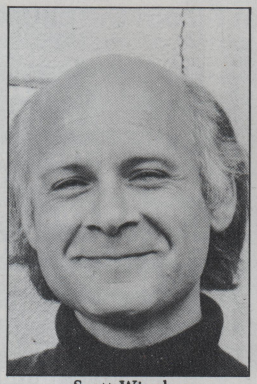
The response to our satiric *Star Tricks* photo-feature in February's HUSTLER was so positive that we decided to bow to popular demand and present **SPACE PROBE**, another journey into the sexual unknown, shot by **MATTI KLATT**. Besides *Space Probe*, Matti—now in his fourth year at Larry Flynt Publications—also photographed this month's centerfold, **ALICIA: SHAPING UP**.

Speaking of science fiction, this seems a good time to mention how pleased we are to present the internationally renowned science-fiction writer **THEODORE STURGEON** in his role as HUSTLER's book-reviewer. His most widely acclaimed novel, *More Than Human*, has been translated into 13 languages and continues to fascinate readers around the world. His unique insights into and observations about recently released books highlight a monthly feature we're proud to offer.

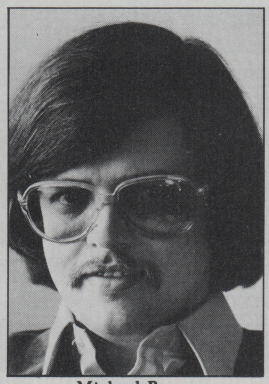
We're also proud to offer another HUSTLER trademark: a frank and educational discussion of sometimes-controversial sexual topics. In this month's *Sex Play* writer **FRANK LEONARD** explains **RIMMING: LICKING A TABOO**, an exotic and pleasurable kind of anal sex that has for too long been buried in ignorance.

And just to add a little spice, we've tossed in a fanciful look at **THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF CLICHES**, culled from the files of the infamous SLAM Magazine. **STEPHEN SAYADIAN, AARON KASS, PAUL PETERSON, ROBERT REIFF** and **FRANK DeLIA** are responsible for this wacky photo-collection.

Some people judge HUSTLER without ever opening up the magazine. But it doesn't matter, because our millions of loyal readers know better. They know there are a variety of ingredients that make up each issue—intriguing articles and columns, high-quality photography, biting humor and an honest, informative view of sex.



Scott Winokur



Michael Bane



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Matti Klatt and Alicia

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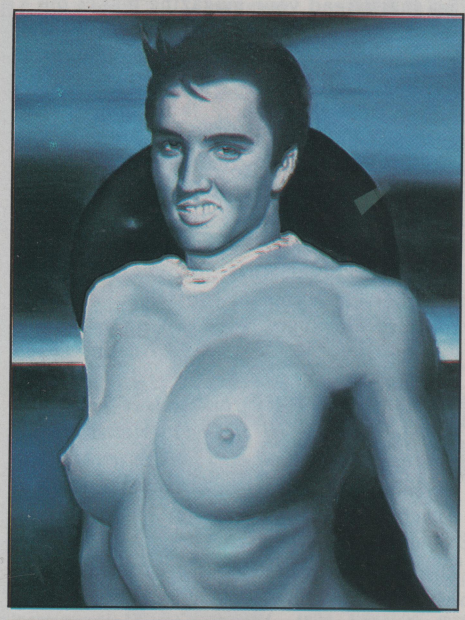
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All Shook Up: I'm a devoted Elvis fan, and I think that your April *Bits & Pieces* section showing a "sick" fantasy portrait of The King is *disgusting* (top photo). Why would you permit such a thing to be published? What in hell is wrong with you people? Let the man rest in peace! Does HUSTLER Magazine have to prey on dead people to gain sales?

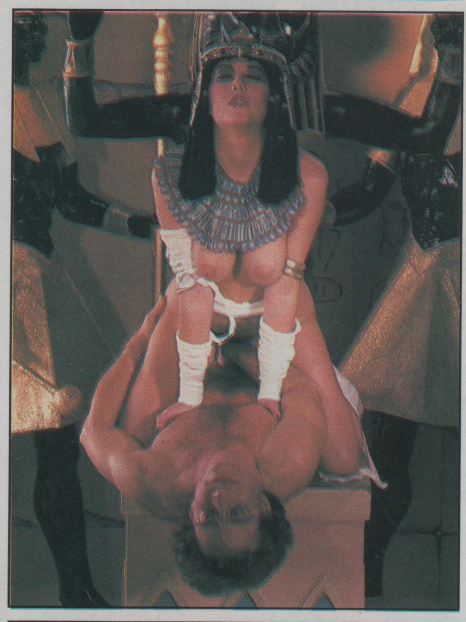
Elvis was a fine man who harmed no one. He did so much good; through his kindness and generosity he helped a lot of people. Of course, he was only human and had his faults, as we all do. That's no excuse to print such a degrading item as "Love Me Gender." You people turn my stomach.

—Mrs. R. Holfelder
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I recently heard about a fantasy portrait in HUSTLER depicting Elvis Presley with female breasts. May I ask you, what in the world did Elvis ever do to your magazine to deserve such a degrading bit of trash like this? The Presley name has been dragged through enough. There are a lot of attempts by uncouth people to downgrade a beautiful man's memory—which will never happen as long as there are Elvis fans who are alive to protest. —June Kwiatkowski
Steger, Illinois



Fantasy Shots: My favorite thing you do is the fantasy shots like *Queen Tit* (center photo) in your April issue. I myself have often thought about what it would be like to explore some ancient pyramid and find a sexy goddess who would come to life and fulfill my every desire. I know you probably don't care, but I just thought it was a coincidence that my fantasy appeared in your magazine. No charge! —Jeremy Potts
Van Nuys, California



No Nukes: I've just read your April issue, and was very interested in the article *Nuclear Disasters: How They Lied to You* (bottom photo). I'm employed at a nuclear generating station as an acting lieutenant for the station's security force. It seems to me that the nuclear companies are lying to us about how much radiation will harm people.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request



I read your feature *Nuclear Disasters: How They Lied to You*, which discussed the dangers of nuclear energy. The article really scared me. Government and industry have so much money invested in the nuclear white elephant that no one has the guts to say, "Hey, guys, we've made the greatest error in history; it's time to admit our mistake, shut off the money pump and take our losses."

When I was a boy, I believed what I was told about nuclear energy: that it was safe, clean and cheap, and that it promised unlimited supplies of electricity. Later I worked with a man who was trained in nuclear instrumentation. He began to tell me about its perils and the cover-ups in government and industry. I started reading up on the subject, and what I read upset me very deeply. Needless to say, we can't control the machines we build as well as we'd like to think we can. —W. Cochran
Lambertville, New Jersey

Dead Head: I just received HUSTLER's April issue, and the first thing I noticed was a letter from some asshole complaining about your *Bits & Pieces* section—specifically, this dildo was upset about the "Catnip" item (January). I turned the page, and some *other* fools were bitching about another *Bits & Pieces* item, the one about Thurman Munson's getting the "DC-10 Aviation Award" (February).

My friends and I all agree that it's things like these that make HUSTLER so different from and *better* than other magazines in your field. You guys will do anything for a laugh, even death-oriented humor. I especially got a kick out of your Teddy Kennedy record, which featured Ted singing his rendition of "Bridge Over Troubled Water" (*Bits & Pieces*, March). —M. E. M.
Cincinnati, Ohio

Women Against Porn: As a member of the National Organization for Women, I read with interest the *Publisher's Statement* "Women Against Pornography" in your March issue. I want to go on record and state that I agree with Larry Flynt 100%. Nobody, not even my colleagues, has the right to decide what I read and what I don't. Nobody broke my arm or forced me to sign the check to subscribe to HUSTLER. Nobody bodily forces me and my boyfriend to attend X-rated flicks. And I am sure that neither HUSTLER nor its photographers force their models to pose. Larry, I wish you, and anyone else who has to fight back against these prudes, much luck. By the way, within the next month you should receive my renewal check for my HUSTLER subscription. —Janice M. Hamilton
Brookhaven, Pennsylvania

I am somewhat dismayed by Larry Flynt's *Publisher's Statement* "Women Against Pornography." His belief that HUSTLER is "an important part of creating a healthier society" does not stand on as solid ground as he may think. He talks as if the feminists' claims are totally unjustified. He attacks feminists for conveniently forgetting evidence that supports pornography, while he is conveniently forgetting evidence that condemns it.

The fact remains that more research must be done on the subject of pornography. If Larry Flynt is the moralist he leads us to believe he is, why doesn't he sponsor a few pornography studies of his own? Money

invested in research would help Larry sleep at night, help HUSTLER's image and give him the right to call antiporn feminists "puritanical prudes." —Steve Eversole
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

In 1977 Larry Flynt made two offers to fund such a study. One was to donate HUSTLER Magazine's profits to form a nonpartisan government committee to study the effects of sexual repression on society and discover to what extent sexual repression causes child abuse. The other was an offer to President Jimmy Carter of $1 million to conduct such a study. Neither offer was accepted.

Final Judgment: Besides the common, sexual trash your magazine has been known to display, I found your February *Publisher's Statement* ("The Church Is Not an Equal-Opportunity Institution") to be absolutely abhorrent! If I'm not mistaken, you seemed to be defending homosexuality and "sexual freedom" in the name of Jesus Christ. I truly pity you and your readers who believe such falsehoods. Not only does the church discriminate against gays, but so does God! So, Mr. Flynt, as you continue to promote your doctrine of sexual freedom, remember, the Lord's Supreme Court has no First Amendment to hide behind. —Bruce R. McCain
San Diego, California

Larry Flynt certainly showed his ignorance in February's *Publisher's Statement.* I'm not up on my soapbox about religion. The fact that I read your magazine makes me a sinner. But you should at least have your facts straight before you get up onto a soapbox.

You state that "there is nothing in the teachings of Jesus condemning homosexuality or relegating women to an inferior status," when in fact there is both. You should read Leviticus 18:22, Leviticus 20:13, Genesis 3:16 and I Timothy 2:11-12. I do hope, Mr. Flynt, that you get your facts straight before you set yourself up as judge and jury for others. —E. W. Rogers
Austin, Texas

We find it difficult to believe that Jesus, who spoke of love for all of God's children, would have any doctrine that calls for discrimination or prejudice against anybody, including women and homosexuals.

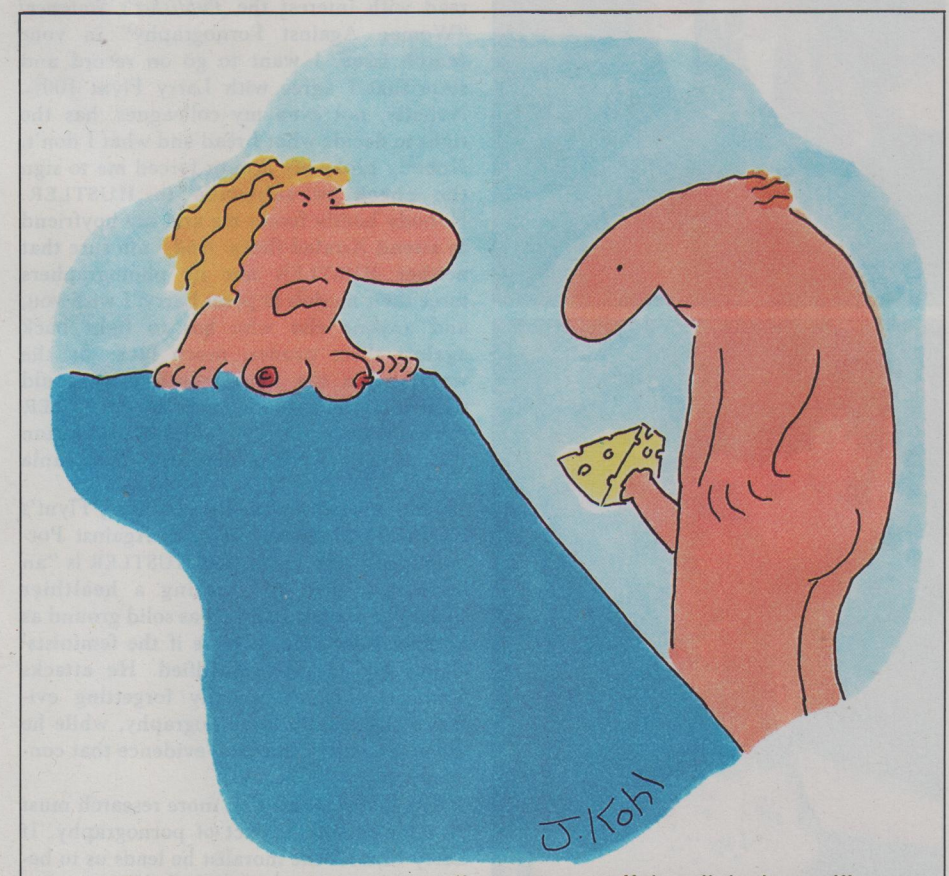
Cartoon Views: I saw that cartoon in your March issue showing an old lady crawling on the sidewalk, begging for Valium, and this is my opinion: You guys are really disturbed! The whole bunch of you should get your heads checked out! I live at home with my mother, who was taken off of this seriously harmful medication.
—Robert W. Thompson
Ocean City, New Jersey

I'm a volunteer member of Women Against Rape, and I believe that part of the causes of sexual assault are the myths, stereotypes and half-truths that society has perpetuated about women. These attitudes have created an atmosphere in which violence against women is acceptable, and it is believed that women encourage and enjoy these physical and emotional assaults.

In your September 1979 issue there was a cartoon depicting violence to a woman, a cartoon that can only serve to strengthen an acceptance of violence. It showed a marriage counselor with a smoking pistol and a woman minus her head. The caption read, "There—problem solved." How many abusive spouses will identify with this cartoon, reliving feelings they have had? I wonder how many will actually carry out this violence—with your cartoon in mind.

The publishers, editors, writers and artists responsible for HUSTLER also bear responsibility for the continuously escalating increase in violence in our society.
—Wendy Brose Christie
Norristown, Pennsylvania

We share your concern about sex crimes. But it's ridiculous to think that a humorous cartoon such as the one you refer to (which would have been the same joke if it were the man who had been shot) strengthens an acceptance of violence. For a more complete answer to your criticism, read next month's HUSTLER article on the group that calls itself Women Against Pornography.



"Don't even come near me until you scrape off that dick cheese!"

Tim Leary: I feel compelled to comment on your choice of Dr. Timothy Leary as Asshole of the Month (March). I agree that Dr. Leary's statement that he "never advocated drugs" is a bit surprising. However, in all fairness, I believe that what Dr. Leary advocated was tuning in to a state of consciousness that did not necessarily include drugs.

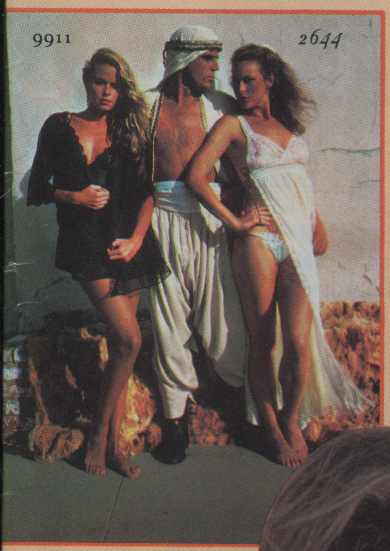
It seems to me that your biggest complaint against Dr. Leary is the fact that he wanted to be paid for an interview that would appear in your magazine. Why is he an asshole for wishing to be paid for contributing to your publication?

HUSTLER costs $2.95 an issue; it's silly to assume that the pursuit of the Holy Buck isn't involved. I'd guess that HUSTLER isn't in business solely to champion the causes of free speech and healthy sexuality. It's in business to turn a profit. Calling people assholes for also wanting to profit is rather hypocritical, don't you think? —R. E. Davis
Oakland, California

Why Spy? Your recent report in *World News Roundup* (HUSTLER, March) about campus police at Brigham Young University—the nationally known Mormon school—was alarming! Why would cops want to "spy" on homosexuals? The fact that they placed "phony ads" for the purpose of learning who's gay at the university is not only dishonest, but also is a gross invasion of privacy.

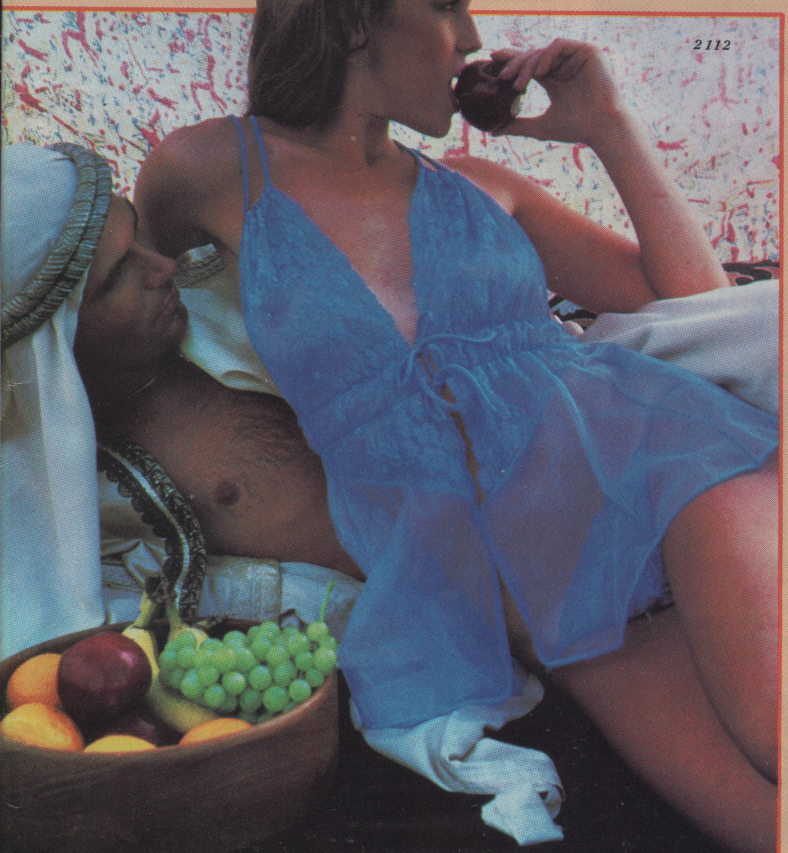
I think that the university officials who were aware of this outrageous surveillance

POSH LADY is the CHIC-est

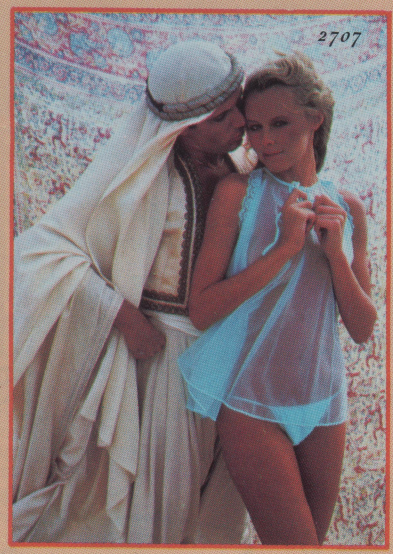


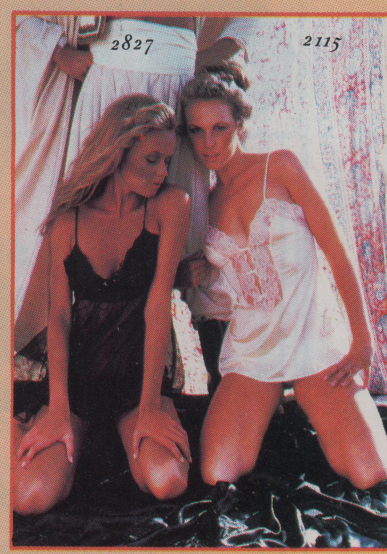






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but did nothing about it should be asked to resign as an alternative to facing civil prosecution. If we're to learn anything from the horrendous situation in the Persian Gulf, it's to insure that religious fanaticism never becomes a powerful force in our society.

—A Friend of Liberty
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Bodyguards: We found your February report *Bodyguards,* by Stuart Goldman, to be interesting and informative. As the Canadian Representatives of Security Associates International, an organization that provides executive protection throughout the free world, we try to keep ourselves informed.

Mr. Goldman quotes the Rand Corporation report that lists Arizona as one of the states where licenses are not required for guards or private investigators. This is not currently factual, as state licenses are most definitely required there. In fact, licensed investigators from out of state must be licensed in Arizona even for short-term assignments within the state.

—Birnie E. Floyd, Director
Civic Security &
Investigative Services
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Erotic Fiction: The style of erotic fiction exhibited in *Winter Dreams,* by Roberta Metz (HUSTLER, March), is the finest of its kind I have ever read. Upon reading the story, I knew it couldn't possibly have been written by a man. Congratulations to Roberta Metz and to HUSTLER for publishing her.

—John Michaelis
San Pedro, California

A new story by Roberta Metz, entitled Triple Exposure, begins on page 82 of this issue.

The Lung Good-bye: I think your picture of John Wayne (*Bits & Pieces,* March) stinks. John Wayne was the greatest hero this country has ever seen, and it takes a sick bastard to print him in the nude like you did. I am going to do my best to get our local drugstore to stop carrying HUSTLER. It is too gross for anybody to read. —W. Lee
Four Oaks, North Carolina

The satirical picture you refer to, entitled "Cancer Can't Wait," calls attention to the dangers of smoking. The fact that John Wayne had lung cancer does not make him less of a hero; it only means that cigarettes are dangerous to heroes as well as to ordinary people.

Photo Suggestions: I'm a middle-aged guy, and lately I've noticed that HUSTLER's models are, for the most part, quite young. How about some photos of older couples?

—Alfred W. Ismond
Redford, Michigan

I've read every issue of HUSTLER since it came (no pun intended) on the market six years ago. Your women make *Playboy* and *Penthouse* models look like little girls. I would, however, like to see some more photos of shaved cunts and small tits in your magazine. Also, you might consider having a pictorial showing women during their period. —Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Black Stud: You have the best female models in magazines right now, but those white men you use in your couple photospreads are all lousy. Most of those guys don't even know what to do with a cunt.

What you really need is a black dynamite stud like myself to let your female models get the feel of this black monster that hangs almost to my knees. Yes, I admit that I am built like a horse, and I could hit some places in your models that none of these white guys have ever touched before.

I have had white chicks tell me that we black studs have longer dicks and make much better lovers than white men. It's a damn shame that some white guys are letting their women suffer from the need of a real stud like myself to show them what a real man feels like. —Jacob Moore
Starke, Florida

More on *Zoom*: This is regarding all the letters in your March and April issues about *Zoom* magazine and its pictures of young girls. I believe many of our society's ills would disappear if we stopped promoting notions that age enables mature judgments. How many dingy chicks and guys have you met *over* 18?

On the other hand, how many damaged psyches emerge from six to ten years of repressing the desires for "contact"—either sexual or affectional? Half the desire for sexual contact stems from the need to be held affectionately. Affectionate contact heals the soul and calms the spirit.

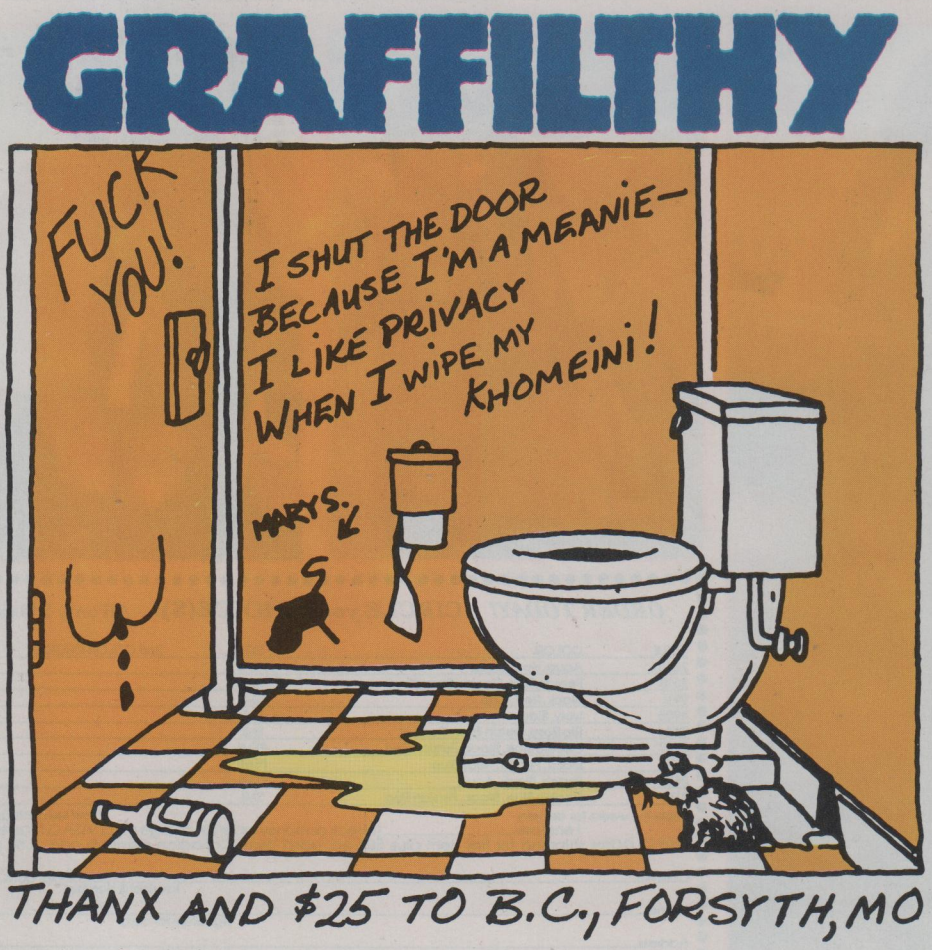
If we encouraged our young to explore life as it unfolds, the dams of repression that break during "maturity" would leave very few in the chaos that most of us experience when we suddenly become "of age."

—Don Bockelman
Sedro Woolley, Washington

The issue raised by the magazine called *Zoom* is quite profound. I can't believe that a magazine like yours, which stresses the point of mature judgment, does not allow its own readers the right to choose. By not printing the *Zoom* photos of young girls, you are treating us readers as you would the young girls. You are making our decisions for us. I personally take that as an insult to my intelligence. I think it would be right and just if you would print the address of *Zoom* so that I and other readers can judge for ourselves.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

Zoom's American address is P.O. Box 2000, Long Island City, New York 11101.



World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

Biologist James Lyster of the Institute of Obstetrics and Gynecology at London's Hammersmith Hospital says that a chemical found in shellfish could increase a couple's chances of having a male child. Lyster claims that a nonpoisonous form of arsenic found in shellfish will, if eaten by a man, increase the odds of his fathering a male child. Since the chromosomes that determine a child's sex are in the father's sperm (not in the mother's egg), the male partner must eat the shellfish to take advantage of the effect. According to Lyster, it takes 21 days of waiting until the proper effect is reached in the sperm. Then, on the 41st day, if the couple has sex that results in conception, the chance of their having a boy is 10% greater than it would be if the male partner had not eaten the shellfish.

Meanwhile, a professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee, claims that women can have babies without men. Dr. Pierre Soupart joined the eggs of two female mice (instead of the normal combination of a sperm and an egg) and implanted them in the womb of a mouse. The offspring that were born were all female, because--as mentioned above--the genetic factor that determines the sex of an infant is only in sperm. If what works in mice works in humans, this practice could be used to create a totally lesbian society and eliminate man from the face of the earth.

Sometimes you have to judge a man by the color of his cock. At least that's what Ledell Siglar, a resident of Simi Valley, California, who was accused of kidnapping and raping a 16-year-old hitchhiker, hoped his jury would do. Since the girl had described her attacker's penis as being a particular color, the defense attorney asked that the jury view Siglar's privates--claiming Siglar's penis was a different shade than the one the victim had described. Siglar was then ordered to enter a small enclosed area near the courtroom, and the jurors were asked to file past him. The jurors refused to take a look at the evidence, though, reportedly telling the judge that "common decency" prevented them from taking part in the unusual action. The following day the judge declared a mistrial on the grounds that the jury had not seen a key piece of evidence.

There is a difference between boys and girls, but the right to recognize it is being challenged. The Women's Equal Rights Legal Defense and Education Fund tried to get an injunction against Sav-on Drugs, Inc. The California-based drugstore chain has been displaying signs in its stores labeling toy sections as being for either boys or girls. The suit charged that the signs constituted false advertising and could psychologically damage young children who might want to buy toys from the section labeled for the opposite sex. Sav-on's defense was that the signs were not meant to be discriminatory, but were merely a customer convenience. The judge denied the injunction, but attorney Gloria Allred has taken the matter further. On February 12 she filed a complaint with the Federal Trade Commission.

Nearly 8 million copies of a Montgomery Ward catalogue have the word "fuck" slyly written on a bedroom wall in a photo featuring a bedspread display. Page 122 of the mail-order company's latest sales catalogue features the famous four-letter word. Embarrassed Wards spokesman Ken Darre explained, "There is a word in the background, but it's very hard to see. It slipped by the proofreaders and everyone else, because unless you're specifically looking for it, it's too vague to make out." The extra touch was added to the negative by a disgruntled employee of an outside photo studio, who has resigned.

A University of Louisville medical researcher asserts that smoking decreases your sexual desire. Dr. Ibrahim Syed says that tobacco smoke reduces oxygen levels in the blood, and this in turn lowers the amount of the male hormone testosterone and the female hormone estrogen, which are responsible for the sex drive in men and women. Among smokers tested, Syed noted an increase in the desire for sex almost immediately after the smoking habit was kicked.

A survey taken by two professors at Rome University has shown that the best lovers are . . . grocers. These men, it was found, had the fewest sexual problems of any profession studied. Showing their dedication to objectivity, the professors admitted that the lowest scorers on the survey were . . . professors, who are described as having "a high level of inhibition" and as being "uptight in bed."

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Bits & Pieces



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Roger Sherman

If there's one thing most assholes have in common, it's that they consider personal gain more important than anything else. Roger Sherman, HUSTLER's June Asshole of the Month, seems like that kind of person. As one of the most influential men in the nuclear-power industry, he profits from a deadly conspiracy that may lead to the end of the human race.

Sherman is the powerful chairman and chief executive officer of the Atomic Industrial Forum (AIF), a trade association that is really in charge of propaganda for nuclear power. How dangerous that propaganda can be was clearly demonstrated this year when Sherman told the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (the federal agency in charge of licensing atomic-power plants) that there are "no safety reasons" to hold up development of new nuclear-power facilities. Sherman's AIF also distributes "fact sheets" claiming that "no plant employee has been seriously injured by exposure to radiation."

Downplaying the safety problems of nuclear power is arrogant enough, but claiming that plant employees haven't been injured by radiation is an outright lie. As HUSTLER revealed in the article *Nuclear Disasters: How They Lied to You* (April), hundreds of American workers have died as a result of nuclear-power accidents, and thousands more have suffered lasting injuries. The accompanying photos of radiation victims—with their scarred and bulbous fingers, eroded skin and missing limbs—offered shocking visual proof of the tragic injuries that Sherman's group evidently doesn't consider "serious."

The AIF also claims that "no injury to the public has occurred" as a result of nuclear power. This is the lowest kind of bullshit doubletalk. The fact that the dangers of radiation poisoning are at first invisible and slow to take effect calls for extra caution, but Sherman and the AIF are using that fact to convince people there is no danger at all—because it can't be seen immediately.

The truth is that the accident last year at the Three Mile Island nuclear-power plant may have exposed about 1 million people to as much as 130 times more radiation than the government has so far reported, according to University of Pittsburgh radiological physicist Ernest Sternglass. The radiation leaks were still occurring as of February, and Sternglass estimates that the number of cancers that may develop in the next ten to 20 years as a result of those leaks might be as high as 2,500.

And that's not all. There have been many less-publicized nuclear-related accidents that may prove even more damaging than the Three Mile Island disaster. For example, on July 16, 1979, about 100 million gallons of radioactive water spilled at the United Nuclear Homestake Uranium Mill near Albuquerque, New Mexico. That accident, according to the NRC, released enough radiation into the Rio Puerco River and onto 250 acres of adjacent land to increase the risk of cancer to residents of the area by 100%.

Sherman and his army of public-relations flacks have tried to cover up these very real dangers because the big corporations they represent have a huge financial stake in the growth of nuclear energy. People whose concern about health and safety has made them question the full-speed-ahead approach to nuclear power are considered enemies.

That's why some utility companies, along with the FBI, NRC and other federal and local agencies, gather information on anti-nuclear-power organizations, sometimes violating their civil rights by using wiretaps, break-ins, infiltration and other surveillance tactics. The AIF accumulates this information about private citizens and shares the files with nuclear-power companies across the country.

It would be far more comforting if the nuclear-power industry were equally diligent in coming up with solutions to the problems that atomic energy poses. One such problem is what to do with the radioactive plutonium in reactor waste, which creates radiation that will exist on earth for at least half a million years. Unfortunately, Roger Sherman and those companies he represents don't seem to care if nuclear power's tough problems are ignored until it's too late.

Baby Upchuck

How about a toy for snotty little brats? HUSTLER proposes a new doll that's bound to upset the whole toy industry—"Baby Upchuck." She comes complete with a jar of vegetable soup and chili, a drip-dry bib and a supply of bad manners. You just stick your finger down her throat, and up it comes. Baby Upchuck never gets the dry heaves, because she has a patented "gag reflex" that pours on the fun, time after time. This is such a great idea for a kid's toy, we just had to bring it up.

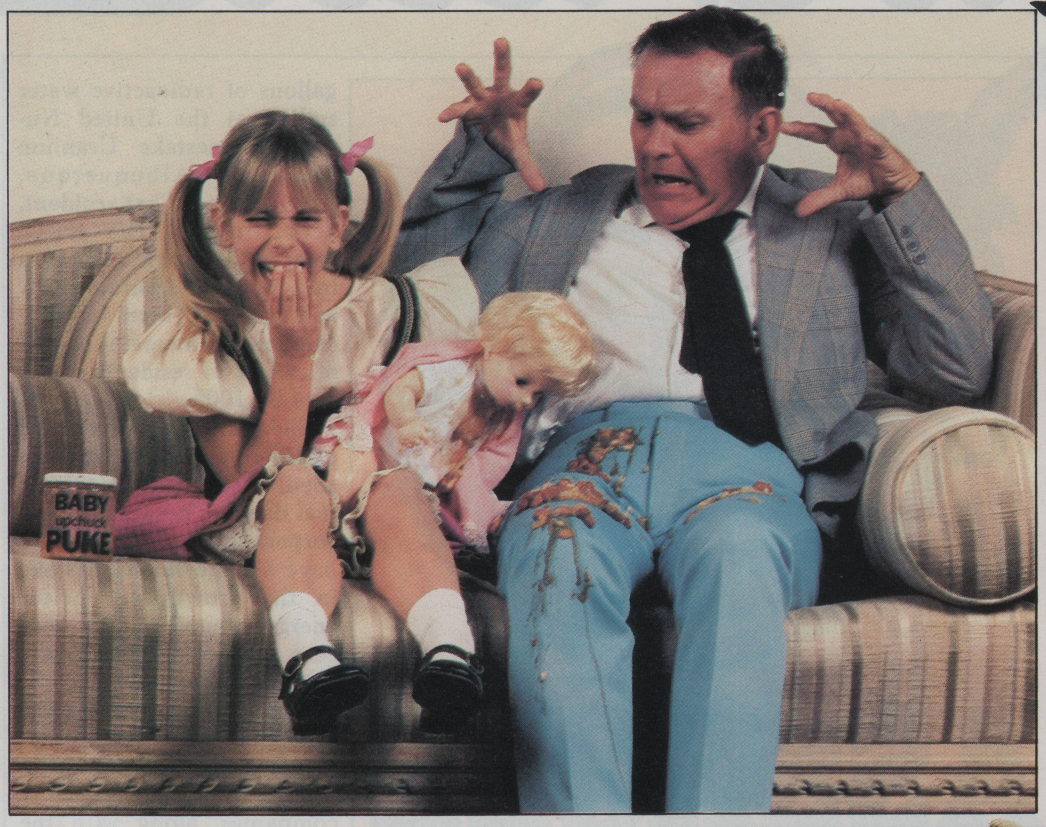




Photo Courtesy of Culver Pictures

Blackbird

This shocking photo shows the result of an experiment conducted in the early 1900s. The object was to produce a source of cheap labor that could lay eggs as well. Our Research Department tells us that this attempt to cross a chicken with a Negro was only one of many such atrocities perpetrated during that period in our history. HUSTLER feels it is our duty to make America aware of the severity of the humiliation that chickens have had to endure in this country.

Sheikh Your Booty

What does a Middle Eastern terrorist do after a busy day blowing up busloads of schoolchildren? You might catch him calling the newspapers to take credit for an airport bombing, or you might find him over at the Dew Drop Inn East, getting loose while enjoying the traditional "Dance of the Ugly White Woman" (in which an overweight housewife from Paramus, New Jersey, promises the audience sexual favors in exchange for gasoline). At the end of the dance the terrorists throw cups of gas at her, and she asks seductively for "a light."



This rare photo of the dance is from *Hara-Kiri* magazine (10 Rue des Trois Portes, 75005 Paris, France).



Hopping Mad

Oft-fired baseball manager Billy Martin—who lost his job with the New York Yankees after punching out a marshmallow salesman—may have found some off-season work in which his hands won't get him into hot water. But Billy's ring career may not last much longer. The ASPCA has called for a ban on the matches, arguing that "they are cruel to a dumb animal. And they're not fair to the kangaroo either."

Now *That's* Italian



Yet another unskilled immigrant (in the form of a magazine) has crossed the seas. Its name is *Adelina*, but it's really the American edition of an Italian magazine called *Playmen*.

The name change came after lawyers for *Playboy* successfully fought to protect its copyright.

Adelina—named for its publisher, Adelina Tattilo and weighing in at 104 pages for $2.50—is a spaghetti-porn contender suffering from a confusing layout and too much emphasis on Italian news and celebrities. The editors have tried to balance this by sprinkling the magazine with American articles such as "Why Our Colleges Are Failing," but that's like serving spaghetti with saltpeter.

The photo-spreads left us with limp pasta as well. More than 50 nude shots of fashionable Italian girls with no tits reminded us of why Columbus went looking for America.

Six Pack



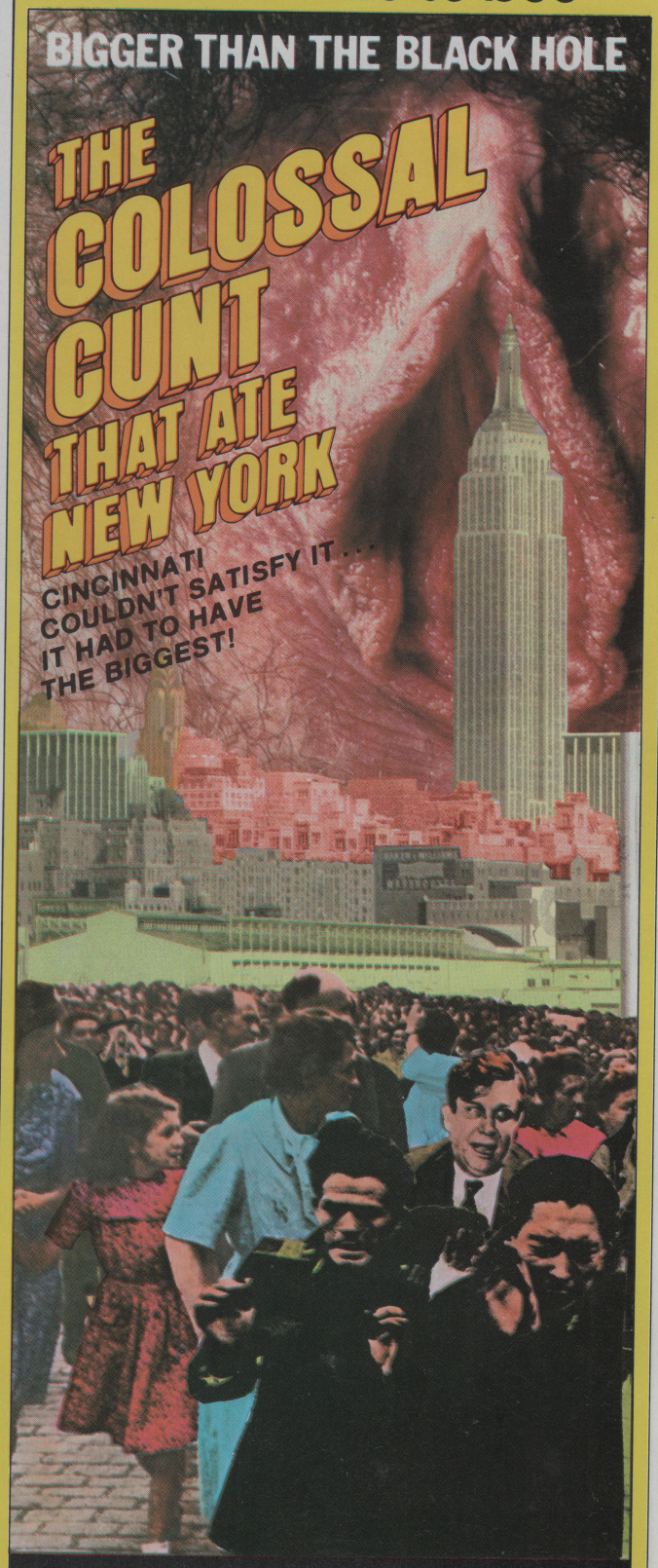
This is an example of the dumb blonde who's all tits and no brains. Even a ski buff ought to know that if you hit the slopes dressed like this, you're bound to get a case of triple exposure.



Gorilla Warfare

Here exclusively is the first photograph of Polish terrorist "Bubbles" Trotski, who has been holding herself hostage in her bedroom for several weeks. "Bubbles" is demanding a year's supply of Trojans, 250 assorted dildos, 20 pounds of Vaseline petroleum jelly and Bobby Vinton.

Ads We'd Like to See



SEE: The gigantic mile-high cunt!

SEE: The world's biggest herpes blisters!

SEE: The orgasm that leveled New York!

Flashy Candidate

Political newcomer Jerry Aibel kicked off his campaign with an exhibition of real patriotism. Aibel hasn't decided yet what office he's running for, but we hope it's his psychiatrist's.



Save the Whales



Probably a subsidiary of the Green Peace Organization, *BBW (Big Beautiful Woman)* magazine is a new, 70-page adventure into fat. Tired of apologizing for their gluttony, these fatties have put together a magazine designed to encourage obese women to maintain their dignity . . . and their weight.

While this attitude may be good for their minds, we're not too sure about its effect on their health. Padded with articles like "How Big Is Big?" and "Goodies Galore" (yes, a recipe page), the new publication claims to be aimed at the women who make up "25% of the population" (and probably 50% of its mass).

Although most of the photos feature fashions for fatties, these cheesecake shots caught our eye. While swimsuits are available for these hefty mammals, they'll be lucky to make it home from the beach without harpoon wounds.

Killer Nuns

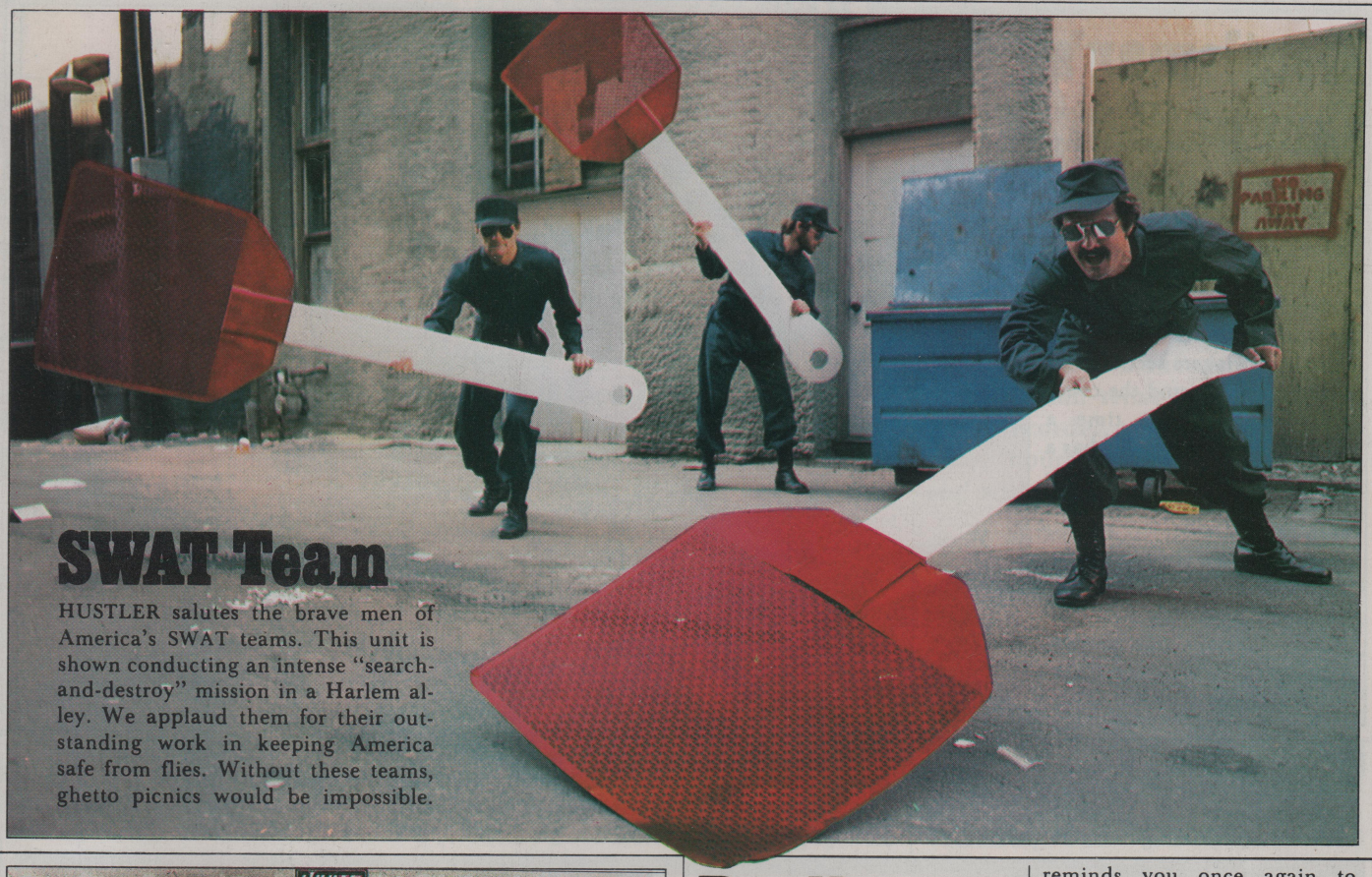
In an attempt to strengthen the impact of papal doctrine, roaming gangs of killer nuns have been set loose by the Vatican and are terrorizing city streets. American nuns have been extremely successful in scaring young Catholic schoolchildren by telling them they'll go to hell if they masturbate. And now the Pope has enlisted the nuns' help. He's asked them to remind his followers that they're never too old for a swift kick of Catholic righteousness.





The Open Highway

She may just be waiting for a pickup, but she's more likely to be hit by one. A California reader sent this in to show us what the gas crunch is doing to hitchhiking. We agree that fewer cars' being on the road is making it tough to thumb a ride—but who wants a girl with tire marks?



SWAT Team

HUSTLER salutes the brave men of America's SWAT teams. This unit is shown conducting an intense "search-and-destroy" mission in a Harlem alley. We applaud them for their outstanding work in keeping America safe from flies. Without these teams, ghetto picnics would be impossible.



Save Your Can

The double entendre on this aluminum-recycling company's billboard in Tucson, Arizona, has brought protests from the Tucson Women's Commission and the National Organization for Women as being sexist, but the executive vice-president of Re-Cy-Co is proud of it. She ought to be . . . she posed for it.

Really Smokin'

As a public service, HUSTLER reminds you once again to use lubricants! She was bone dry, and, like an idiot, this guy went in without a lube job. Now he's laid up in a hospital with third-degree friction burns, and she's welded shut.





Beat Off

We thought we'd seen everything, but she beats 'em all . . . literally. Overnight, Tara Alexandar went from being an obscure topless dancer in Queens to being an obscure gang-fuck in the Big Apple. She set a dubious world record when she screwed, blew and jacked off 83 men (including her husband) in just over five hours. Volunteering to take on all comers, Tara promised to produce at least 75 male orgasms in a "Spermathon" at Plato's Retreat in Manhattan.

Is this what sexual liberation is leading to? Hopefully not, because this is what gives pornography a bad name. And that is why HUSTLER is presenting Tara Alexandar with our first "You and What Army?" award. The trophy is a beautiful bronze rendering of the valiant soldiers at Iwo Jima planting the American flag in Kate Smith.

Gentleman's Companion



Here's GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION, the newest magazine from Larry Flynt Publications. It's got a number of innovations that make it one of the hottest items around. First, there's a swingers section with listings from around the country. For the first time a national men's magazine has a "get-in-touch" section in which swingers can contact each other directly.

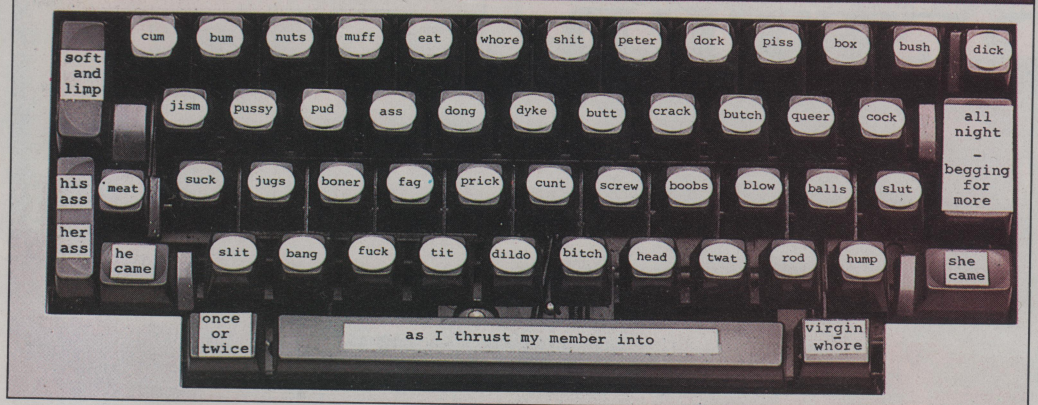
Another first is a regular column called "Sex Education," in which women from all walks of life discuss a particular aspect of sexuality and what turns them on (and off). These personal insights are guaranteed to make a man a better lover. Toss in a lot of gorgeous girls and erotic fiction, and you've got a magazine that no gentleman should be without.

Take My Embassy, Please!

With militants taking over embassies all around the world, and especially in light of the seizure of the United States Embassy in Iran, we thought a game like this would be a natural. The object is to capture our embassy, make unreasonable demands and see if you can get your opponent to sit still for more than 100 days.



Keys to Success

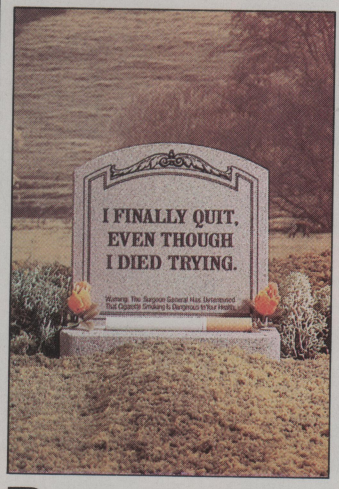


Now you too can write smut, with HUSTLER's amazing new writer's aid—the pornographer's typewriter. Step into the exciting, high-paying world of pornography. At home or at the office, this little gem is going to make it a lot easier to get to the climax of your article. Besides, when you're typing with only one hand, you need all the help you can get.



Moon Over Tehran

Texas pizza parlors have always been known as bastions of democracy; so one of them decided to smear the Ayatollah Khomeini by selling toilet paper bearing his likeness. Matching bumper stickers are also available for your "Embassy Takeover" collection. For information contact Parton's Pizza (3400 W. 7th St., Fort Worth, TX 76107). Eating there is only half the experience.



Doomstone

If you can't read the writing on the wall, then your loved ones may have to go to the cemetery to read it on your grave. These "Doomstones" give someone a chance to warn you about the dangers of smoking—before it's too late.

The small headstones are inscribed with a variety of sayings, including two of our favorites, "Menthol Cigarettes—The Cool Way to Die" and "Quit Smoking, Dad—I Love You." "Doomstones" are marketed by the What's New Company, and are available wherever gifts are sold.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"You'd better take baked beans off the menu!"

HUSTLER Update

RONALD REAGAN
April '79



Besides running for president, our former Asshole of the Month has kept himself in the news by telling ethnic jokes. Casually chatting with reporters during a plane trip, Reagan told this three-part joke: "How do you tell the Polish fellow at a cockfight? (He's the one with the duck.) How do you tell who the Italian is at the cockfight? (He's the one who bets on the duck.) How do you know the Mafia was there? (The duck wins.)" The incident was covered by all the media as a racial slur. Reagan apologized and then lashed out at the news coverage as a "cheap shot" that took the gag out of context. He claimed he told the joke as an example of bad taste and said he doesn't like "the type of humor that denigrates any American."

HAKEEM ABDUL RASHEED
January '80



HUSTLER recently took a look at the actions of Rasheed's Church of Hakeem and its pyramid financial structure. Church members were reportedly promised 400% returns on their donations, much like a chain-letter scheme. When Hakeem halted the church's "Dare to Be Rich" program last year, members were due about $25 million—but no new money was rolling in. This fact, along with other evidence indicating a scam, was presented to a federal jury last February. Rasheed was subsequently convicted of mail fraud, and faces a maximum sentence of 30 years in prison and a $6,000 fine.

Contributors

HUSTLER pays $150 for interesting visuals and stories for Bits & Pieces. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For June, $150 and thanks to Jerry Aibel, Manny Neuhaus, Bill Risley and James Ronan.

Edited by Bruce Helford


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ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions on sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Stephanie Ross

Cramps: When my girlfriend has her period, she gets the worst cramps of any woman I have ever known. Do you know of any remedies? Over-the-counter medications don't seem to help her very much.

—F. K.
Birmingham, Michigan

Has your girlfriend discussed this problem with her gynecologist? She should make sure there aren't any complicating physical factors causing her cramps. Some doctors are now prescribing the painkiller Ponstel (mefenamic acid) to women experiencing severe menstrual pain. Have your girlfriend ask her gynecologist if this drug would help her.

Other remedies recommended by the Boston Women's Health Clinic are: drinking herb teas, such as raspberry or pennyroyal; taking magnesium and calcium supplements, especially dolomite calcium, which contains magnesium; following a liquid-only diet; placing a heating pad or hot-water bottle on the abdomen; massage; and inducing orgasm (you can assist your girlfriend with these last two remedies).

Hormone Treatment: I am a 43-year-old man, and although I don't have any problems with sex now, I want to avoid having any in the future. I talked to my doctor, and he prescribed testosterone treatment. Will this really help keep me sexually active longer?

—G. B.
Barnegat, New Jersey

Testosterone is a male sex hormone produced in the testicles. Some doctors feel that as men age, testosterone production decreases. Other researchers have shown that the production of this hormone does not necessarily decrease with age except in rare instances. In cases in which a hormone deficiency exists, testosterone has been shown to help increase sexual interest and sometimes even sexual performance. However, one danger of testosterone injections is cancer of the prostate. Ask your doctor about this side effect, and whether or not you show a hormonal deficiency. If your hormone levels are normal, you would be better off not undergoing the treatment.

Cervical Cap: I'm a sexually active 24-year-old woman who is going nuts. I can't use an IUD because I get too many infections, and I can't use the Pill either, as I have fibrosis in my breasts. And I don't like the diaphragm; I hate having to put it in every time I have sex. I want to be able to be as spontaneous and carefree as my friends who use other types of birth control. They don't have to use something every time they get "swept away." What can you suggest?

—V. P.
Ashland, Kentucky

There are several alternative methods of birth control being developed that will soon be available for general use. However, for the present you are going to have to learn to enjoy your diaphragm or else risk pregnancy. You could experiment with foams, the rhythm-and-daily-temperature method (not as reliable), birth-control suppositories (such as Encare), or you could ask your lovers to use condoms. If you stop to think it over carefully, you will probably see that not having to worry about an unwanted pregnancy makes you more able to be spontaneous and carefree than you realize. No birth-control method will make you happy if you're harboring an unconscious desire to become pregnant.

Also, a dentist and a gynecologist in Chicago are working on a solution to your presently frustrated desire. They have developed a new version of the cervical cap. The cap looks like a small diaphragm but fits securely over the cervix rather than against the vaginal walls. The new cap is custom-fitted and is proving even more effective than a properly used diaphragm.

The real advantage to this cap is that it has a tiny one-way valve that allows menstrual blood and cervical fluid out, but doesn't allow semen in. This means the cap can remain in place for as long as a year. In addition, it's more comfortable than a diaphragm. So if you can't learn to love your diaphragm, the cap will be available by late this year or in early 1981.

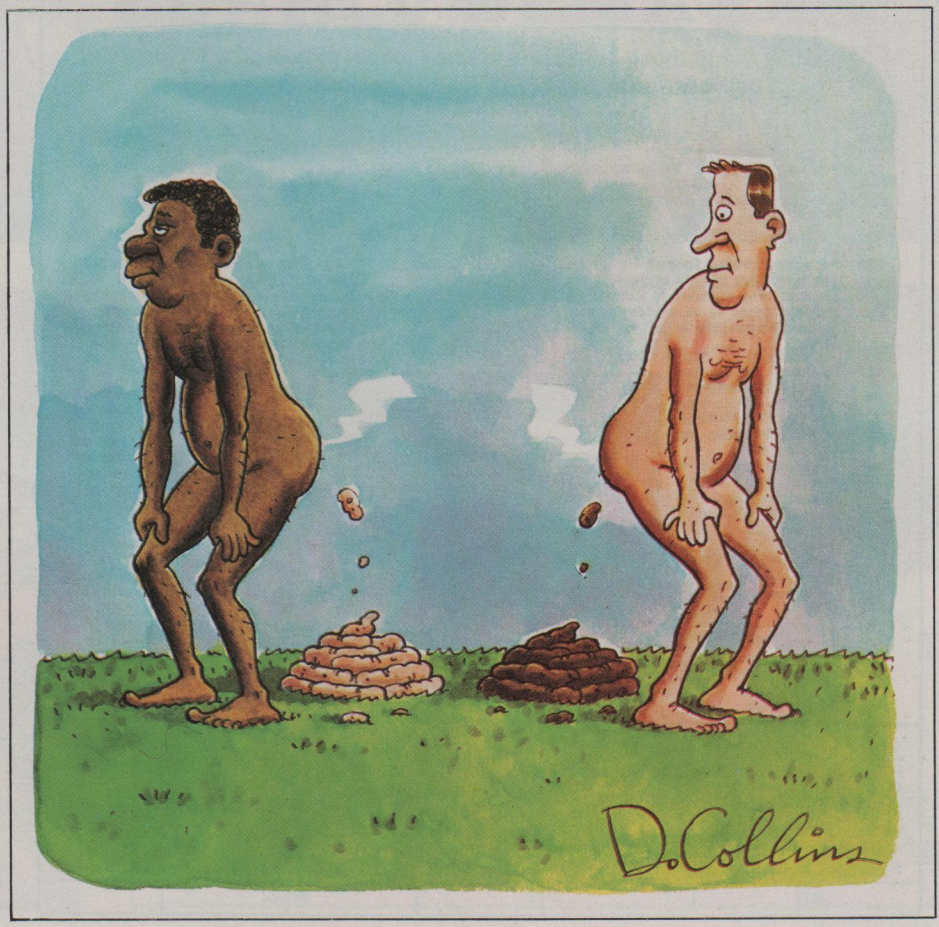
Amyl Nitrite: Is amyl nitrite really an aphrodisiac? How does it work? I am a 24-year-old male who is into enjoying sex, but I don't want to use a drug that's bad for my body.

—G. L.
Belmont, California

Amyl nitrite (commonly referred to as "poppers") in its pure form is illegal except by prescription. It is usually prescribed for angina pectoris (a heart disease in which the victim feels severe chest pain and an inability to breathe). Dr. Thomas P. Lowry, assistant clinical professor of psychiatry at the University of California at Davis, reports that about 500 million doses of amyl nitrite and isobutyl nitrite (a slightly less potent drug with similar effects that is available through mail-order) were taken last year, presumably for non-medicinal purposes.

Amyl nitrite works by dilating the blood vessels, speeding up the heartbeat and dropping the blood pressure. Users say that pleasurable experiences are heightened, sexual sensations are enhanced, and orgasms seem to last longer. Dr. Lowry also says that for some people sexual inhibitions become lessened under the drug's influence. In contrast, some users have reported dizziness, headaches and, among men, an inability to achieve erection.

About the drug's safety: The Federal Drug



Abuse Warning Network reports no documented deaths or injuries attributed to amyl nitrite. Previously published reports in medical journals connected the drug with causing glaucoma (an eye disease that can lead to blindness). However, recent research has not upheld these findings. Dr. Lowry states that many persons find it to be the nearest thing to a true aphrodisiac, an enhancer of sexual feeling with a minimum of hazard. But it must be remembered that there are risks involved with any drug, and you may wish to explore other ways of enhancing your sexual feelings before trying amyl nitrite.

Inherited Homosexuality: My son just told my wife and me that he is homosexual. He says he inherited it from my wife's brother, who was also homosexual. Now my wife is heartbroken, and she thinks she should never have had any children. Could it be true that homosexuality is inherited?

—D. P.
Piermont, New York

It is not true, according to Alfred C. Kinsey, the famous sex researcher, who has said that we can thoroughly discount heredity as a causal factor in homosexuality. Most researchers now agree that homosexuality is largely a form of "learned" behavior.

You and your wife can spend the rest of your lives trying to understand how your son became gay. However, since the causes are usually very complex, coming from a variety of societal and environmental sources, your time would be better-spent in coming to terms with your feelings about his sexual preference. It is usually a shock when parents learn that their child is homosexual; so give yourselves time to accept this aspect of your son's life. Consult a sex counselor if you feel that such a discussion would be helpful to you. It is important that you and your wife not blame yourselves for your son's announced sexual preference.

Egg Timing: I am a 21-year-old female, and I need to know when I ovulate. What is the most reliable way to tell? —L. G.
Hialeah, Florida

Have your gynecologist explain the temperature method and give you a basal thermometer and an example chart for calculating when you ovulate (the time of the month when the egg passes from the ovary to the uterus). A basal thermometer (usually called a Ovulindex) can also be purchased at a pharmacy.

The daily chart you make should show: the days of your total menstrual cycle, the days of the month, the days you have intercourse, the days you are menstruating and a graph of your daily temperature. You can find examples of how to draw these charts in The Birth Control Book by Howard I. Shapiro, M.D. (St. Martin's Press, 1977).

Since a slight decrease in temperature followed by a significant increase in temperature indicates when you are ovulating, you need the special thermometer and the chart to help you to determine when this is occurring. It is easiest to get pregnant when you are ovulating; so this is useful information whether you want to get pregnant or avoid pregnancy.

Ben-wa: My boyfriend wants me to get some ben-wa balls. He thinks they will make me more sensuous. He travels a lot and knows more about things than I do. Can you tell me what they are so I can get some before he gets back in town? —S. H.
San Diego, California

Ben-wa balls, also called rin-no-tama, were developed by the Japanese. They are basically two hollow metal balls, one of which contains mercury or a small pellet of lead. A woman places the balls in her vagina. Body movements cause them to click together and send very pleasurable vibrations through the pelvic area. The balls can be held in place with a tampon; otherwise it takes some training of the vaginal muscles to keep them inside. Sexual intercourse can become more intense for both partners when the woman can control the pressure she exerts with her vaginal muscles. Ben-wa balls are an enjoyable way to develop such muscular control.

Gay Record: I had my first homosexual experience at age ten, and I've been going strong ever since. Is this the youngest start on record for a gay? Will it mean that my sex life will end sooner? —J. G.
San Francisco, California

A number of researchers have reported that homosexuals tend to start sexual activity earlier than heterosexuals. According to the Kinsey report on male sexuality, boys who mature earlier are more likely to participate in sexual activities with other males. Dr. Ray B. Evans of Loma Linda University's School of Medicine states that many reports indicate a wide age-range for initial homosexual experiences. Some gays start even younger than age ten, while others don't have their first homosexual experience until they are in their 30s or 40s.

The age that you had your first sexual encounter has no bearing on when you will stop having sex. Actually, certain physical ailments aside, you should never have to stop having sex in your lifetime.

Not Gonorrhea: I thought I had a dose of gonorrhea; so I went to my doctor. He ran some tests and told me I had NGU. He prescribed an antibiotic and sent me on my way. Is NGU just another name for gonorrhea? Will the medicine clear it up? I'm a 24-year-old male, and I don't want this to ruin my sex life. Any help you could give would be appreciated. —F. R.
Cicero, Illinois

Nongonococcal urethritis (NGU) is now held by researchers to be the most rampant form of venereal disease in the United States. In men, NGU centers around the urethra, which is the

(continued on page 30)

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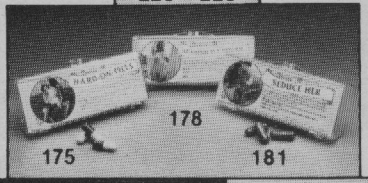
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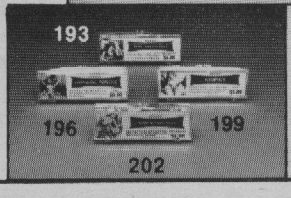
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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Larry Tritten

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

Hot Legs

The problem with *Hot Legs* is that—as promising as it is—it simply never pays off. The film ends up as a beautifully photographed, elaborately-put-together, well-acted but *boring* picture.

The biggest problem is the story. A millionaire approves a multimillion-dollar ad campaign for a new line of women's stockings, and the ball is off and rolling as we get a look at the glamorous, high-pressure world of advertising. It's a great setting for a sex film, and a perfect one for leg men, but unfortunately it mostly goes to waste because the plot meanders all over the place on its way to nowhere.

It's especially irritating to see Jesie St. James misused in her role as a temperamental star model. She only shows up in a couple of tepid sex scenes before her character is written out of the script. When you've got someone with St. James's beauty and sensuality, what sense does it make to use the stage hook on her halfway through the production? When you've been watching her raptly for 20 minutes and your tongue's hanging out of your mouth, hearing that she has "left town" isn't going to enhance your enjoyment of the movie.

After Jesie departs, the photographer (Paul Thomas) and his assistant participate in a well-shot, well-lighted but nonetheless dull fantasy scene. Then there's a disco sequence that is very well-staged, although again it's not sufficiently erotic to keep one from hoping for something hotter. But *Hot Legs* just never generates that heat. Offhand, one might assume that with Jesie St. James and Laurien Dominique both appearing in the same film there would be a danger of the celluloid melting in the projector. Maybe someday these two irresistible porn princesses will get another chance to work their carnal magic in tandem. It's something to hope for.

—Joseph Claussen



William Margold works on the backstroke with an 'Olympic' swimmer.

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

ERECTION	A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
THREE-QUARTERS ERECT	Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
HALF ERECT	So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
ONE-QUARTER ERECT	A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
TOTALLY LIMP	A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

Olympic Fever

Beware of film titles that imply heat—they may signal some pretty cool porn. Occasionally during the filming of *Olympic Fever* it snowed unexpectedly. Undaunted, the filmmakers plowed on. They wrote (or ad-libbed) the snow into the script, but even without the surprise flurries it's unlikely that this comic sex adventure would have warmed up much.

Russian spies are after the secret to the aquatic prowess of the American's star woman swimmer, Kristin (played by the real actress Kristin). They hire the swim team's assistant coach, Ken (Paul Thomas), to get the secret for them through any conceivable method—and you know what that means. Ken tries to fuck the information out of Kristin, but she won't talk. All she's interested in is swallowing the coach's cum (or anyone else's, for that matter). Frustrated, the Russkis abduct Kristin and try to torture her into compliance. But when the rest of the team members miss their superstar, they come to the rescue.

The plot isn't bad for a low-budget sexploit, and in parts it's even handled with a fair amount of horny skill. A flashback early in the film, for example, shows Kristin as an aspiring competition swimmer



Seka, as a nymphomaniac Russian comrade, provides some international intrigue in 'Olympic Fever.'

consulting a doctor about a unique medical problem. The physician plays it so straight that the scene is surprisingly funny and even erotic, particularly when he opens his lab coat to inform his patient that her protein deficiency might be cured if she regularly sucks seed "right from the source."

There are embarrassing moments too, as in a scene shared by a blonde on the team and an assistant coach named Harold. The woman insistently and incessantly repeats lines like, "Give me that big Olympic cock of yours, Coach Harold. Isn't this great Olympic snow, Coach Harold? Come on my lips in that Olympic snow"—at which point audiences will consider asking for their "Olympic" money back.



'Olympic Fever' is a comic sex adventure that never really warms up.

Despite its generally good technical quality, the film misses—primarily by not making adequate use of its talented star, Kristin. Two other beautiful ladies of the blue screen mishandled here are Serena, who plays Kristin's roommate, and Seka, who portrays a nymphomaniac comrade in the Russian camp. *Olympic Fever* might just give you a mild case of "Olympic Chills."

—Manny Neuhaus

Fantasy Island

If there weren't nearly ten years left in the '80s, I wouldn't hesitate to call Gerard Damiano's latest feature the best sex film of the decade. An achievement even for the well-respected Damiano, *Fantasy Island* gives off more erotic heat than a fire sale at a bordello.

The film opens as a group of tourists sips cocktails in the luxurious lounge of a first-class resort. Among the many travelers is a wealthy, melancholic man who sits alone. At another table is a pair of young newlyweds. Across the room are two young women. At the bar is an aging hooker. As time passes, their imaginations wander, mostly to each other; then the lights around them dim one by one, and what's on their minds comes onscreen.

If there is any question about what this common premise is doing in an uncommonly sexy film, the answer is simple: It's Damiano at his ever-loving, everlasting, ever-erotic best.

Each of the fantasy scenes is done to dazzling perfection. In a lesbian sequence, for example, one woman inserts a string of pearls into her lover's vagina. The camera moves closer as the pearls are slowly removed. The shot is so revealing that any jeweler watching this film could easily offer an accurate appraisal of the pearls—that is, if he could get his mind off the sex.

Though *Fantasy Island* has no star as such, it is loaded with star-quality performances. One in particular is delivered by Brooke West, a newcomer to sex films. The talent she displays here puts to shame all those porn actresses who are pros at marathon cock-swallowing, but who never fail to gag on their lines. She plays Judy Monroe, a married woman who longs to make love with another man. The monologue she delivers is as tantalizing as the sex itself.

Fantasy Island also features Georgina Spelvin as an aging lady of the night with a passion for young men; here she gives one of her best performances. Paul Thomas plays a wealthy publisher who dreams of a college sweetheart; and he also figures heavily in several other fantasies. Among the dozen other little-known performers who Damiano has turned into X-rated gems is Kyoto Sunn. She's a striking Oriental beauty who, as Keesa Webster, a young widow, turns in what is bound to be the best blowjob scene of the year.

This is a slick, classy film that should be seen by everyone old enough to get past the box office. Its beauty, grace and eroticism are fine enough that



'Fantasy Island': Producer Gerard Damiano at his ever-erotic best.

men should see it with their wives *and* their lovers—preferably one at a time. *Fantasy Island* is a masterpiece for the hard-at-heart. —*M. N.*

Inside Desiree Cousteau

Watching Desiree Cousteau fuck and suck her way through this film, one can't help but regret the lack of inspiration in her approach. Though she's undeniably one of the most voluptuous creatures in X-rated films, here Desiree displays all the warmth of an ice sculpture.

Inside Desiree Cousteau purports to tell the story of her path to the inevitable: a life in sex films. As if conducting a filmed tour of her resume, Desiree narrates as we watch her get used and abused in one "straight" job after another. A job selling perfume ends when Desiree knocks on a sex fiend's door; she fails as a salesgirl in a woman's boutique after turning the shop into a hotbed of lesbian lust; and she discovers that being a cook for Serena and John Holmes doesn't mean fixing a souffle.

"No matter what I did," Desiree laments, "it was clear that my life was directed toward sex. So I decided to get into erotic films." For Desiree that means going down on an adult-bookstore clerk who claims to have "connections."

The hard-core scenes here are more than long: They're seemingly without end. And accompanying each is the predictable and tedious bump-and-grind music as well as the phoniest of dubbed moans, groans, *ooh*s, *aah*s and give-it-to-me's ever heard. Otherwise, this film is very pretty to watch. In fact, the photography in *Inside Desiree Cousteau* is its one redeeming value. It's too bad that proper exposures and in-focus photography aren't enough to make this a good movie.

That brings us back to Desiree Cousteau herself. She's unabashedly cute, and her childlike charm and innocence are endearing. Her fans will find that she performs better here than in any of her other films. But when the music track comes on and Desiree's dress comes off, all the cuteness of this film's star doesn't alter one sad fact: While her body may be going through the motions, her sensuality is on hold.

—*M. N.*



Desiree's voluptuous body goes through the motions, but her sensuality is on hold in 'Inside Desiree Cousteau.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

Easy
Her Name Was Lisa
Legend of Lady Blue
Sensational Janine
Sex Roulette
Star Virgin
The Ecstasy Girls

Three-Quarters Erect

Blonde in Black Silk
800 Fantasy Lane
Frat House
Heavenly Desire
Jack 'n Jill
Ms. Magnificent
Pro Ball Cheerleaders
Satin Suite
Serena
Tangerine
Tigresses—and Other Maneaters

Half Erect

Bangkok Connection
Chopstix
Double Your Pleasure
For Richer, For Poorer
Fulfilling Young Cups
John Holmes, Superstar
Laura's Desires
Robins Nest
Screwples
Taxi Girls
Telefantasy
The Pleasure Shoppe
The Sensuous Detective
Two Sisters

One-Quarter Erect

Dracula Sucks
Hot Rackets
More Than Sisters
Mystique

Totally Limp

Candy Goes to Hollywood!
Carnal Highways
Fur Trap
Hardcore
I Am Always Ready
Sweet Savage
Three Ripening Cherries
Tropic of Desire

BOOKS

Reviewed by Theodore Sturgeon

Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders

1979/80 Official Publication of the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders, Inc.; distributed by Ballantine Books, 201 East 50th Street, New York, New York 10022; $4.95 ($5.95 in Canada)

Sure, it's summer, and the football season's been over since January. But soon it'll be pre-season again. And while the National Football League's 28 teams fine-tune their offensive and defensive machines, the TV cameras will focus on the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders.

This book is an official publication of the Cheerleaders, which is to say it's a version of the program booklet that's handed out at Cowboys games. All you have to do if you don't live in Dallas is cough up your hard-earned money.

To my mind, it's hypocrisy like this that makes magazines such as HUSTLER an absolute necessity. The clear and obvious come-on for this blatant rip-off is sex, pure and simple. These professional cheerleaders work for a giant sports-for-money corporation, and everything about them is copyrighted in case an extra buck or two can be squeezed from somewhere.

Here they are, fans, the Cowboys Cheerleaders with their legs and their smiles. Here they are individually and all together, all posed in the same boots, hotpants and halters, one foot up on the same stepladder. Only the sex isn't pure and simple: It's look but don't touch; it's "Oh, wow, I can almost see a nipple"; and it's wiggle the butt and hump the air, but be a "lady" at all times. This sort of thing used to be called cockteasing. But now it's used as a come-on by NFL teams whose front offices make up rules of sexual conduct for the girls that would be difficult for a nun to follow.



It used to be called cockteasing; now it's a come-on by NFL teams.

This show of cheesecake isn't for the team's players. There isn't a tenth of the inspiration donated for free by the kids at your local high school. The big-time cheerleader wants to get into the newspapers and on TV, and to meet the rich and famous. The team wants to keep the home audience glued to the set so somebody can sell you some more beer.

You've heard about the exploitation of women. Well, there's more honesty and more opportunity to admire and even revere women in the pages of HUSTLER than there is in a whole season's worth of these pom-pom girls.

If you want to see women, read HUSTLER. If you want a beer, go buy a couple of six-packs with the money you'd have wasted on this book.

The Great Shark Hunt

By Hunter S. Thompson; Summit Books, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020; $14.95

The Great Shark Hunt: Strange Tales From a Strange Time is an easy book to fall into and a very hard one to climb back out of. In this carefully arranged collection of Hunter S. Thompson's magazine and newspaper articles (many of them from *Rolling Stone*) there are stories about the Nixon years and the Kentucky Derby, skier Jean-Claude Killy and the George McGovern Presidential campaign, drunks, addicts, Muhammad Ali, student riots and God knows what else. This man tells wild and improbable tales, most of them true, with a mixture of conviction, compassion, toughness and insane humor.

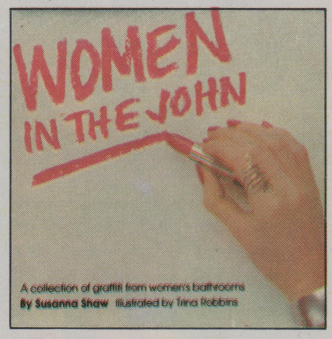
Thompson calls this the first volume of the "Gonzo Papers." If you've ever wondered what "Gonzo journalism" is, here's the definition right from the inventor's mouth: It's a style of reporting, Thompson writes, "based on William Faulkner's idea that the best fiction is far more true than any kind of journalism. . . . True Gonzo reporting needs the talents of a master journalist, the eye of an artist/photographer, and the heavy balls of an actor."

And an actor is exactly what Hunter S. Thompson is. When he makes the point that the Gonzo journalist must always be on the scene—and very often be *part* of the scene—you can believe he's been there: jumping the Mexican border with his pockets full of dope; riding in a private plane with Jimmy Carter; or chatting with Henry Kissinger in Nixon's pad in San Clemente.

The one negative feeling I got from this fascinating book may be purely personal. Remember when you were in high school? You told your buddies how loaded you got Saturday night . . . how you threw up all over your girlfriend's couch . . . how her daddy kicked you out—and, boy, were you *drunk!* I just don't care *how* high he floated on acid or how much pot he smoked or how badly he needed a drink. I'm in awe of the man's ability to write so much so well, but I don't believe it's admirable or necessary for him to fry his brains in the process. But don't let my prejudices get in your way; this is one hell of a fine book.

Women in the John

Compiled by Susanna Shaw; illustrated by Trina Robbins; Carolyn Bean Associates, Publishing, 48 Second Street, San Francisco, California 94105; $4.95



Women in the John is mostly for fun, with an occasional line that'll make you stop and think seriously. Susanna Shaw has gone into ladies' rooms all over the U.S. to collect graffiti for this handsome book.

Women's johns seem to be special, a thought that has probably occurred to most men who have sat in restaurants,



'Pipe Dreams' is the work of an artist from a psychic Garden of Eden.



'Dreams' provides a dazzling explosion of eroticism and imagination.

waiting for their wives or dates to come back from the rest room. What, one wonders, are they doing in there for so long? Maybe they're reading the writing on the walls, and writing their own too.

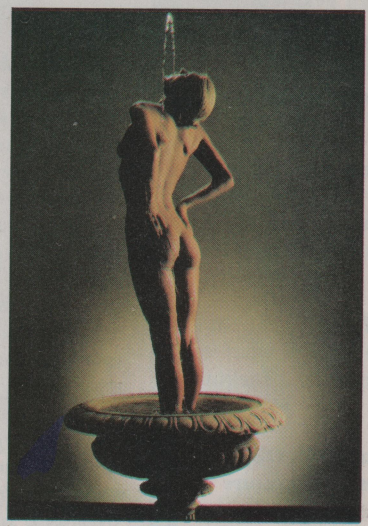
There are as many different kinds of graffiti in this book as there are different kinds of women. There's women's-liberation sloganeering: "Women, arise from the bed of the oppressor" (to which someone else has added, "And fix breakfast"). Some of the graffiti are just plain funny, like, "Necrophiliacs are the life of the party" and "S&M means never having to say you're sorry." Some statements are philosophical: "It's easy to be humble when you're great, but it takes a lot of class to be arrogant when you're a complete failure."

The ones I like best are the "second-take" kind, where some sharp lady has added something to a statement that's already on the wall, completely turning the first line around. "My mother made me a lesbian," says one anonymous writer, below which another has penned, "If I gave her the wool, would she make me one too?"

And then there are some that make you wonder what made that particular woman write that particular thing on the wall. What, for example, was the source of "Strange days, good dinner, and life works out rather well sometimes"?

And, of course, there's the out-and-out-gross graffiti, like this one: "NOTICE: If you took a shit, please put it back. No questions asked."

Complemented by underground-comics artist Trina Robbins's illustrations, *Women in the John* is a lot of fun.



John Thornton's 'Pipe Dreams': beautiful ladies in bizarre settings.

Pipe Dreams

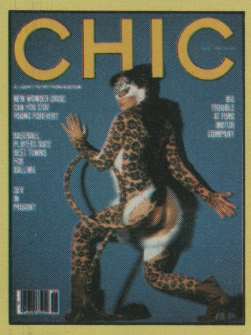
By John Thornton; William Morrow and Company, Inc., 105 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10016; $24.95

This is an Art Book, friends, a great big book of glossy photographic Art in which the central theme is eroticism. John Thornton mixes beautiful nude women with bears and bathtubs, dogs and dunes, garbage cans, ropes, ribbons, flames and the like, and at his best he creates startling visual effects that sparkle the eye and dazzle the brain.

John Thornton, an Australian who now works in London, handles color like a master. The 90-plus color plates have a hard-edged, razor-focused brilliance not often seen. He has a totally wild sense of humor. He crops, he double-exposes, he uses montages, and throughout he sustains a sense of surrealism that stays in perfect balance with his wit and his penchant for the ultrasensual.

Look at his women: There's one in a theater, being held on a leash by a little dog wearing an opera hat. His women are rolled in fence-mesh, beached in fishnets, suspended in midair. One is flying, with feathered wings and with propellers on her nipples. One is in the middle of a highway, painting out the white line with black tar. One is squeezing a tit while fire jets out of her mouth. Another woman's crotch is smoldering and about to burst ablaze.

These sleek and luminous ladies in their bizarre settings are reminiscent of the feverish dreams of an extravagant artist hailing from some psychic Garden of Eden. One's fingers itch at times to explore the textures and colors on the slick pages of this book. It could be many a moon before you again see such an explosion of humor and imagination as *Pipe Dreams* offers.

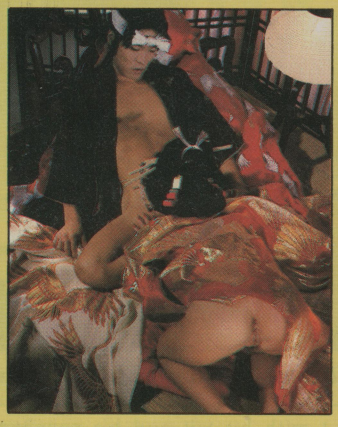


THIS MONTH IN CHIC®

JUNE ISSUE ON SALE NOW









GH3: YOUTH DRUG OR FRAUD?—Can you live forever? Tracy Cabot journeyed to Nevada, the only state where GH3 is legal, to get her injection of the controversial drug. If GH3 really *does* counteract the body's natural aging process, men and women may one day be making love at age 110—or older!

FORD: ROUGH ROADS AHEAD—Is the Ford Motor Company going broke? Its lawsuits and payouts to Pinto victims have cost millions, and some bad business decisions even more. Ford's got to shift its corporate ass into high gear—or else.

BIG-LEAGUE BALLING—Sportswriter Mike Evans polled major-league baseball players to rate the cities where it's the easiest for you to get laid. Players also tell you where the best pickup spots in town are and what the sexual proclivities are in various areas (Southern California is the ass-fucking capital of the big leagues).

BROTHER DAVE GARDNER: REDNECK HIPSTER—The Dixie comedian has been called a racist, a genius, a cracker and a has-been. His highly successful career headed down the tubes when he started extolling the virtues of the Ku Klux Klan and attacking Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Following a few years in the pits, he is poised for a comeback.

DEATH SPORT—Most sky divers are athletes who don't take foolish risks. But outlaw jumpers are a separate breed. You can't tell them where to jump or when to pull their rip cords. They don't give a flying fuck about anything except fucking while flying. Hot fiction by Doug Garr.

PLUS—June's crop of tantalizing ladies and some brand-new humor in **ODDS & ENDS** to take your mind off TV reruns, topped off with a refreshing mixture of **NEWS REAL, SEX VIEW, CLOSE-UP** and **SEX LIFE.**

ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 24)

duct running from the bladder through the penis. The infection can generate pus, which resembles the discharge caused by gonorrhea. NGU can also spread to the sperm ducts and can develop into a particularly painful form of arthritis (Reiter's Syndrome). It can also cause disorders of the prostate gland.

NGU is a highly contagious infection, and you should avoid sex until it is cleared up. If any of your lovers have a vaginal discharge or are concerned about having VD, they should tell their gynecologist that they have been exposed to nongonococcal urethritis. NGU can cause several disorders of the genital organs in women and can lead to sterility.

NGU, like syphilis and gonorrhea, can be treated with antibiotics. Tetracycline is usually the prescribed treatment. Dr. Richard E. Kaufman, writing in Medical Aspects of Human Sexuality, recommends an initial dose of 1,500 milligrams, followed by 500 milligrams of the drug taken four times daily for a week. He says this results in a greater-than-80% cure rate. Also, wearing a condom can help prevent further infections of either yourself or your sexual partners.

Double Dose: I am a 28-year-old guy with a question: Can you get more than one form of venereal disease at a time? —F. H.
Irving, Tennessee

Having more than one sexually transmitted disease at the same time is very common. Patients with gonorrhea often find they also have trichomoniasis, genital herpes or syphilis. Anyone with a venereal disease should visit a urologist or gynecologist, who can check for the presence of other forms of sexually transmitted infections.

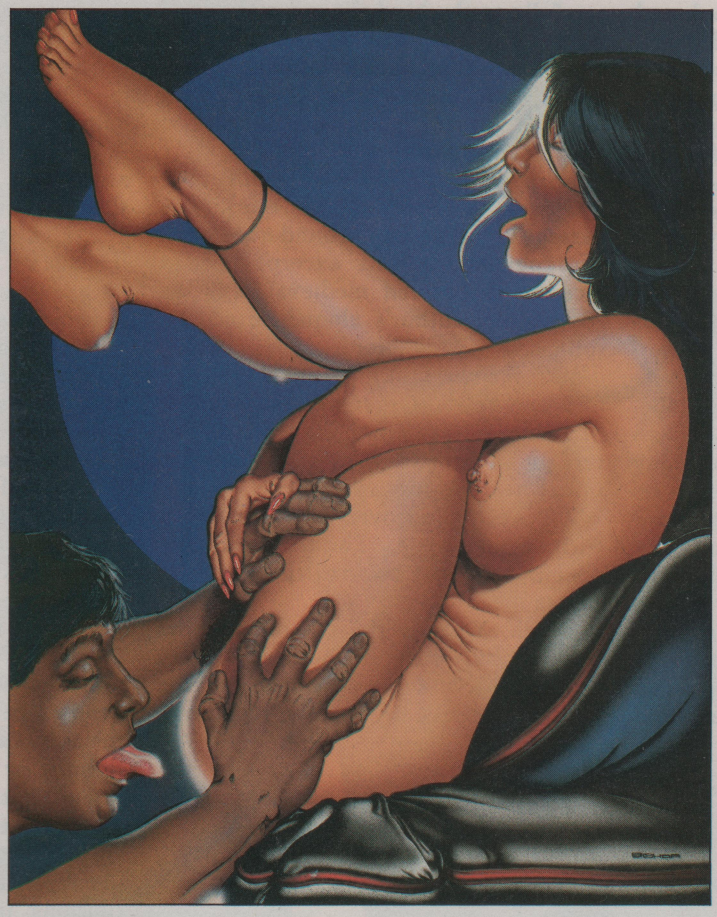
Doesn't Come: I am a 25-year-old woman, and I've had quite a few lovers. My current boyfriend doesn't ejaculate. He says he does have orgasms, but that his cum goes back into his bladder. Is he telling the truth? I've never heard this one before. —J. L.
Haverhill, Massachusetts

There is a phenomenon called retrograde ejaculation, wherein certain internal muscles work in such a way that semen is not ejaculated out of the penis. Instead it flows backward up inside the bladder, where it stays until it is passed out of the body during urination.

The phenomenon is not harmful, but no semen is ejaculated, pregnancy is impossible, and lovers often miss the sensation of having the man ejaculating inside them. There are also men who claim to be able to achieve this same muscular reaction voluntarily as a means of birth control.

Retrograde ejaculation is very rare, but there is corrective surgery involving the neck of the bladder that your boyfriend might want to consider undergoing if you want to become pregnant. Otherwise, since your boyfriend is able to achieve orgasm without ejaculating, there is no need to worry about it.

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



RIMMING: LICKING A TABOO

by Frank Leonard

Even in these enlightened times there is still a taboo concerning anal sex. Many people feel that it is something "dirty." And many others who engage in anal sex regularly, without any psychological hang-ups, will not openly admit to their enjoyment of the practice because of its controversial nature.

While most people don't indulge in anal sex, it is certainly far from uncommon. Anal love is an exotic form of sexual activity, to be sure, but forbidden fruit often yields the sweetest taste.

Rimming (or analingus) is one of the most intimate forms of anal sex. It involves caressing your lover's asshole with your tongue. Millions of people enjoy this kind of foreplay, and the experienced lover will testify that it is a truly supreme pleasure.

The one thing to keep in mind about rimming is that both lovers should take a shower or bath before engaging in it. In fact, this rule applies to *any* type of anal sex.

Cleanliness is a vital preliminary to all forms of rectal recreation, for the simple reason that there is a wide range of possible infections associated with anal sex. Among them are viral infections, such as herpes simplex (see *Sex Play*, May), infectious hepatitis and viral diarrheas. In addition, there are the more-prevalent bacterial diseases—syphilis, gonorrhea and a variety of other more-or-less-common afflictions. But if both you and your partner thoroughly wash yourselves beforehand, those risks will be minimized. A clean asshole and a questing tongue make for safe and happy anal antics.

The best way to approach rimming (and this holds true for *any* kind of sex) is by using your imagination. Keep in mind that the asshole is one of the most intensely sensitive erogenous zones. The merest touch can create chills of sensual delight in someone who is having that little brownish-pink hole attended to.

Rimming is something lovers often don't plan on but end up doing when the torrid frenzy of their foreplay leads them to experimentation. Swept up by their feelings, they find themselves becoming bolder and more creative in their lovemaking. Obviously, not every woman is going to beg her lover to lick her asshole. As an inventive and caring partner, though, you've got to take some initiative yourself.

Many women feel it's necessary to offer *every* bodily orifice to their man as a symbol of their complete surrender and commitment. Yet they—and other women as well—may view anal penetration as frightening, degrading and painful. Loving encouragement is essential in persuading a woman to engage in this type of sex play; it's all part of sexual communication and trust.

Men may also feel apprehensive about rimming. A good way to learn about anal foreplay—and to overcome any inhibitions—is to test the waters slowly. One excellent method for novice rimmers is to start with some cuntlapping.

Analingus involves basically the same tonguing technique used in cunnilingus. As your moist, soft tongue slides up and down the woman's cunt, you can tentatively move back and forth from clit to cunt to asshole. After a while what's new will become more familiar—and less forbidding.

Once you've overcome your inhibitions, it's time to please your partner. Your primary aim should be to both *relax* and *stimulate* her anus. To achieve these ends, you can playfully tease her asshole, perhaps making swirling motions around the rim of the hole with your tongue.

You can then flick your tongue near her puckered opening, using rapid, graceful strokes. Gradually enter her asshole by darting your tongue with an in-and-out motion. Your tongue should be kept *stiff* as you explore your soulmate's asshole, in order to achieve maximum penetration.

From then on anything goes. You can squeeze and knead your woman's ass cheeks as you rim her, pulling her posterior closer to your face. A gallant lover can stimulate a woman to ecstasy as he manipulates her clitoris and explores the inner vestibule of her cunt with his fingers, while his tongue moves along the fleshy region between cunt and asshole, and in the hole itself.

A few minutes of such foreplay will ideally lead to some more-vigorous form of anal sex. Under these circumstances anal intercourse seems almost mandatory. It is a logical way to complete what has already been started. (For a detailed discussion of anal intercourse see *Sex Play*, April 1979.)

There are several positions that may

Illustration by Bob Bishop

be used for rimming, but some are more practical than others. Probably the most favorable of all has the woman lying on her back with her knees drawn up toward her breasts. This position affords you perfect access to her cunt as well as to her asshole. With the woman in such a position, you can boldly let your tongue roam freely, moving it back and forth from her clitoris to the anal gorge. Unobstructed by the woman's legs, you are free to proceed with your caresses.

Another good position has the woman sitting on the edge of a bed or sofa, with her legs spread wide and with her cunt and ass exposed. In this position you kneel in front of her and have easy access to both portholes of pleasure.

The "doggy-style" position is also quite suitable for anal sex. Here the woman is on her hands and knees, thereby exposing her rear to you and, again, providing access to her asshole. You may also wish to caress her clitoris and cunt with one hand while using your tongue on her anus. You can use your free hand in tandem with your tongue to give her multiple sensations.

A fourth position, and one that has much to recommend it, has the woman lying facedown. In this posture she will be able to completely relax while you massage her back, arms, legs and buttocks. Finally, you can begin to use your finger to probe her asshole in a gentle yet firm manner. Following this tactile stimulation you can proceed to give your lover's anus a juicy tongue bath.

The introduction of sweeteners can provide an additional kinky zing to the anal experience. Honey, jams, jellies and even alcoholic beverages applied carefully to the hind slit can make for a truly appetizing asshole. It may also make the situation a bit sticky; so you might want to have a wet towel nearby to wipe up the goop, providing you haven't licked it all off.

Here we might do well to illustrate the joys of rimming by quoting a passage about an uninhibited queen and her courtier. In this excerpt from a recently discovered medieval text the anonymous author's eloquence on the subject is remarkable:

" 'Come here, Phillip,' Elizabeth bade him, and he went, then knelt before Her Majesty. With an imperious smile she turned and, bending slightly forward, thrust her arse towards him.

" 'Now, gallop over this dusky road with thy tongue, Phillip,' said the queen. 'I've long awaited this moment. Please me.'

" 'Oh, Your Highness,' the courtier choked; but without another word or thought he laid his face between the pillows of Elizabeth's lovely, regal arse. His tongue tripped through that exquisite vale, floral-scented in preparation of his love. His tongue stroked, turned, pirouetted, did wet arabesques while the queen shuddered and swayed. 'Oh, suck, Phillip, tongue. . . .' Her voice failed her; yet he kept to his task, kissing her arse, pressing in with nose and tongue, licking, inhaling, breathing, fairly dying with bliss.

"And when it was over, and he trembled on his hands and knees on the chamber floor like a beast in a coma from his effort, she, still standing tall and proud, looked down at him over her shoulder, smiling with fulfillment.

" 'Phillip, my swain,' she whispered. 'How dear. Remind me, tomorrow, to knight you. . . .' "

Rimming is a profound sexual experience, the more so because it is something couples seldom do with each other until they share a degree of intimacy in their relationship. Initially it may seem less than attractive, but as a sense of understanding deepens, it often seems a perfect way to express the intoxication of love. Love is extreme. Love expresses itself in extreme ways and gives incalculable pleasures.

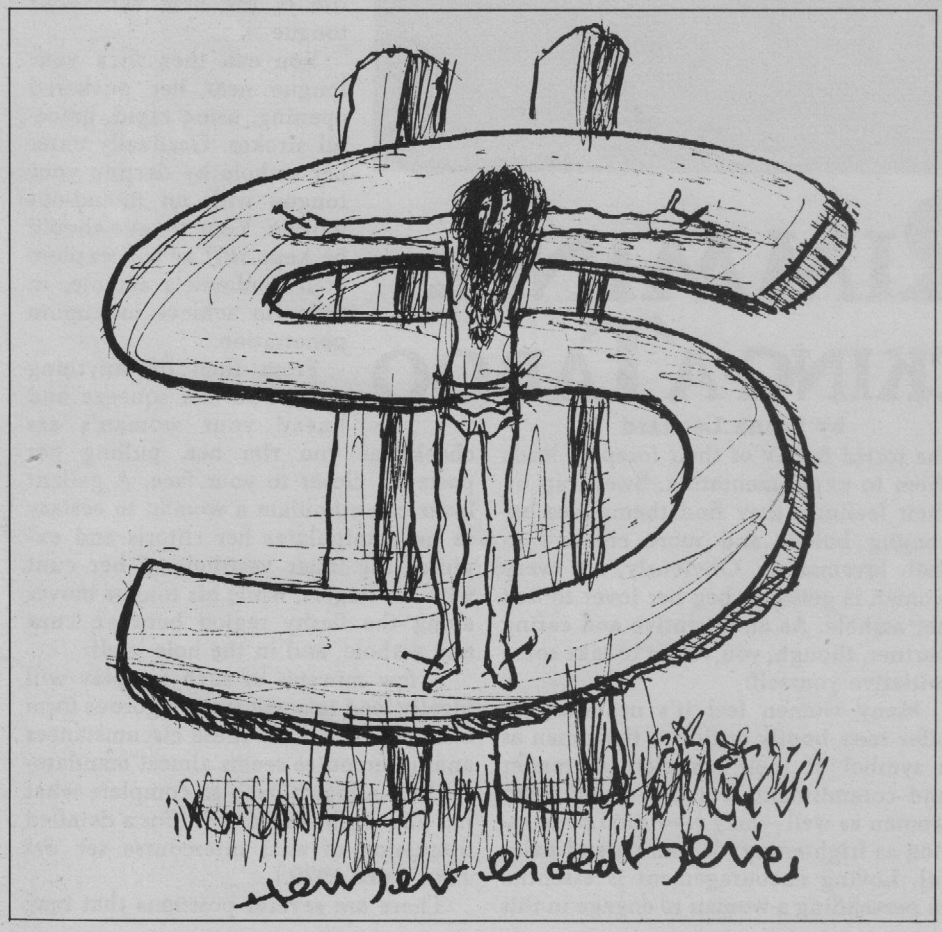
One is inclined to say of rimming merely, "Try it, you'll like it!" It may, however, be an acquired taste. Different people like different things. In any case, the only way to find out if you like something *is* by trying it. If you'd like to give it a go, but your partner is reluctant, by all means talk with her about it.

One woman, previously appalled by the topic, recounts her experience with rimming in this way: "Kissing somebody's anus was not exactly my idea of lovemaking. I couldn't get it out of my head that it was somehow dirty—just plain vulgar.

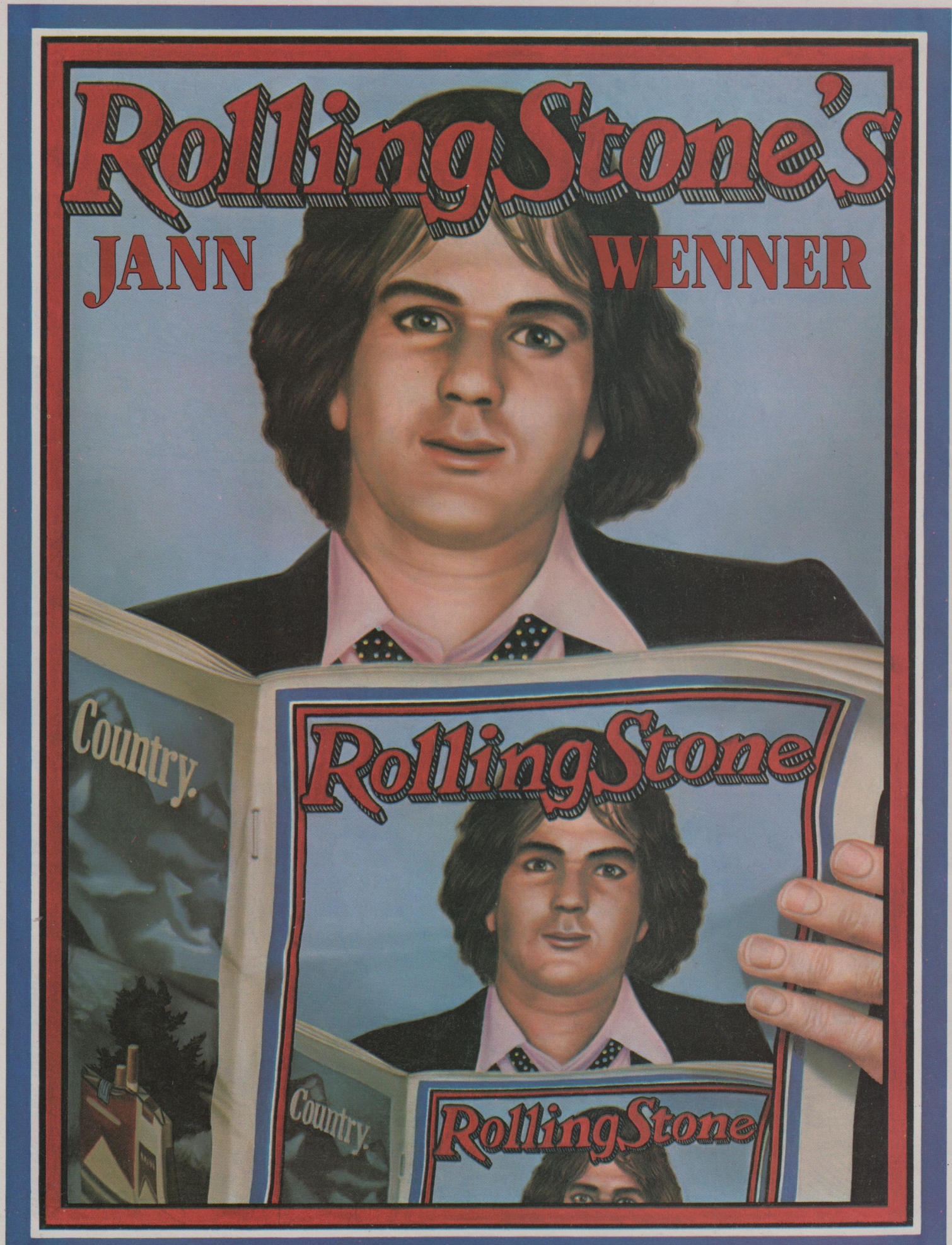
"Then one night my boyfriend and I were really flying—so stoned that all our inhibitions were blown sky-high. Somehow I found myself on my side in bed, with him running his tongue slowly, in a long teasing trail, all the way down from the nape of my neck to my ass. When he got his tongue inside me there, I just seemed to turn inside-out. My head was full of exploding stars. I couldn't think that anything that felt so good was dirty . . . not anymore. And it wasn't long until I was doing for him what he had done to me.

"It's still something I love. Not with everyone, and not all the time. But it's definitely in my repertoire. Definitely!"

In summary, rimming is an exotic form of sexual foreplay that deserves your consideration. Just make sure you and your partner are thoroughly clean; then go ahead and experiment.




MR. PEANUT
DAVID BROWN


Rolling Stone's
JANN WENNER
Country.
Rolling Stone
Country.
Rolling Stone

FROM ROCK TO POLITICS

PROFILE BY MICHAEL BANE

Jann Wenner has arrived. As the editor and publisher of *Rolling Stone* magazine, he's one of the most powerful men in the magazine-publishing world. While other magazines aimed at the same youthful audience—most notably *New Times* and *Crawdaddy*—have gone down in flames, and while even such established powers as *Esquire* and *Harper's* have had to struggle to keep their heads above water, *Rolling Stone* has sledgehammered ahead, from a shaky initial press run of 40,000 copies in 1967 to a guaranteed readership of well over 1 million in 1980.

For Jann Wenner the creation and perpetuation of *Rolling Stone* has been his life's work, the demon that drives him. The magazine's remarkable success has catapulted him from the obscurity of an underground-newspaper publisher in San Francisco to the superheated world of Elaine's, an exclusive watering hole for New York's top journalists and other media celebrities. And, at the tender age of 34, Wenner is calling his own shots.

When, in 1977, Wenner packed up *Rolling Stone* and abandoned his funky loft space in San Francisco for chic offices overlooking New York's Central Park (at a rental fee of $330,000 a year), it was more than a shift in locale. It was, as *Newsweek* commented, a move that marked *Rolling Stone*'s shift of emphasis from rock music to show business and politics—but one that could also cost the magazine the young, music-oriented readers who had made it prosper.

Jann Wenner scoffed at the criticism. "Music is more broadly defined now," he said. "The President can quote Bob Dylan, and *Rolling Stone* is about modern American culture. As we've grown, the magazine has gotten better and more professional."

Maybe so, but the fact is that New York, the city of his birth, drew Wenner like a magnet. Power seems to ebb and flow down the grimy streets of the Big Apple; powerful people dance to a rhythm only barely perceptible in San Francisco, and Wenner longed to be a part of that dance. New York is the most sophisticated town in America, the very center of the civilized world, and despite the magazine's continued success and numerous awards, Wenner was going to be an outsider until *Rolling Stone* was acknowledged as a viable part of the New York scene.

In moving to New York, Wenner ceased to be an outsider. And yet his strong business instincts and his great drive for success notwithstanding, he remained, finally, a fan awed in the presence of his heroes. He has been hopelessly starstruck from the very beginning; and as more than one employee has pointed out, for Wenner one of the great benefits of being editor and publisher of *Rolling Stone* has been getting to meet his heroes. Jann, says one former editor, absolutely believes in culture heroes—"People like the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, Dylan, the Grateful Dead.... Those people are beyond any kind of reproach."

During the San Francisco years Wenner's fan's nose served him well. If he grew bored with something, there was a good chance the average kid on the street was getting bored with it too. But the music industry was changing. The rock stars of the late '70s weren't the same as the culture heroes of the late '60s.

Instead of fancy young lords like Bob Dylan and the Rolling Stones' Mick Jagger, there was disco music with its interchangeable people. Southern rock, with exponents like the Marshall Tucker Band and Charlie Daniels, became wildly popular, and Wenner didn't like that either. He was never quite sure how to relate to the "good-ol'-boy" image of the South. It ran counter to his drive for respectability and the trappings it brings: the fancy clothes, the luxury cars, the $100 lunches at swank French restaurants, the trips to Europe. He hated country music, and he couldn't understand its growing appeal

The move to New York was important because it gave Wenner—described by one staffer as a "hopeless groupie"—the opportunity to be a fan on a larger and grander scale, and amid a whole new group of people.

It was no longer enough for Wenner to move in rock 'n' roll circles; and his experience with the self-styled prince of Gonzo journalism, Hunter S. Thompson, gave him new confidence. The writer's wild, drug-crazed ramblings were already one of the magazine's trademarks. In a flash of inspiration Wenner sent him to cover the 1976 Presidential campaign.

Aside from acquiring some of the best (and

Illustration by Dan Kirk

perhaps most bizarre) journalism *Rolling Stone* had ever published, Wenner learned something: If Thompson, half-blasted on drugs, could hobnob with future presidents, why couldn't he, Wenner, do the same thing straight? *Rolling Stone* was just the ticket to make Wenner what he'd always wanted to be—a dues-paying member of the jet set, one of the beautiful people.

And so Wenner and his magazine headed east.

"Jann really liked going to Elaine's with Jackie Kennedy," said one *Rolling Stone* staffer. "It really meant something to him, like when he first met Mick Jagger. I don't know; maybe the key to it all is that he's short and chubby. And short people are strange, you know—they always feel inferior. But Jann really believes in those people. He really does."

When Elvis Presley died, *Rolling Stone* sent Caroline Kennedy to Memphis to cover the event. "The story was terrible," said the editor in charge. "We had to rewrite the whole thing, and it *still* wasn't any good." Celebrity photographer Richard Avedon was paid $25,000 for a special issue on the people who hold power in America. The issue won awards, but it was hard for the *Rolling Stone* rank-and-file to be enthusiastic about pictures of labor leader Frank Fitzsimmons, former Vice-President Hubert Humphrey and Jimmy Carter. The only text accompanying the photos was a resume of each person. Given that *Rolling Stone* had once been the voice of young America, the ultimate irony is that there wasn't a single photograph of anyone under 30.

Still, Wenner strove for respectability. Carl Bernstein, Watergate hero and co-author of *All the President's Men,* was reputedly paid some $30,000 for a story about journalists who worked for the CIA. According to the editors, the story was a cut-and-paste job, a rehash of old information. All the money bought was a prestigious byline. Then there was the predictable feature on Elaine's. That story ran in an issue with an Andy Warhol painting of New York's fiery liberal congresswoman, Bella Abzug, on the cover. It was the first issue to be published from New York—where, as Wenner explained inside, the power is.

One staffer characterized Wenner's mood as an "I Love New York" phase. At one point he apparently planned to rent Grand Central Station for a tremendous "Welcome to New York" party. He did rent expensive houses on Long Island for staff meetings. (The rental for one weekend reportedly topped $25,000.) He pushed constantly for New York stories, and generally enjoyed his newfound celebrity status. But Wenner continued to be starstruck—and plainly he was working out a philosophy of life based on worship of the famous.

Jean Pigozzi specializes in photographing celebrities. In his recently published collection, *Pigozzi's Journal of the Seventies* (Dolphin Books), are John Belushi of *Saturday Night Live,* Liza Minnelli, Dustin Hoffman and various recording-industry executives and film producers. So, of course, is Wenner, who wrote the introduction.

"We live in a time of regal celebrity," Wenner wrote. "Fame, no matter what kind, is nothing to be ashamed of; to be talked about is to be alive. . . ."

Said one high-ranking *Rolling Stone* staffer, "The guy's a genius, but he's all the time trying to bluster around and make it with all these jet-set characters."

Another described him this way: "Let me lay it on the line for you. You've got this little Jewish kid in a world of white Anglo-Saxon Protestant rich people. And he's outrageous; at least to them he is. And more than anything else, he wants to belong. But he can't—not really. Because he was born the wrong way. I think it speaks well of Jann, though, that he never gives up, that he just keeps slamming away at 'em. Jann the Fan never gives up."

* * *

Back in 1955 rock 'n' roll was just music, simply another fad with no more staying power than Pat Boone and his white bucks. Fads changed yearly—Boone followed Frank Sinatra, who followed Benny Goodman—and something would follow rock. Or so everyone thought.

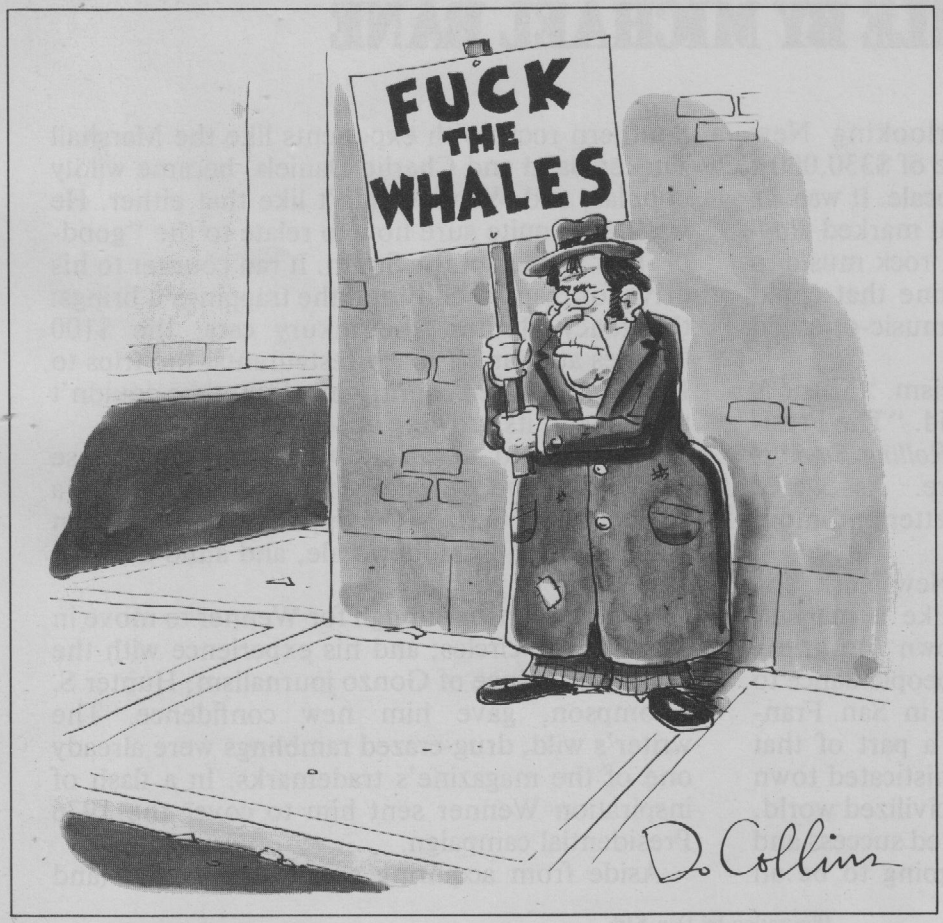
But by the mid-'60s rock 'n' roll had ceased being considered a fad; it had become a way of life. America was boiling just beneath the surface. A whole generation was getting ready to march to a different drummer, and rock 'n' roll would provide the marching music.

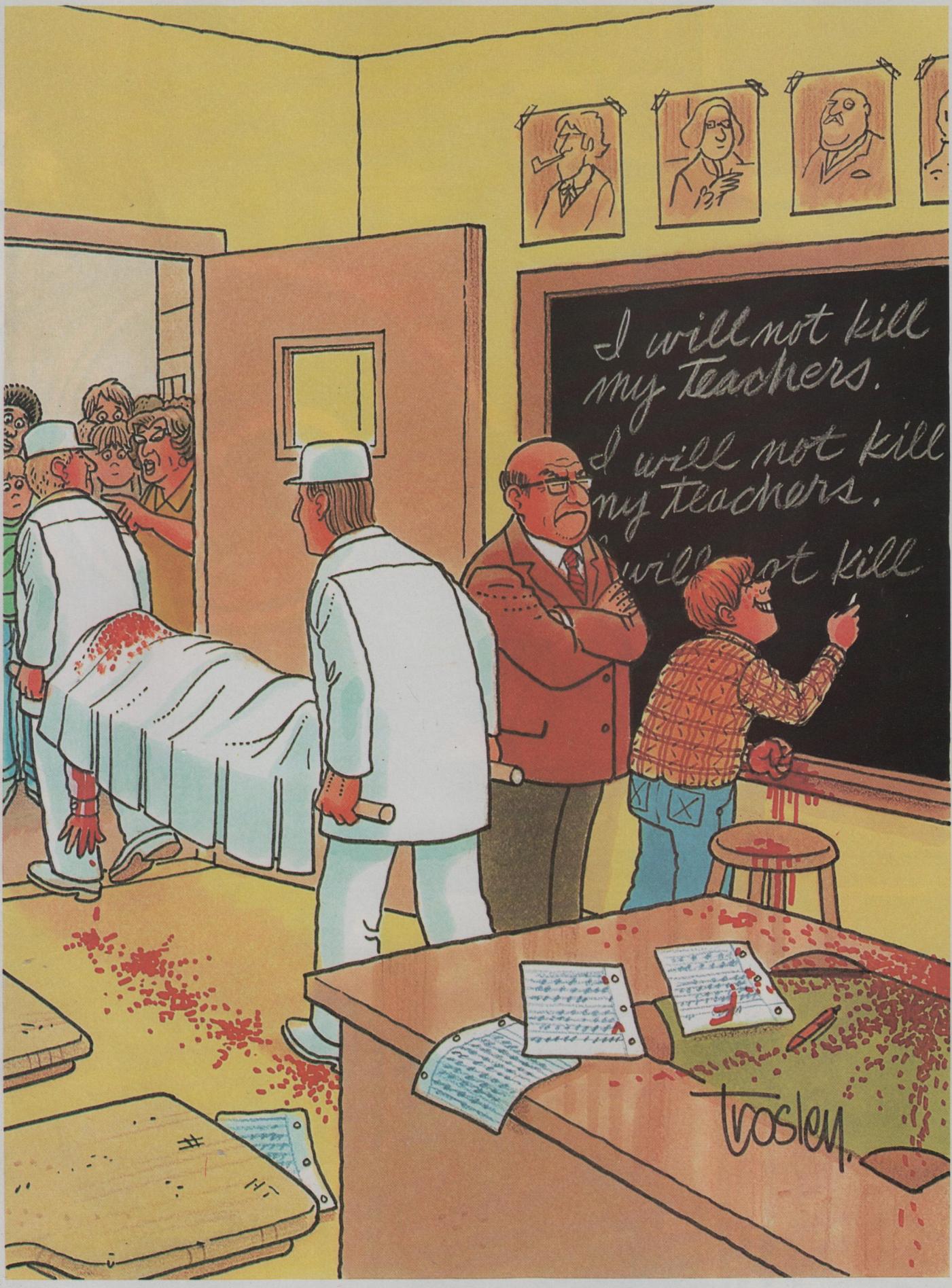
In San Francisco the hippies (soon to form the spearhead of the "counterculture") ruled. Kids from all over the country were leaving home and heading west. Drugs and music; sex and music; revolution and music; *life* and music—San Francisco became a whirlwind of activity, and music was at the center.

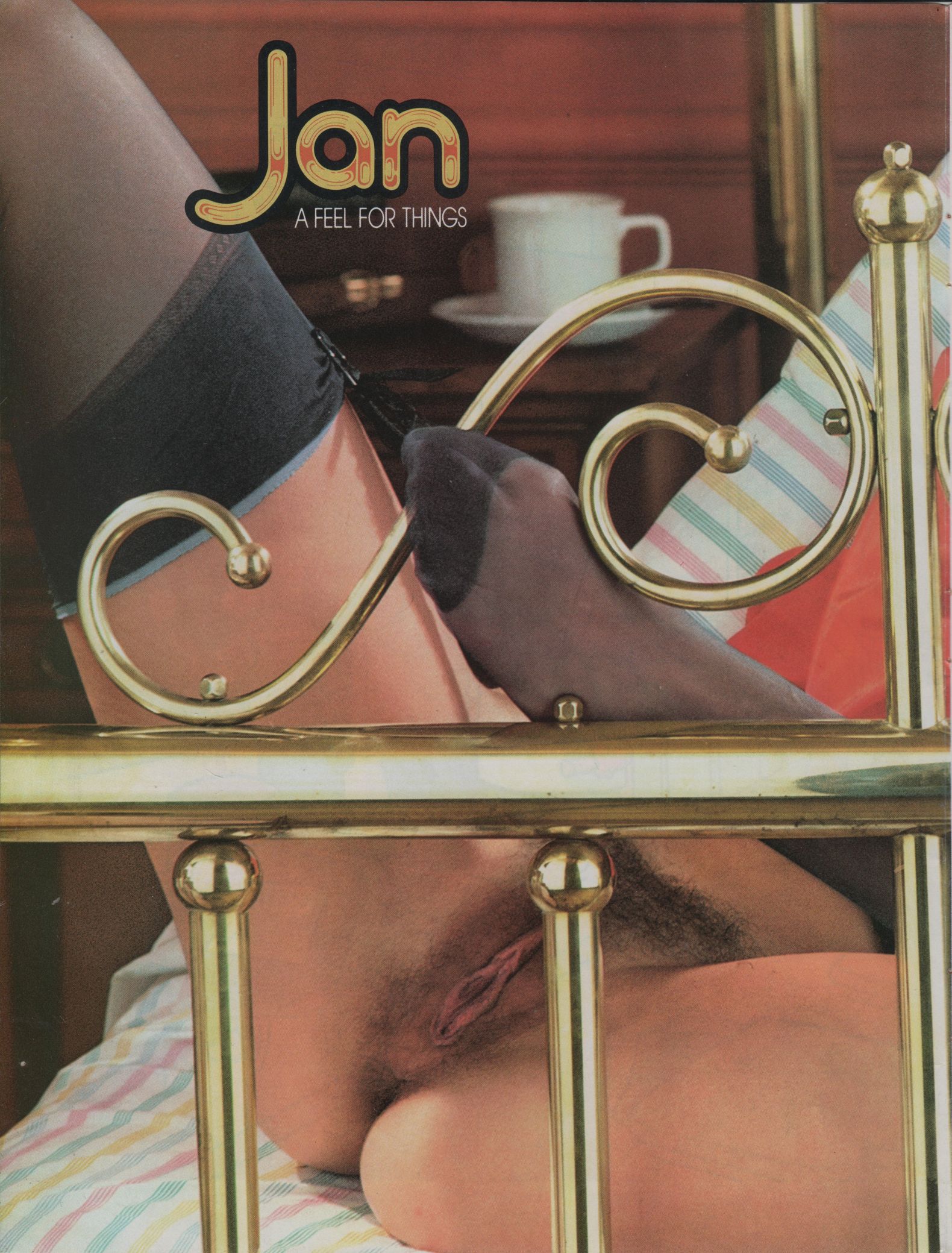
And nobody was listening any more closely than Jann Wenner, then a young columnist for the University of California at Berkeley student newspaper, the *Daily Californian.* Wenner, writing under the pseudonym "Mr. Jones," was convinced that the future of young America could be read in the lyrics of rock 'n' roll.

And why not? Born in 1946, Wenner was part of the postwar baby boom that helped make rock 'n' roll possible. Though born in New York, he was

(continued on page 46)




I will not kill my teachers.
I will not kill my teachers.
trosley.


Jan
A FEEL FOR THINGS



Jan loves the feel of things. She loves the feel of her nylons as they cling to her long, smooth legs. The sensation of her lace bra pushing her breasts up and together excites her. The brassiere softly rubbing against her sensitive nipples unleashes her passions. Then, when at last she removes the lingerie, she is exhilarated by the feeling of freedom. Touching her body, she lets her passion control her. Jan is sensational in every way.

Photography by James Baes











JANN WENNER

(continued from page 36)

raised in the fashionable suburbs just north of San Francisco. He was Jewish, but he was shipped off to an exclusive, painfully Waspish prep school in Los Angeles. He is remembered there as a loner, a kid with an overwhelming urge to succeed at something—though no one, not even Wenner, seemed to know what. "He was a pain in the ass," Wenner's father once told an interviewer, "but we knew he would make something of himself."

From prep school Wenner went on to Berkeley, the very eye of the student revolution. Radical politics were all the rage there, and Jann became mildly involved. But it wasn't politics that captured Wenner's heart; it was the Beatles. When their first film, *A Hard Day's Night*, was released in 1964, he realized that, for the new generation, rock 'n' roll was more than just music—it was the most important thing in the world.

Residing in Berkeley, on the eastern, "intellectualizing" side of San Francisco Bay, Wenner stood apart from the Haight-Ashbury hippie community in the heart of the city. Wenner was not a hippie. He was a fascinated, detached observer. Moreover, in a generation whose passwords were *relax* and *noncompetitive*, Wenner had drive and ambition. He had the urge to do what his generation scorned above all else: Jann Wenner wanted to *make money*.

The final pieces of the puzzle came together when Wenner received an offer from Ralph Gleason, an editor of the then-popular radical magazine *Ramparts*, to edit the entertainment section of a Sunday newspaper *Ramparts* had in the works. Gleason had long since established himself as a top-notch jazz critic, but he was also a champion of rock 'n' roll. Wenner jumped at the offer. But the paper somehow failed to come off.

Wenner didn't leave *Ramparts* empty-handed. While working there he had met Janie Schindelheim, an attractive clerk in the magazine's circulation department and the daughter of a New York dentist. They were later married, and Janie eventually joined *Rolling Stone* as head of circulation. To this day, despite rumors of strife, the marriage has remained a surprisingly durable affair. "Besides," says one observer of the New York media scene, "Jane owns too much *Rolling Stone* stock for the marriage to break up."

After he left *Ramparts*, Wenner began putting together his ideas about music with the brief experience he'd had in publishing. What about a real magazine about us, about the music? he asked his friends. Not just another underground newspaper; there were too many of those already, with their bizarre psychedelic drawings, rambling poetry and "tune-in/drop-out" philosophies. What Wenner had in mind (and what Gleason fully endorsed, both financially and through his extensive contacts) was a respectable newspaper, with bona fide journalism that would capture the wave Wenner felt sure was about to break.

Wenner borrowed $7,500 from his family and friends; then, with Gleason's aid, he sweet-talked acquaintances into producing articles and donating pictures. On November 9, 1967, the premier issue of the dream-come-true rolled off the presses. Wenner was moved to tears. It was, he remarked, "Just so good."

Indeed, in comparison with the *East Village Other*, the *Great Speckled Bird* and a host of other underground tabloids, it *was* good. At the urging of Gleason the new paper was called *Rolling Stone*—after Bob Dylan's "Like a Rolling Stone." Wenner's own contributions to that first issue were an interview with the folksinger Donovan and an editorial. "*Rolling Stone*," Wenner wrote, "is not just about music, but also the things and attitudes that music embraces."

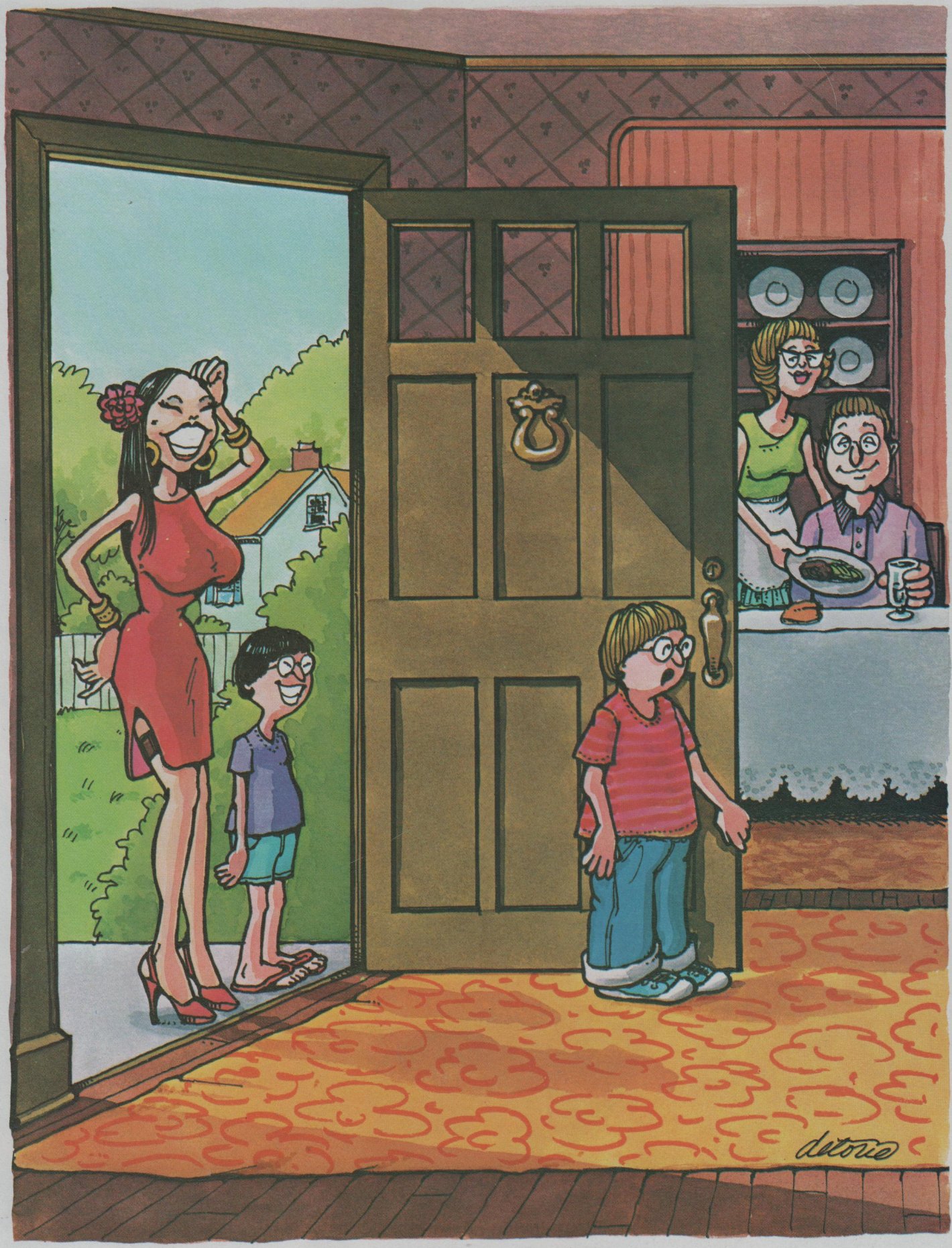
That *Rolling Stone* manifesto was echoed a scant two years later in a full-page ad in the *New York Times*. "Rock 'n' roll is more than just music," the ad read. "It is the energy center of a new culture and youth revolution."

Wenner, as it happens, was right. Just as he had predicted, the wave rose, carrying the kids, the country and the 21-year-old boy-wonder publisher along with it. All of a sudden it was the end of the '60s, and the moment was exciting and busy with challenge and change. Young people took to the streets, protesting the Vietnam War, demanding a right to be different. And there were so many of them! Everyone in the world seemed to be under 30. It was, basically, *us*-versus-*them* time, and *Rolling Stone* was fast becoming the only legitimate voice of the counterculture.

Wenner's achievement was simplicity itself—and complexity. *Rolling Stone*, after the manner of Wenner, just took it all seriously, sometimes almost academically. *Rolling Stone* lent to Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones the same kind of credibility that *Time* magazine was lending to the President. Wenner once actually suggested that a meeting between ex-Beatle John Lennon and then-President Richard M. Nixon would be "a more significant summit than any Geneva Summit Conference between the United States and Russia. The latter is more like the Democrats meeting the Republicans, whereas the former

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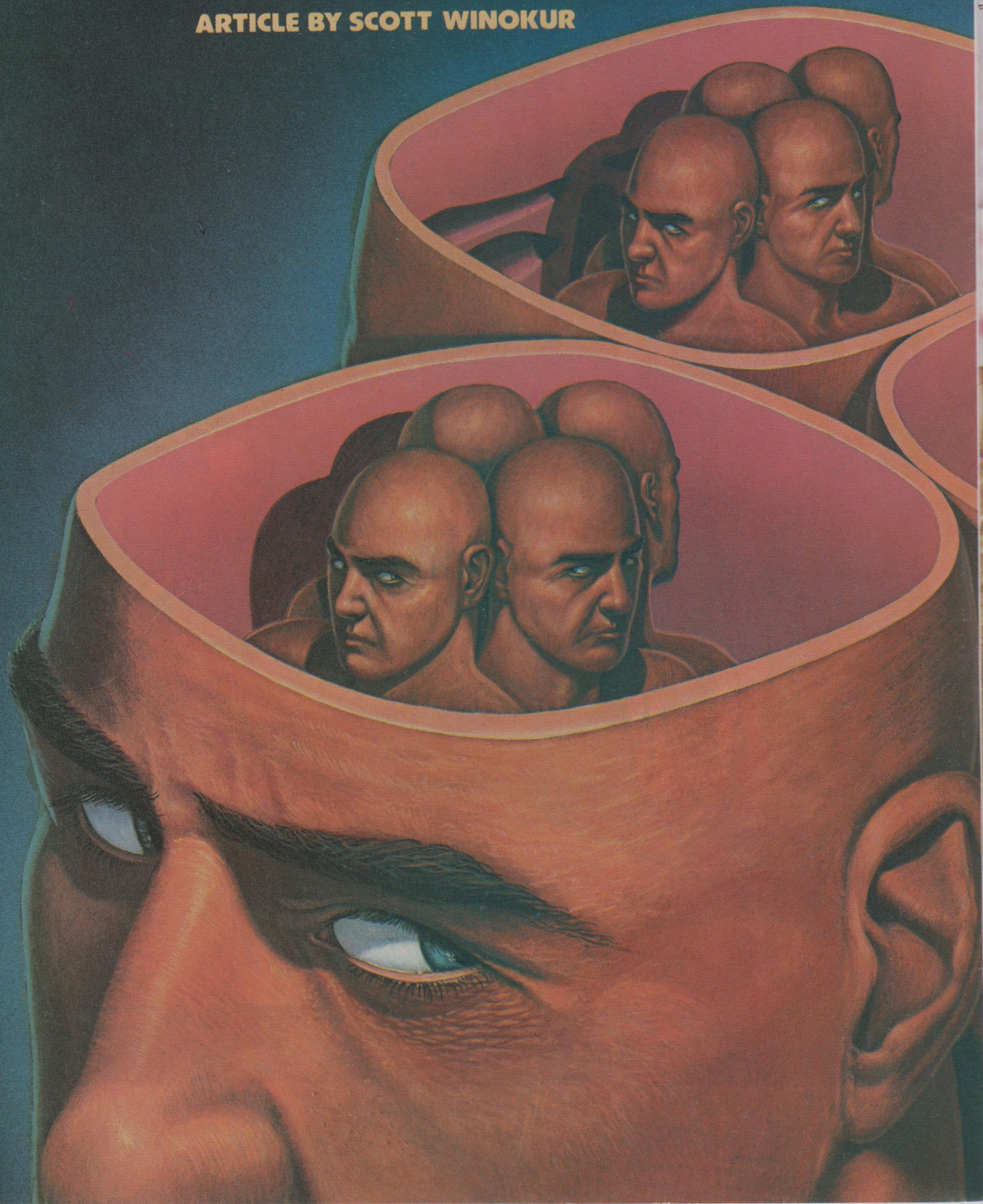


"It's for you, Dad—an old war buddy!"

PAST-LIVES THERAPY: HAVE YOU LIVED BEFORE?

On a day last winter when the great blue California sky seemed especially vast and brilliant, a retired businessman named Robert Logg drove across the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge to a suburban home tucked away up in the hills. The red-haired 51-year-old Army veteran confidently thought of himself as a daring, self-made man, always ready to experiment in matters of property, sex and the mind. Now he was excited. In just a short while Robert Logg would embark on a mental journey that would take him nearly 2,000 years back in time. Logg's eagerness to explore the unknown

ARTICLE BY SCOTT WINOKUR



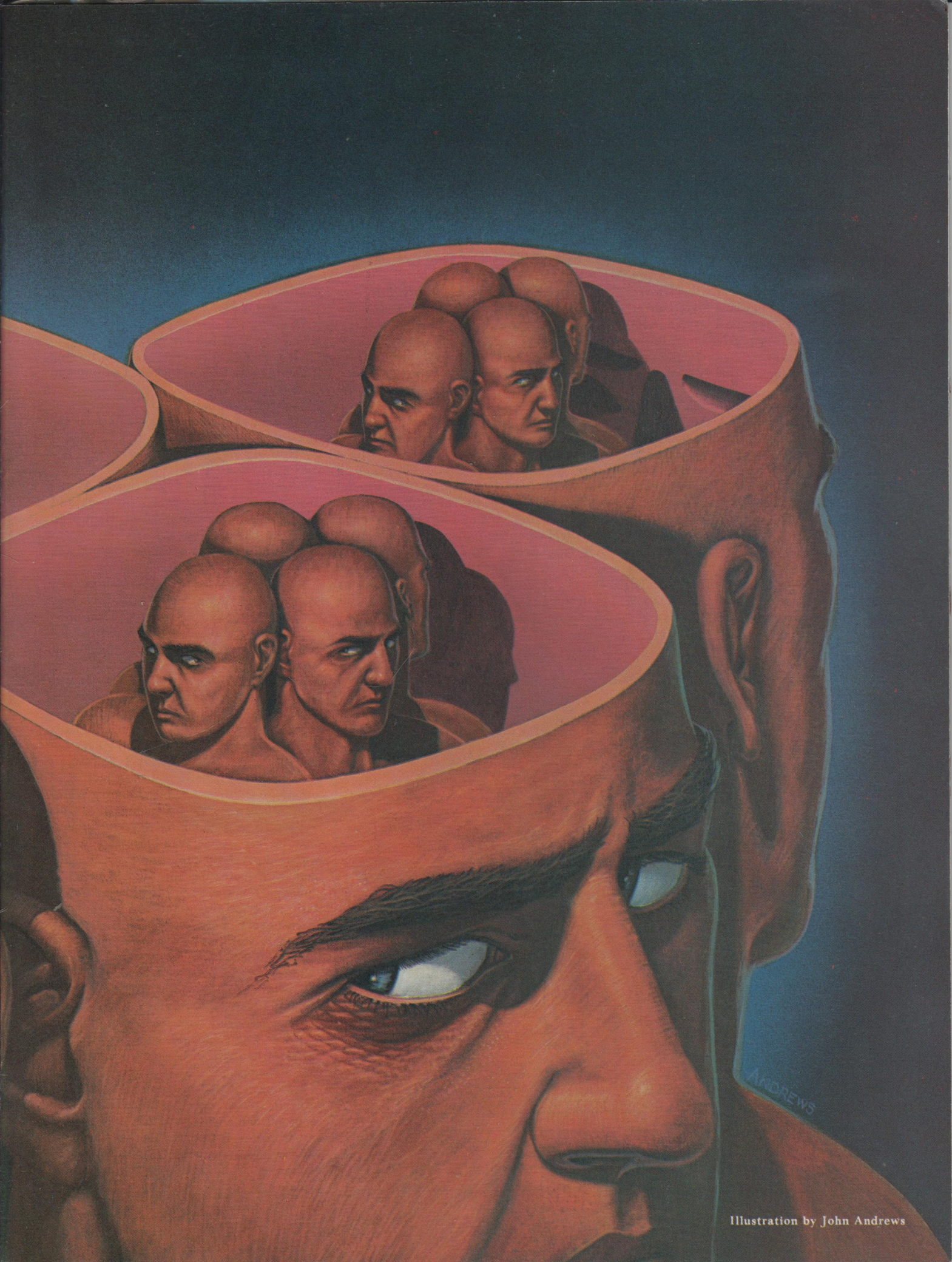


Illustration by John Andrews

wasn't unusual. According to a Gallup poll, more than one in five Americans currently believes in reincarnation. And their number is growing, as average people are making serious efforts to discover their "past lives," often under hypnosis.

"The past-life phenomenon is going to be the big self-discovery movement of the '80s," says San Francisco Bay Area psychologist Helen Wambach, the unofficial high priestess of a new, nationwide band of professional "psychic guides" who lead others on incredible journeys through the nooks and crannies of their minds to previous incarnations. Since 1975 the University of Chicago and Louisiana State University graduate has "regressed" some 4,500 hypnotized subjects to previous lives in this century, the last century, before Columbus, before Christ—and to just about every period in between.

When Logg arrived, Wambach stood in the doorway of her house. A short, plump, 54-year-old woman with a catlike face and a husky voice, Wambach displays a seductive combination of warmth and power. A cigarette dangled from a corner of her mouth, and from head to toe she wore black.

Logg was directed to a bedroom, where he kicked off his shoes and loosened his belt. He quickly made himself comfortable on a soft, queen-size bed, yawned, and closed his eyes. Arranging herself on a nearby couch, Wambach cleared her throat and began to speak slowly and rhythmically.

"Your eyes are closed, and it feels *good* to close your eyes," she chanted. "Your facial muscles relax. Your breathing is easy and regular. . . .

"*Deeper* and *deeper*," she went on. "*More* and *more* relaxed. . . ."

Logg melted into the bed. His breathing slowed and quieted. Wambach counted to ten, pausing a few seconds between each number.

"You're going to float back to anywhere around the time of Christ, Bob. A scene will flash vividly before your eyes. *What do you see?*"

Logg moved his lips, but at first there was no sound. Then he spoke a few barely audible words. "I see . . . a 12-year-old boy . . . curly blond hair . . . in a skirtlike costume . . . with his 16-year-old sister. . . . She's dressed in a long, flowing garment."

Wambach edged forward, scribbling notes furiously.

"They're holding hands," the hypnotized man continued, his voice growing clear and steady. "And I see a Roman general with a large medallion. . . . It's . . . copper . . . a symbol of . . . of . . . authority. The general is a lover to both of us," he said. "We're all three bedmates. At times he seems to prefer me. I feel complete pleasure."

A long pause. Logg grimaced; he was struggling. Finally, he whispered: "And . . . I . . . I enjoyed viewing our strong protector, the Roman general, while he en- . . . enjoyed my . . . sister."

Wambach arched her eyebrows. "Move ahead to age 16, Bob," she commanded. "Where are you now?"

"A large estate . . . southern Italy. The house is stone and timber. . . . My sister has married our protector. . . . She has a child. . . . I'm their adopted son."

"Do you have sex with anyone besides the general and your sister?"

"Most of the servants, male and female, when I travel in the cities and villages."

"Go now to the day you died in that lifetime, Bob. Where are you?"

"On the road away from home," Logg continued. "On a horse. I'm thrown . . . slain . . . thieves."

"Now you've died. Your spirit is leaving your body. Can you see your body?"

"It's soiled . . . twisted . . . blood flowing from the neck. Like a chicken. Twisting and contorting."

"What do you feel?"

"Curiosity . . . fascinating to watch the blood flow."

"How old are you?"

"I'm 18."

Wambach counted to ten again. At the final number, Logg opened his eyes and looked around the room, dazed. He'd been under for half an hour.

"Do you remember anything?" Wambach asked him.

"Yes," Logg replied, stretching. "I screwed everything that walked. I was almost as sexually active then as I am now!

"The general seemed like a pretty nice guy," he added as an afterthought. "It all seemed *normal*."

But of course it was not normal. It was *para*normal—an experience that defied not only common sense, but scientific knowledge. You're born once; you die once. That's the conventional belief. Logg no longer believes that. In five years he's discovered under hypnosis *18* different past lives.

Early in 1975 Logg wandered into a Wambach lecture in San Francisco and, skeptically, decided to go along for the ride. To that point in her career Wambach had chiefly practiced psychotherapy, and had only dabbled, with increasing curiosity, in parapsychology—a not-so-scientific science dealing with supernatural phenomena such as extrasensory perception (ESP), mental telepathy, intuition of future events, and reincarnation.

She came west from New Jersey in 1975 to devote all her time to what had been a fascinating sideline. Wambach chose the San Francisco Bay Area for its reputation as a place where people wouldn't bat an eyelash when told of her intention to study reincarnation.

Wambach hoped to regress thousands of subjects, gather data based on what they reported, and then check that data against actual historical records. She would charge $30 for four past-life hypnosis sessions conducted while she was compiling the evidence.



"No thanks, mister. Candy bars give me zits!"



"I think he's been snorting cocaine, Chief! I found some white stuff on one of his boogers!"

Robert Logg proved to be an excellent subject. During hundreds of regressions he reported past lives as far back as 4,000 B.C. and as recent as 1904. He claimed to have been a slum child in late-19th-century London; a cabin boy on a British sailing ship exploring the South Seas; an 18th-century English wool merchant; an ancient Greek; a Lebanese shepherd . . . the list goes on.

The data built up rapidly, and the two psychic adventurers, Wambach and Logg, scrambled to compare it with historical accounts. Was Logg daydreaming? Fantasizing? Or is reincarnation real, after all?

Corroborative information wasn't readily available, although they did manage to confirm that the British sailing ship named by Logg under hypnosis, H.M.S. *Dolphin*, had in fact existed. But for a time they were simply overwhelmed by the mountain of "memories" the subject reported. Meanwhile, Logg swore that he knew little or nothing about history.

Then he reported a past life as an Egyptian priest heavily involved in commerce 20 centuries before Christ. It was the turning point. "I had him see a message from a scroll," recalled Wambach, "an ancient bill of lading recording a trade of Egyptian grain for bronze."

"While I was under hypnosis," Logg explained, "I saw hieroglyphics [ancient Egyptian writing]. I wrote them down and tried to speak the words, which Helen recorded. Until then I thought it was all fantasy. A week later she called and told me a Stanford University archaeologist said I was 80% accurate on the writing and 50% accurate on the words. And I never examined hieroglyphics other than the King Tut stuff in the museum."

So began a sweeping investigation into the unknown that would bring Wambach national attention as the author of two books—*Reliving Past Lives: The Evidence Under Hypnosis* and *Life Before Life*—talk-show guest and the subject of countless articles branding past-life regression the most bizarre mind-expansion movement ever.

* * *

Belief in reincarnation is nothing new. The ancient Egyptians themselves thought each individual life was but one passing phase in a continuum. Hindus and Buddhists still see life as a process in which souls are born and reborn. But Westerners traditionally have been too preoccupied with everyday existence to give much serious consideration to psychic phenomena.

The case of Bridey Murphy is a good example. That was the name Ginni Tighe—a Pueblo, Colorado, housewife—gave to a past-life identity that emerged from her unconscious mind during hypnotic journeys she took in the mid-1950s. *The Search for Bridey Murphy*, an account of Tighe's past life as an Irishwoman born in 1798, created an immediate sensation when it hit bookstores in 1956. But all the publicity generated intensive investigation by the press, which dug up a substantial amount of evidence showing how some of the details of Bridey's life could have been picked up by Tighe during her current life. Within months of its appearance the best-selling story of a "true" case of reincarnation was being widely dismissed as pure fantasy.

Some 20 years later, however, the climate had changed drastically. The nation was deeply into soul-searching. One can only speculate as to why, but it's probable that political corruption, inflation and the energy crisis all combined to make Americans lose faith in the everyday world of existence. They began to look elsewhere for ways to satisfy their deepest yearnings.

That's where we stand today. From coast to coast, past-life researchers—whether self-styled spiritualists or university-trained mental-health experts such as Helen Wambach—are making astonishing claims. And people are listening to them.

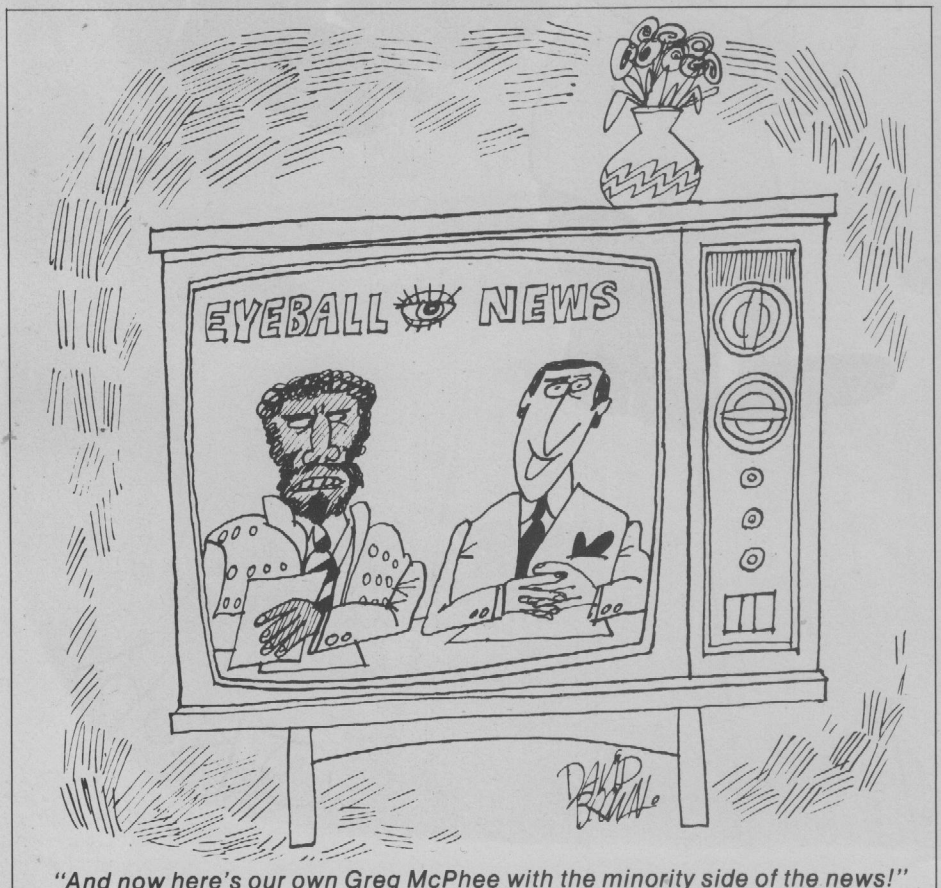
The strongest evidence in support of past-life regression has been amassed by Wambach herself. In one study, conducted during a period of several years following the early experiments with Robert Logg, the psychologist compiled data from 1,088 subjects. (Each subject was asked to fill out an information sheet immediately after emerging from hypnosis.) Wambach wanted to know the time period they had found themselves in, their past-life sex experiences, the clothing they wore, the landscape and climate of their earlier homes, the food they ate, how they traveled, the money they used, the circumstances of their deaths and their attitudes toward dying.

Her reasoning was this: If these people were inventing past lives, the data sheets would contain historical inaccuracies, revealing that their visions were fantasies made up of what they thought actually occurred in the past. But that didn't happen. Wambach asserts that fewer than 1% of the 1,088 subjects reported past lives with some details that were historically inaccurate.

What she found, instead, were perfectly accurate accounts of historical periods, information that came as a complete surprise to the subjects and to Wambach herself. For example, three persons who regressed to the Caucasus Mountains of the present-day Soviet Union ten to 20 centuries before Christ wrote that their skin had been white and their hair blond or light brown. All three said they would have expected dark skin and dark hair, because they assumed Russia had been inhabited by Asiatics during that period. On top of that, they "recalled" wearing trousers, which, according to historical records, are a relatively recent development in fashion.

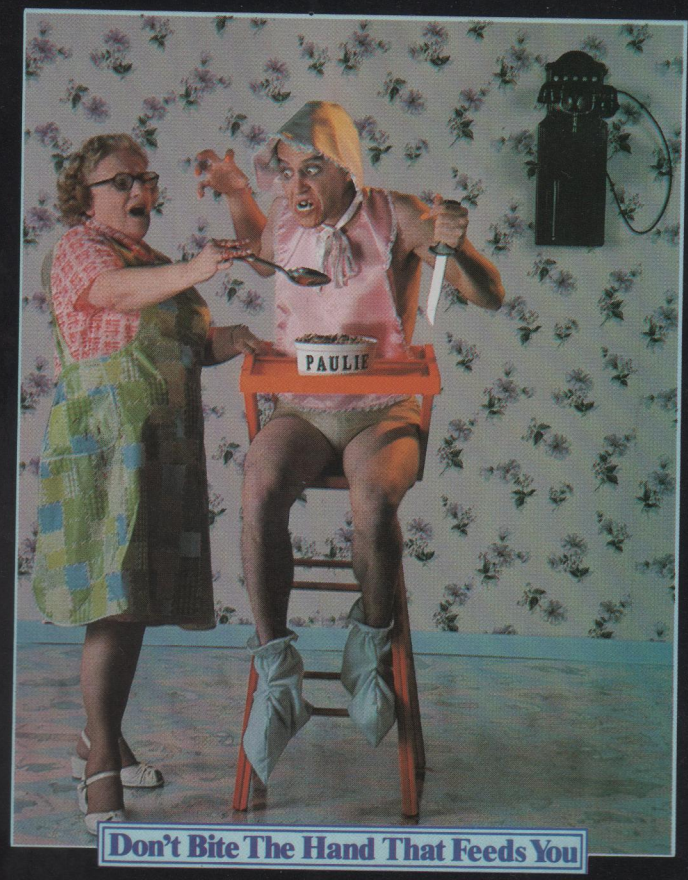
Wambach did some conventional research of her own. She discovered that the original inhabitants of the region were, in fact, light-skinned and fair-haired (hence, the Caucasian race). Additionally, some of them wore leather pants! "This was to happen again

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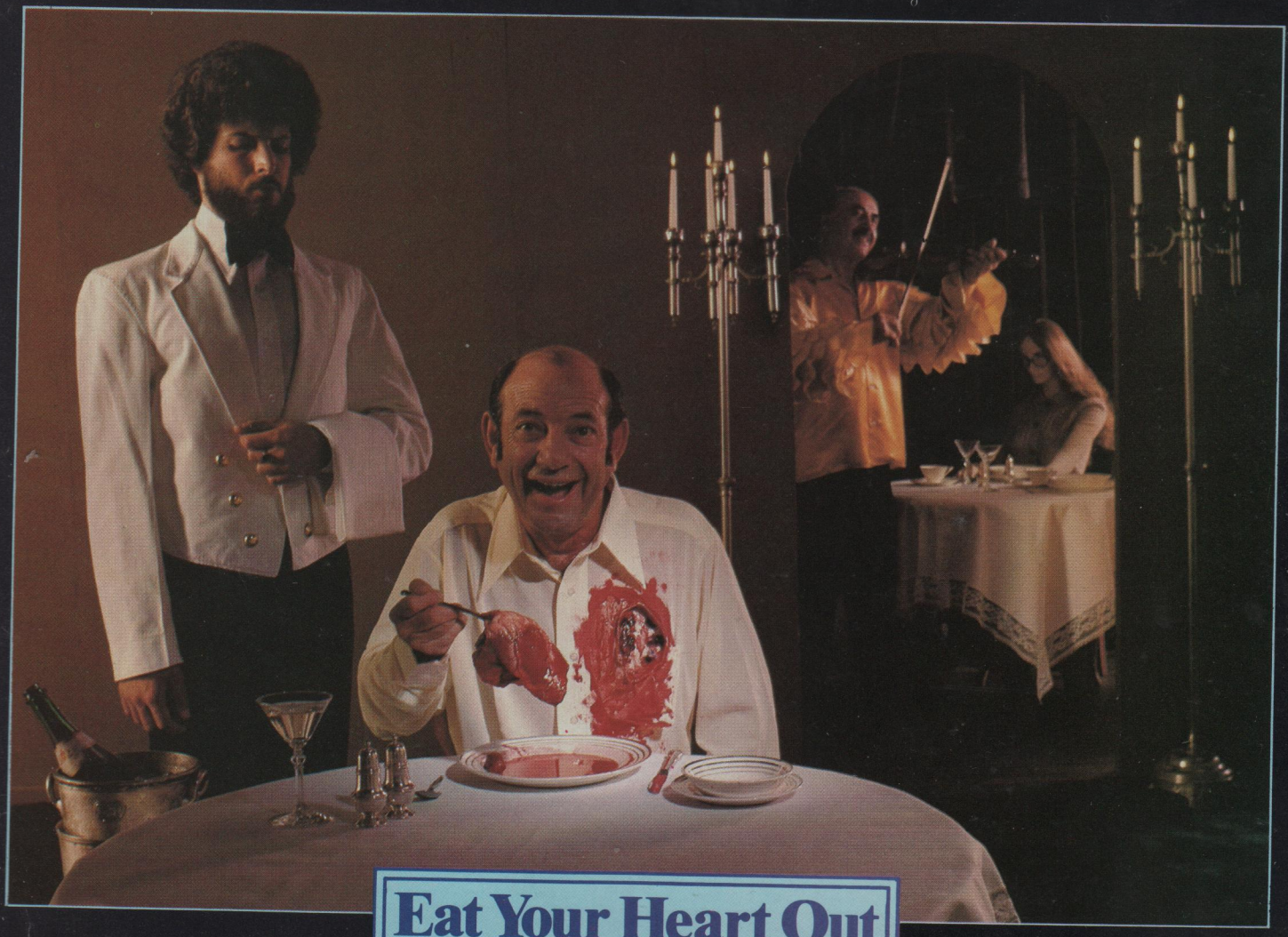


"And now here's our own Greg McPhee with the minority side of the news!"

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF CLICHES



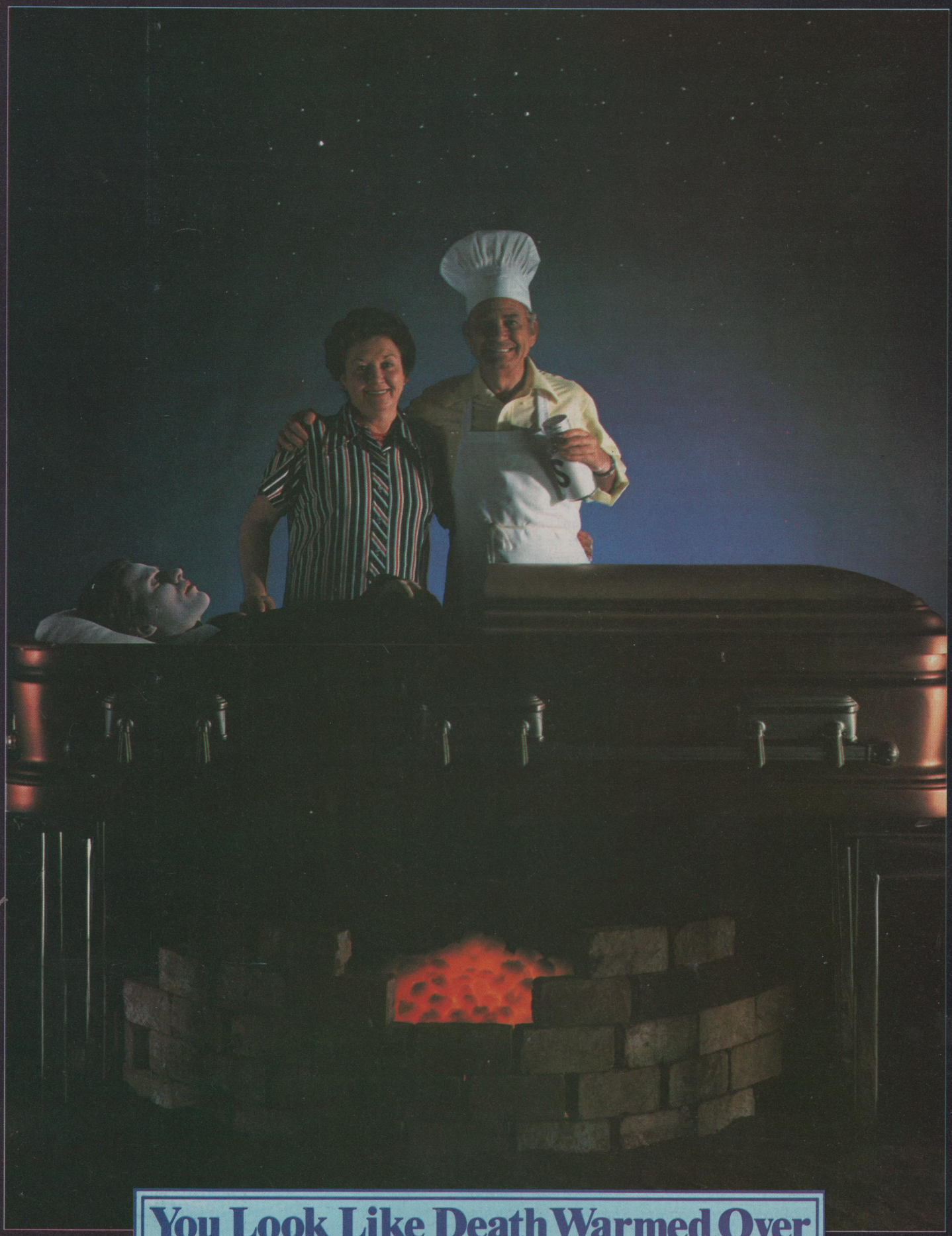
Don't Bite The Hand That Feeds You



Eat Your Heart Out



More Than One Way To Skin A Cat


You Look Like Death Warmed Over

PAST-LIVES THERAPY

(continued from page 52)

and again as I checked the dates on individual cases," the psychologist writes. "Research showed that [my subjects' unconscious] had presented them with a more accurate picture . . . than their conscious awareness."

Just as significantly, the data also matched up with the historical record in terms of population distribution according to region and social class; footwear and clothing; and eating utensils and foods. In other words, subjects were recalling time-worn historical trivia that precious few people know anything at all about.

Also, there were almost no big shots in the past lives reported, strongly suggesting that people weren't phonying up their accounts to make themselves feel more important in their current lives. And most deaths were from natural causes—70% of them, in fact—which Wambach contends is an accurate percentage with regard to current estimations of natural-death rates worldwide.

"I still do not feel I've proven reincarnation," she says. "My findings have to be repeated in other surveys. My goal is to set up a data bank for definitive studies. Right now I'm checking 10,000 cases on a computer. But so far my findings are suggestive. Past-life recall seems to be available to all of us. About 90% of my subjects under hypnosis report past lives."

Wambach's working theory is that each of us has a kind of antenna inside our heads—the so-called "right half" of the brain, that portion of the mind where dreams are concocted and memories are stored. Hypnosis, Wambach explains, shuts down the normally dominant, rational side of the brain—the "left half"—and allows the "right half" to tune in on anything the soul or spirit (or whatever you care to call it) has experienced in its current lifetime, or in prior lifetimes.

Several other striking phenomena were disclosed in Wambach's study. Men turned out to be women in their past lives as often as they turned out to be men, and vice versa. Whites often were Asiatics or Indians or blacks; and Asiatics, Indians and blacks were often blue-eyed white folks. Existence is a crap shoot, it seemed.

Astonishingly, pleasant death experiences were the rule. *Dying was like going home again*, Wambach's subjects wrote on their data sheets. Only about 10% of them associated unpleasant feelings with death, and that usually was because they'd met violent ends or had left behind children or beloved mates.

Wambach certainly hasn't shunned attention, but her professed attitude toward past-life research has been intentionally low-key. "I'm a scientist, not a guru," the psychologist declares. Other past-life researchers are more likely to trumpet their most sensational "discoveries."

Hollywood, California, regressionist Zelda Suplee says one of her subjects, a retired psychiatric nurse with a lifelong fear of water, has recalled drowning on the *Titanic* in 1912. In regression the woman named the address of the person she had been in that past life. A check of the doomed liner's passenger list showed that the individual dredged up from the depths of her unconscious had gone down with the ship. Although a great deal about the *Titanic* has been published, Suplee's subject went on to provide obscure details about the tragedy reputedly recorded only in decades-old government documents stored in Washington, D.C.

Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, psychologist Eugene Alexander contends he's regressed subjects so that they have experiences of past lives on *other planets*. "There was one woman I worked with who said she seemed to be on another planet in another galaxy," says Alexander, the former director of a mental-health clinic. "The life form there was a plant like nothing you've ever seen. It would grow a flower and develop intelligence and, finally, consciousness, which would leave the flower. Then the flower would die. But the same root system would develop another flower, and so on and so forth.

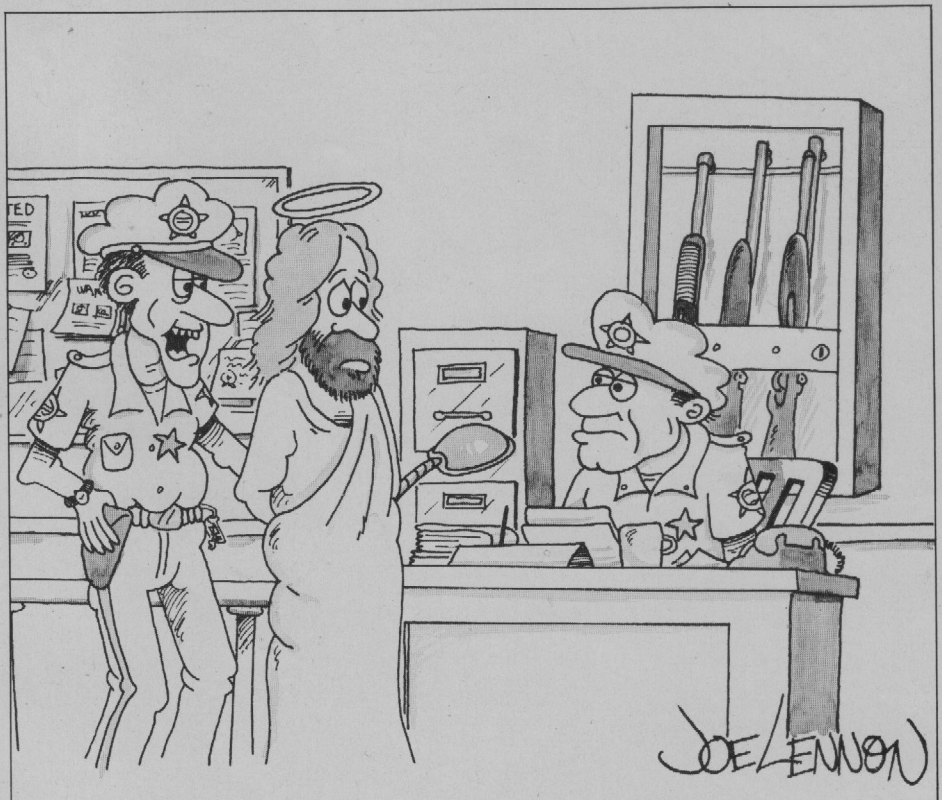
"It makes you wonder," Alexander adds. "As a scientist, one has to keep one's mind open. There's enough evidence so that we have to spend some time on these things to see what's going on."

Saratoga, California, clinical psychologist Edith Fiore reports the most spine-tingling findings of all, based on more than 5,000 regressions involving between 400 and 500 subjects. "What my subjects tell me under hypnosis," Fiore explains, "is that at the moment of death the spirit leaves the body, usually without pain, and floats up above the corpse, where it can see its own body and watch the relatives weeping. It feels a sense of freedom and relief. Then it moves up toward the ceiling, and a brilliant white light comes forth—or, sometimes, the spirit of a loved one or another 'guide.'

"Then they travel through space—some say it's a tunnel—and they hear beautiful celestial music. They go to a place where they rest. They usually have some kind of body that generally looks like a human body but feels lighter. They can see through it. The landscape around them is beautiful. And there are even buildings! Other beings tell them to relax, that they're okay.

"Then they go to a place where they evaluate the life they just led, and it passes before them like a movie. These beings, in white robes, help them evaluate, without judging. No one tells them they're rotten. Then they go into a kind of classroom with masters—in white robes, of course—and they're instructed in love and the purpose of reincarnation, which is to perfect their spiritual selves.

(continued on page 70)



"Caught another moonshiner, Sheriff. He was turning water into wine!"



"Okay, Tina, in this next scene I want you to slap some deep throat on Jesse here. . . ."


WEIDER
BARBELL



Keeping her body in perfect shape is an obsession with Alicia. She knows men recognize a strong power in her smooth, firm muscles. And even Alicia herself delights in running her hands over her taut thighs, her firm breasts. She likes to watch her reflection in the mirror as she flexes her body to masturbate . . . or to make love. "I love my own beauty," she says, "and so do men."

Photography by Matti Klatt


NIKE
NIKE
DYNA-ROW 100
DYNA-ROW 100





HUSTLER'S HONEY · JUNE 1980






UNDER 14
BARBELL



A construction worker cashed his paycheck one Friday afternoon and proceeded to spend a wild night on the town with his buddies. When he arrived home early the following morning, he was met at the door by his irate wife, who demanded to see his paycheck. He handed her his pay slip (showing $512) and all his remaining cash (only $12).

"You blew $500 last night?!" she screamed. "Do you have any idea how long $500 would last me?!?"

"Well, let's see," the hungover husband replied. "You don't smoke, drink or gamble, and you've got your own pussy—it ought to last you forever."

Pope John Paul II was in his room praying when out of nowhere a voice said, "John, this is the Lord thy God speaking." So the Pope took advantage of the situation to ask the Lord a few questions.

"Will Catholic priests ever be able to marry?" he asked.

"Not in your lifetime," the Lord responded.

"Will there ever be a woman priest in the Catholic Church?" the Pope asked.

"Not in your lifetime, John."

Finally the Pope asked, "Will there ever be another Polish pope?"

"Not in *my* lifetime!" the Lord bellowed.

A marine, an Air Force commando, a Navy Seal and a Green Beret were sitting around a campfire, telling each other how mean and tough they were. "I can swim 50 miles and bite the head off a live chicken," the marine said. "One marine is worth ten other men!"

"I can jump out of airplanes without a parachute and clear runways single-handed!" the Air Force commando exclaimed. "One of us is worth 13 other men!"

"I can dive 90 feet underwater without scuba gear, and I'm an expert in demolition," boasted the Navy man. "One Seal is worth 25 of the enemy!"

The Green Beret just sat there all this time without saying a word, stirring the fire with his dick.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *moral fiber* as: the cereal eaten every morning by self-righteous hypocrites.

My old lady is the worst housekeeper I ever saw," a man complained to his friend.

"How's that?" his friend inquired.

"Every time I go to the sink to piss," the first man said, "it's full of dishes!"



Two hillbillies went for job interviews with the police department. The first was called in. After giving his name, age and Social Security number, the hillbilly was asked, "Who shot Abraham Lincoln?" When he said he didn't know, the officer interviewing him told the hillbilly to find the answer and he would have the job.

He returned to the waiting room, and his friend asked, "Did you get the job?"

"I think so," the first hillbilly replied. "They just put me on my first murder case!"

Question: What do you call a girl who can suck a golf ball through a six-foot piece of garden hose? Answer: Darling.

Dad took Junior to the zoo. At the elephant house the child asked, "What's that big thing hanging down between the elephant's hind legs, Dad?"

"That's the elephant's penis."

"Penis? When I was here with Mom last week, she told me it was nothing."

"You must realize, son," the father remarked blithely, "your mother's been spoiled."

A Russian Jew was reciting some exercises in elementary Hebrew when a passing KGB agent asked what he was learning the language for.

"Well, just in case I go to Israel," the Jew answered, "I'd like to be able to communicate."

"And what makes you think that you're going to Israel?" the agent inquired.

"Oh, it's okay even if I don't go to Israel," the Jew said quickly. "I could still use Hebrew because I've heard they also speak it in heaven."

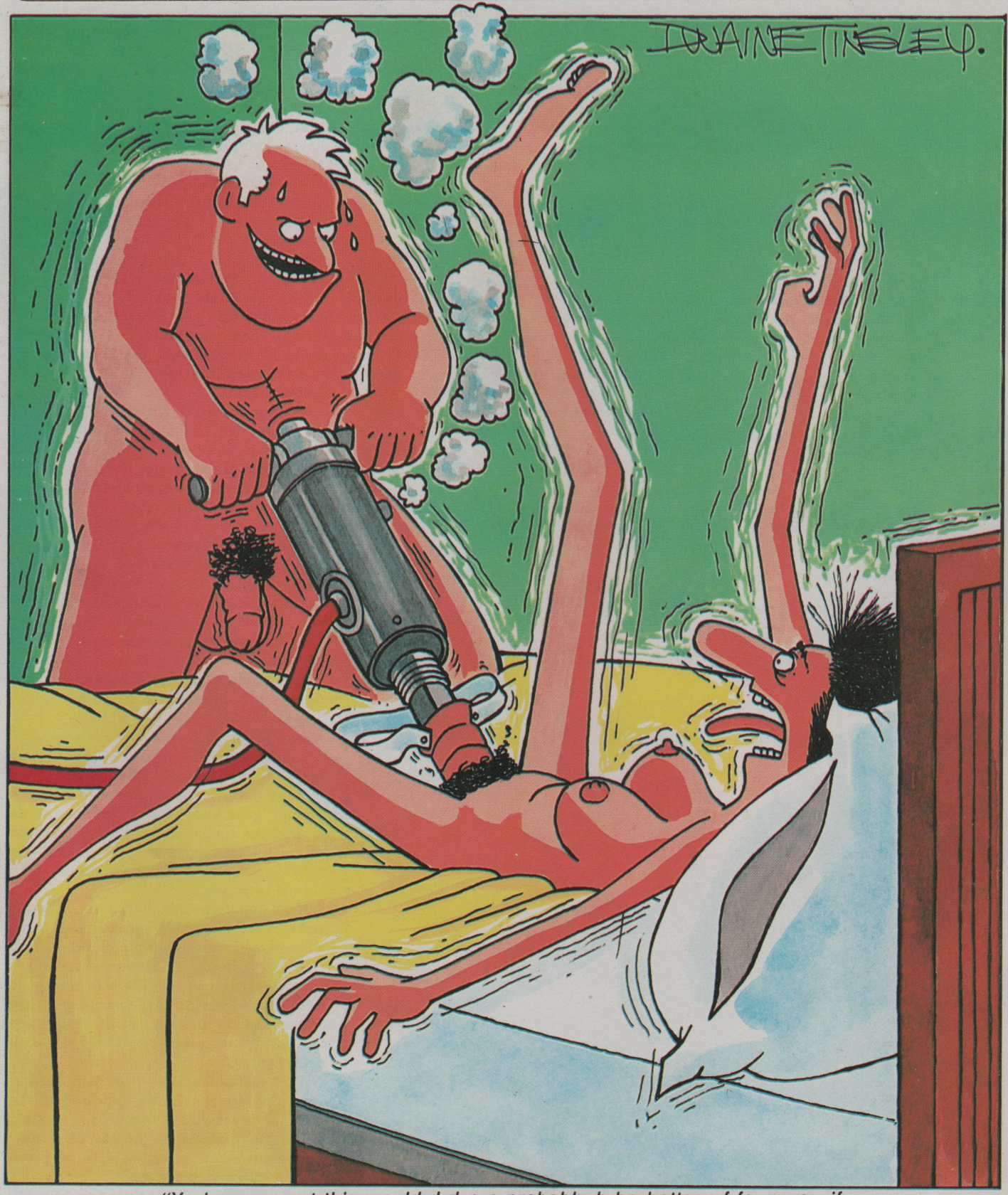
"And why do you think you're going to heaven?"

"Oh, it's all right even if I don't go to heaven," the Jew said, "because if I go to hell, I already know how to speak Russian!"

A TV-talk-show guest was asked what she thought was the greater problem in today's society—ignorance or apathy? She quickly responded: "I don't know and I don't care!"

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you $50. Sorry, but we can't return your submissions.

CHESTER & HESTER



"Ya know-w-w, t-this would-d-d p-p-probably b-be better-r f-for y-you if y-you'd just l-l-learn t-to r-r-relax-x-x!"

PAST-LIVES THERAPY

(continued from page 56)

"While they're in this interim existence, they sometimes check in on their [living] relatives. Just by thinking of them, they're with them. Sometimes they enter their dreams. Or they help them, like by preventing car accidents or telling them to put their seat belts on.

"Then they plan who they will come back as. Often the next life is designed to improve a past relationship. So, for instance, if there's been a great loss—like a husband or wife being separated by death early in their marriage—they'll come back together if they can. I also had one subject who had a miserable relationship with his wife in a past life. He'd been an alcoholic, and he killed her. Now, in this life, she's an alcoholic, and he has to take care of her."

* * *

Is this all just mystical nonsense designed to con dimwits and suckers? Are Wambach, Fiore and other past-life researchers deceiving themselves and ripping off a gullible public by playing tricks with the human mind? There certainly is room for skepticism.

Past-life researchers are making good money—up to $75 for one-on-one sessions that last, at most, three hours. (Wambach is one of the least-expensive practitioners around, but also one of the busiest.) And many of them have written books. Wambach bought a costly piece of property with the publisher's advance for her second book. Clearly reincarnation can be profitable.

There's the imagination factor too. The brain is a wonderful organ. It absorbs information like a sponge, usually without even realizing that it's doing so. And it makes up stories, as in dreams. If you tell me to close my eyes and travel back umpteen years in time, I might decide I was a spear-thrower in the army of Alexander the Great.

Whether past-life stories are interesting or boring, they're impossible to prove. Many expert observers recognize this. "If a person comes up as Napoleon or Cleopatra, there's absolutely no way of proving he or she wasn't that person in a past life, because they could have found out all the biographical information from the movies or the library," notes psychologist Thelma Moss, a onetime faculty member of the UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute.

"On the other hand," Moss adds, "if they pick up somebody no one has ever heard of before—like some South American Indian eating leaves—you can't ever check that out either. So the whole question of verification becomes beside the point, unless we develop a way to travel in time machines."

But Moss refuses to write off past-life research as rubbish. "We know so little about other dimensions of reality," she explains. "It's foolhardy to say, 'There's no such thing.'"

Ernest Hilgard is professor emeritus of psychology at Stanford University and the current president of the Society of Clinical and Experimental Hypnosis. He felt prompted by all the publicity Wambach has received to try his hand at a test regression with one of his own subjects, a young Mexican-American who'd never been south of the border.

"I took him back to the year 1800 in Sinaloa state on Mexico's west coast," Hilgard says. "He described a life as the son of a poor carpenter. Then I gave him amnesia for that experience and regressed him to the Yucatan Peninsula on Mexico's Caribbean coast during the exact same time period. This time he was the son of a wealthy farmer who had land as far as you could see. If you were a believer in the whole thing, either of these stories would have been very, very genuine. But it's really all fantasy, like dreaming or writing a novel."

University of Virginia psychiatrist Ian Stevenson, a longtime student of parapsychology, is one of the few Establishment scientists to take reincarnation seriously. In 1966 Stevenson published *Twenty Cases Suggestive of Reincarnation,* based on material he'd collected from children in the Middle East and India.

Stevenson's theory is that youngsters are less likely than adults to compose their accounts of prior existences from information absorbed in their current lives, simply because they haven't been around long enough to have learned that much. In one case, Stevenson was able to verify 51 of 57 details in a five-year-old Arab boy's story of a past life in a village 25 miles from the Lebanese town where he was born. The child not only supplied the last words of a man who'd died from tuberculosis in 1944—14 years before he himself was born—but he also seemed to know the dead man's mistress.

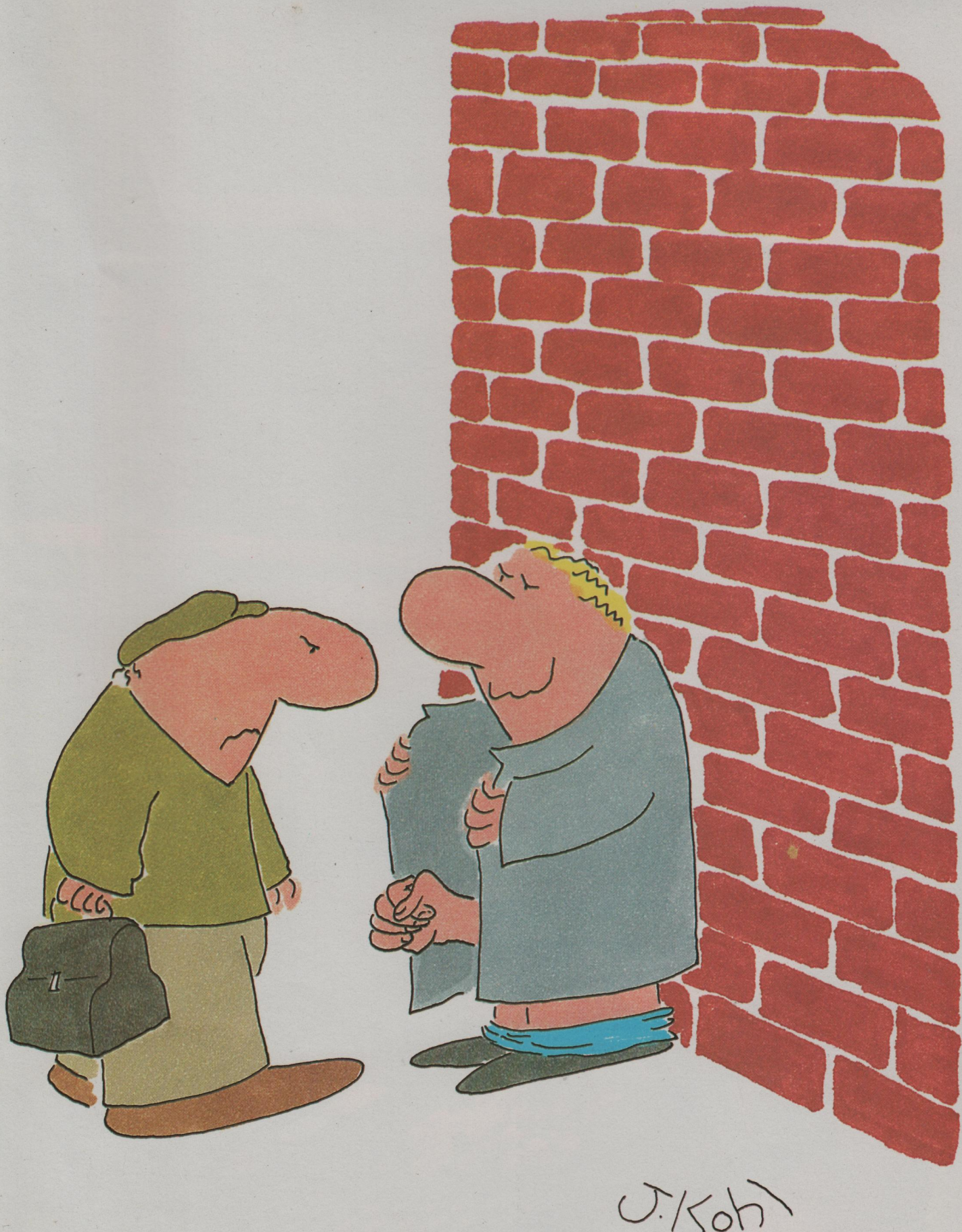
Even though Stevenson believes in reincarnation, he opposes the efforts of the new crop of past-life researchers who rely on hypnosis. "The procedure of hypnotic regression to 'previous lives' is not without some danger," he cautions. "Instances have occurred in which the 'previous personality' has not 'gone away' when instructed to do so, and the subject in such cases has been left in an altered state of personality for several days or more before restoration of his normal personality."

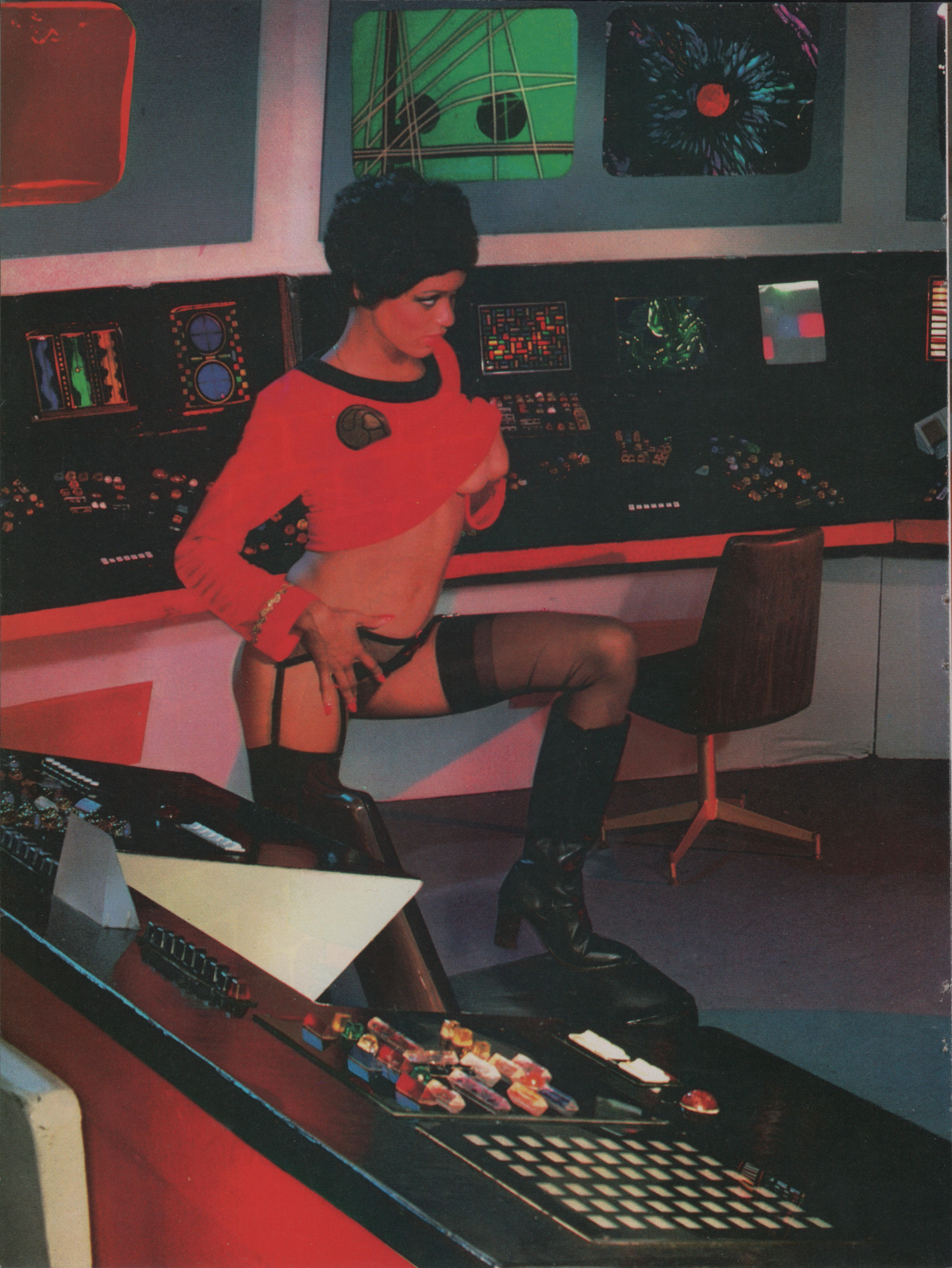
If all this were definitely true, it would make sense to call Wambach and many other past-life researchers unethical, money-grubbing snake-oil merchants involved in a devilishly risky con game. But there's a good reason not to jump to that conclusion. When undertaken as therapy, some researchers say, past-life regression seems to have a positive effect.

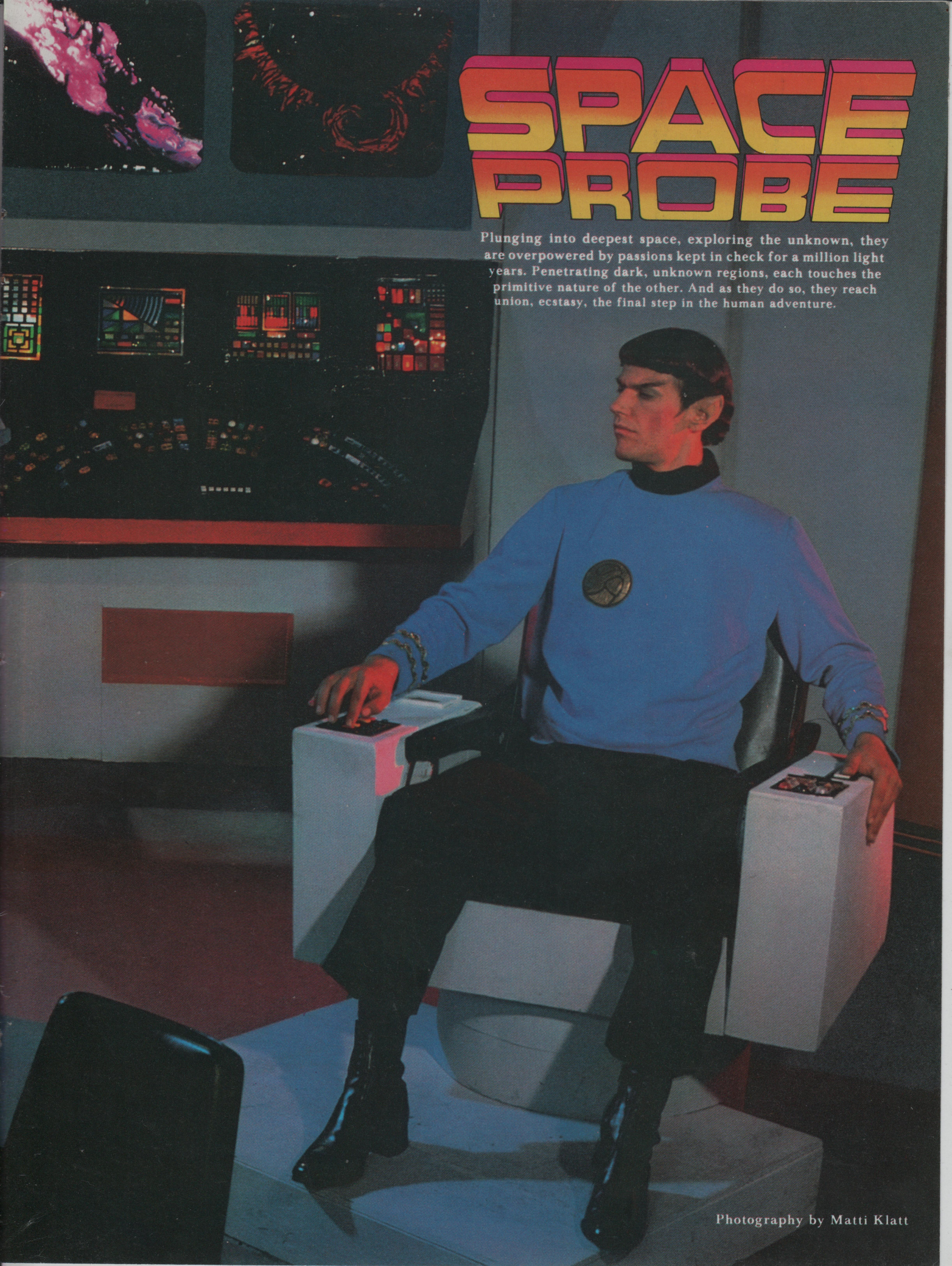
A 28-year-old woman from San Bernardino, California, recently appeared in the office of psychologist Hazel M. Denning, a past-life therapist in nearby Riverside. The woman had a terrible case of psoriasis, a chronic skin disease.

(continued on page 80)




J. Kohl



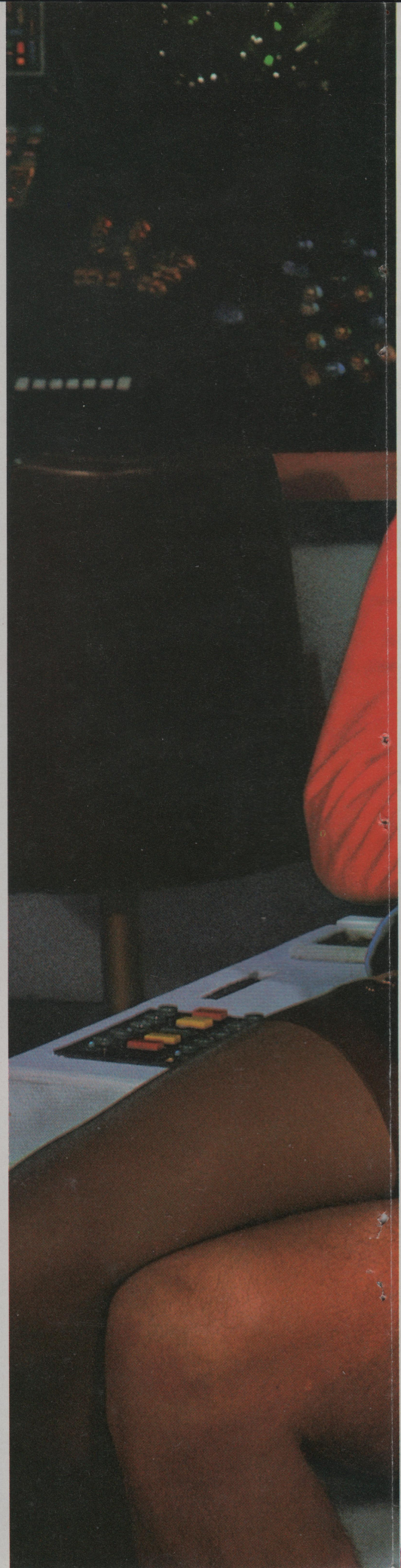


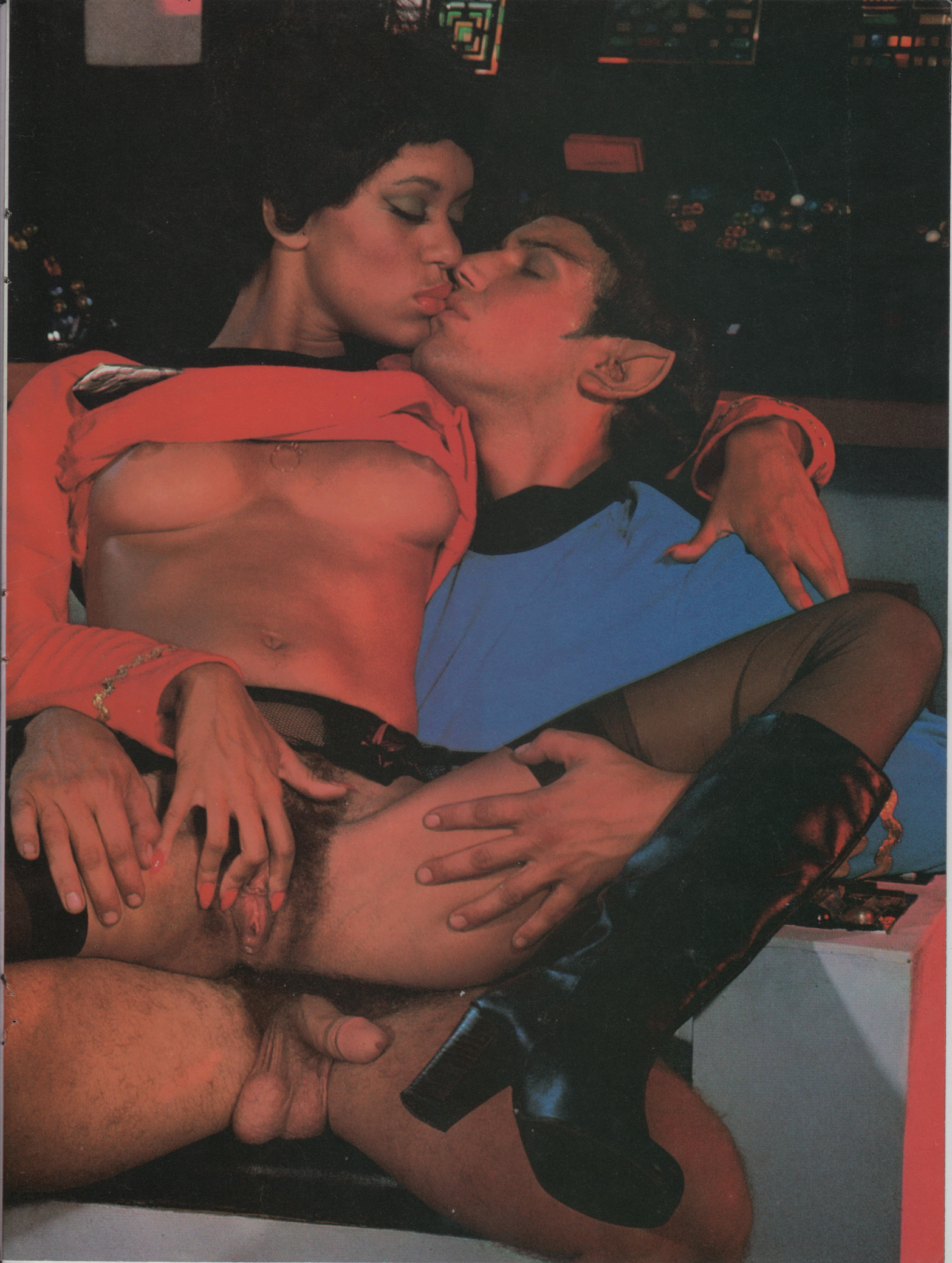
SPACE PROBE

Plunging into deepest space, exploring the unknown, they are overpowered by passions kept in check for a million light years. Penetrating dark, unknown regions, each touches the primitive nature of the other. And as they do so, they reach union, ecstasy, the final step in the human adventure.

Photography by Matti Klatt















PAST-LIVES THERAPY

(continued from page 70)

"Her arms and legs and back looked like raw flesh, like she'd been badly burned. It was horrible," says Denning. "But under hypnosis it came out that in a past life she'd been raped at the age of 12, then thrown into a barn that was torched by the rapist. She banged her head against a post, and when she awoke, the barn was in flames. She died in the blaze.

"After that regression the psoriasis began to go away; then it didn't seem to get any better. So I hypnotized her again. This time we found a past life in which she'd been a member of an ancient tribe in which human sacrifices were common. She was the chief's son, and at a special ceremony the tribe sacrificed its most prized member to the gods. That was her. She was thrown into a pit of fire. But this time, after the regression, her psoriasis went completely away."

There are many other astonishing accounts of apparent sudden recoveries from disabling physical and mental problems thanks to past-life therapy. Edith Fiore had one male patient with serious speech problems. Hypnosis revealed that in an earlier life he had cut out his servant's tongue several centuries ago in Turkey.

"Patients get exactly what they dish out," Fiore observes. And, in this particular case, the patient's speech impediment has improved dramatically since he became aware of his past-life experience.

Psychologist Morris Netherton of Los Angeles says hypnotic regression cures people because it provides clear-cut reasons for their problems—something traditional therapy methods often cannot do. "It may be the first time the patient has ever been able to think there is a source for the problem, a place where it's coming from," Netherton explains.

Ernest Hilgard agrees that at least creating the *illusion* of an answer has therapeutic value. "When the past-life therapist tells his or her patient, 'Your problem doesn't belong to the present, so you're not responsible for it,' that produces a good deal of relief, even though it can be misleading. But many therapies are somewhat deceitful. That doesn't mean they don't work.

"As for myself," Hilgard adds in conclusion, "I'd rather call a spade a spade."

* * *

There was nothing wrong with me that I thought past-life therapy would cure, but after talking to various people about reincarnation, my curiosity was aroused. I wanted to take a trip in time myself. So Helen Wambach arranged for me to "travel" along with some 30 others on a mass regression one Saturday afternoon at the University of California at Berkeley.

I bedded down for the journey on a carpeted floor next to an attractive blond schoolteacher named Gail. While she was spreading out her goose-down sleeping bag, I sat on my flea-bitten Army blanket, attempting to strike up a conversation.

"Haven't we met in a past life?" I inquired.

"I find this whole thing fascinating," she said, slipping off her shoes.

The lights were turned down. We all lay flat on our backs and listened to Wambach repeat the same general instructions she'd given to Robert Logg. I never really zonked out. If someone had shouted "Fire!" I would have jumped to my feet immediately. Wambach said that's how it's supposed to be: You feel half-asleep and half-awake—here and there at the same time. But the images came clearly, like a Technicolor dream.

My first stop was the Yukon. 1900. Snow, ice, raw fish. Fur coats. A clean life. A good life. Dead at 38. Axed in the head, similar to the fate that befell the exiled Russian revolutionary Trotsky (who I'd just been reading about in my current life). When this past life was over, it was over—nothing happened to me that resembled the post-death experiences reported by subjects of Wambach and Fiore. I went directly from one life to the next.

I was a Mayan Indian working on a stone temple for the rain god, Chaac. I was a nomadic Asian some five centuries before Christ. And an artilleryman in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71 (a cannonball in the stomach ended *that* stint).

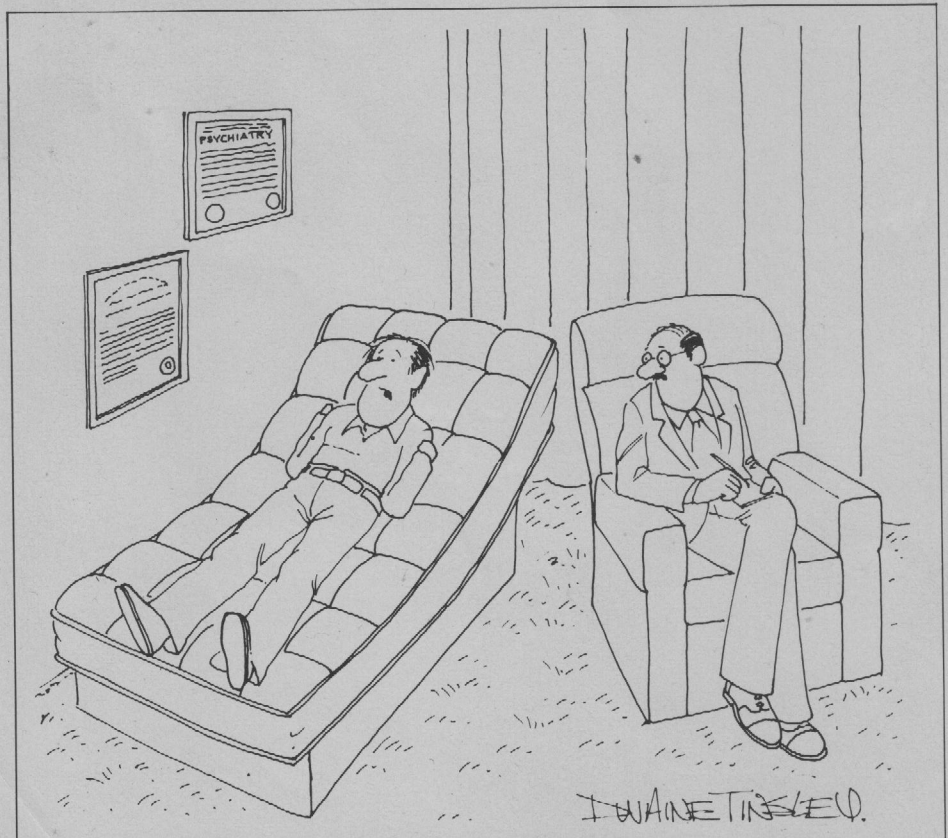
I'd tell you more, but there's nothing much to tell. I was always someone more or less in the trenches, working hard, caught up in the tide of history. There was something embarrassingly ordinary about the images that passed through my head.

On top of that, a few flaky things came to mind that made me think it was all nonsense. My name in the Yukon was "Satchmo." Honestly. And I was wearing Adidas running shoes during the Franco-Prussian War and drinking California white wine between artillery barrages. My signals were crossed. Obviously, a lot of current-life stuff had filtered in, making it impossible to determine how valid the past-lives experience had actually been.

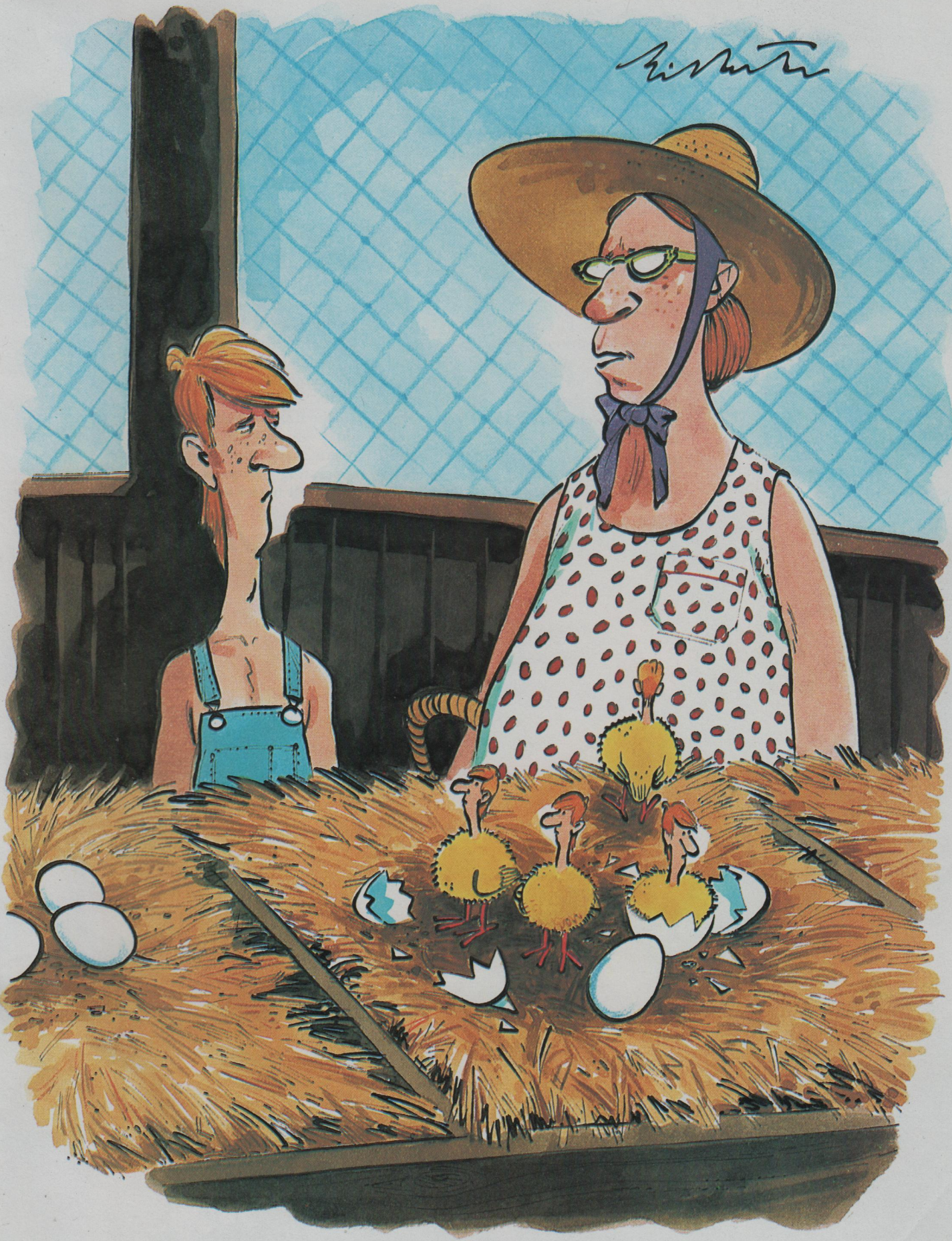
After the 50-minute trip was over, Gail said she would head for the nearest genealogical library to research the name of the woman she had been in 1900—"Ellery Ames," who while riding a horse had been shot in the back by an unknown assailant.

"Sure, the skeptic in me was working hard during the regression," Gail told me. "I was saying to myself, 'You don't really *believe* this, do you?' But the truth is, I'm not totally prepared to discount it either. After all, those images just *popped* into my mind out of nowhere!"

It just goes to show that there are two ways of looking at this reincarnation business. You can write it off as being fascinating, but ultimately meaningless. Or you can take it seriously—and plug into the possibility that, yes, we *are* immortal.



"Sure I'm depressed, Doc. How would you feel if you knew you'd never be able to scratch an itching hemorrhoid?"



"Jim Bob, you been diddlin' them chickens again?"

Triple Exposure

Fiction by Roberta Metz

Illustration by Holly Hollington

Marc Judge and Celia Frost met on assignment in Istanbul, Turkey. He was a photographer. She was his model. It was a media meeting, since both of them had won high praise for their individual talents. The first time they met, Marc was struck by Celia's face. Although it was the same beautiful face he'd often encountered in his work, up close she was more than pretty. Celia had a strong face, full of authority. She wore her aquiline good looks well.

Marc had always harbored a secret resentment for models who play the passive role. He sensed from the beginning that Celia would be different. During his test shots he alternately scrutinized her through his lens and raked her hair with his fingers to create the effect he wanted. As he clicked the shutter, she stepped back and coolly rearranged her hair. Lurching forward and back, she moved easily, creating a kaleidoscope of mood and movement that left him breathless with excitement.

* * *

The air was filled with specks of dust that stabbed the eye. Istanbul was a dust bowl in which ten-year-old boys aged visibly, sold water from infested glasses, peddled black-market cigarettes or just begged, selling nothing at all. Whenever Celia walked the narrow streets back to her expensive hotel, she felt vaguely guilty.

The final shooting was conducted in a *yali*, an ancient wood-slatted house overlooking the Bosporus, the strait separating European and Asian Turkey. Celia felt better away from the crowded



city, and as she walked along the rock-fettered beach, she noticed a bloom of nesting birds in a twisted tree. She stopped to look around. The mother bird suddenly fell out of the sky and stood guard on a limb. A small, dark child untangled from his fishing line a can that was draped in seaweed. He turned and, catching Celia's eye, gave her a wonderfully shy smile she wished she could have captured on film.

Instead, she heard Marc's voice impatient behind her: "I have a commercial to shoot—let's get on with it."

Celia pivoted quickly, and the wind caught her filmy skirt. Marc caught "the look" he was after at its crest moment. Elated, he knew the shot was perfect—highlighted by an extravagant backdrop of mosques and minarets that made a jigsaw on the edge of the dark-blue sky.

The shooting continued until late afternoon, one take after another. Costumes hung on a makeshift rack. Celia slipped into a pair of red pin-thin heels and pulled on a black jersey dress. Marc snapped his camera nervously.

"Reveal more breast!" he shouted.

Celia reached beneath the material and brought out the pale skin, which contrasted against the dark dress like a harvest moon stenciled out of an autumn sky.

"Now give me a demonic look," he ordered.

Celia was growing tired. She made a silly face. Marc snapped at her: "Wrong, that's wrong." Celia became angry.

"No more," she said in a thick voice. She pushed his camera away.

"A few more shots, Celia, please," he begged, his eyes distant. "I feel hot."

They finished the day's shooting near a flower stall. Celia pressed the fleshy petals of a calla lily into her cheek and neck. Unconsciously, she stuck her tongue into the center of the flower, holding its swollen stem loosely in her fist.

"More!" Marc shouted. "MORE!"

Marc's energy soared. He was always fueled by the bizarre, the unusual, the extraordinary.

"Wonderful . . . splendid . . . get into it, Celia, baby. Feel it. Feel it!"

Celia's tongue shot deeper and spiraled around. Marc felt charged, while Celia felt an unexplainable sense of power. She bit into the flower, chewed it into a fine pulp and spit out the shreds.

"That's it. Those were the shots I wanted. I was after that all day and didn't even know it. Good girl, Celia." Marc spun her around, squeezing her shoulder, feeling aroused and satiated at once.

As a taxi drove them back to the hotel, he stroked her leg cautiously. Celia, aware of his ecstasy, smiled to herself as she thought: *Lust is like acne; if you're afflicted, it shows.*



It showed on Marc as he sank back into his seat, letting his head rest lightly on Celia's shoulder. He *wanted* a woman who gave him what he wanted; but his desires remained so elusive that pleasing him was equivalent to catching the moment darkness begins to settle.

Celia leaned toward the cab window, looking at the crowded streets. Sitting an easy distance away from Marc, an excited chill traveled through her skin.

Marc steered Celia toward his room. "You need a drink, and I'm the man to fix you one."

Celia complied. After all, that was exactly what she had in mind. She sat on the velvet chair he offered, looking elegant and well-bred. The room might have been French. Through her sheer summer dress the texture of the chair was soothing to her.

Marc poured three fingers of whiskey for each of them and clinked her glass. He propped himself on the bed and took off his shirt, tossing it on the floor, where it seemed to stand for a second, puffed up with air.

Meeting his gaze, she fell into the green forest of his eyes. They were at once lovers.

Celia walked over to the bed, perched on its edge and bounced her palms on Marc's chest curls. His penis stiffened, stretching against his tight briefs. Celia slid her hand into his pants and brought out his penis. She cupped his testicles in one hand and stroked the shaft with the other. He watched her with admiring eyes. She had skill and a certain erotic grace. No longer behind the camera, he did not have to tell her anything. She was the expert.

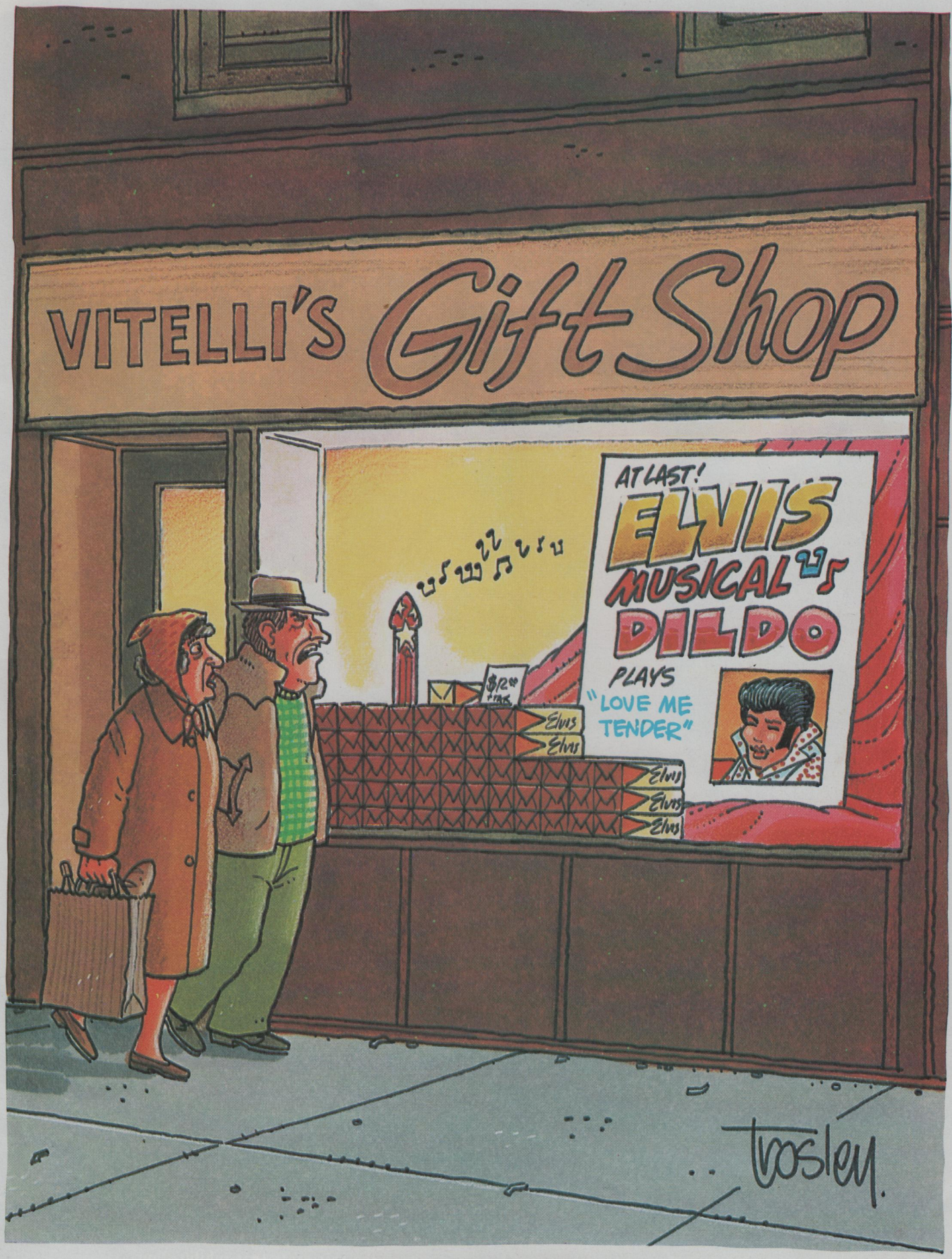
Bending over him, her body folded into his as she took his cock into her mouth. The shock of it made him gasp. He hadn't made love for days, and the cum had built up, waiting for escape. Drifting back in thought, he remembered her tongue thrusting deeply into the lily, and he came with a scream. Sperm shot out, and she caught it on her arms and fingers, all the while squeezing out more and more. Her mouth eased around his penis, whose blue veins throbbed. His lunar-white sperm glinted on her lips.

He watched the changes in her face. It lost its aquiline arrogance. Its features softened.

Celia basked in her temporary triumph, her slow fingers caressing his cock.

"It's pretty, don't you think? Is it the biggest you've seen?" Marc asked, convinced its girth was above average.

(continued on page 92)



"The bastards will commercialize anything!"



We first met Lonni when she inquired about writing a *Kinky Korner* describing her experience of hitchhiking and being picked up by a wealthy man in his limousine. Behind the darkened glass of the huge car, she and her escort indulged their every want and need.

Once we got a look at Lonni's body, though, we knew that words wouldn't be enough. We knew you'd appreciate our pictures more. And after we recreated the setting of her experience with the wealthy stranger, Lonni found her own world inside the limousine. It's a world where she feels none of the restraints that inhibit "normal" people. Lonni certainly is a driving force.



Photography by Suze Randall









TRIPLE EXPOSURE

(continued from page 84)

"Not really," Celia replied clinically. "I had a boyfriend who had one that was at least an inch longer and half an inch thicker."

Marc became inwardly furious and jealous. He wanted to hurt her. As she lay beside him, he pushed two fingers into her. Rounding the womb's bulb, he kept going, pushing the dome of flesh upward. He had the urge to push in his entire fist. He was hurting her.

"Use your tongue, Marc. I want that now," she said.

"You'll get what you *need*, not what you *want*."

Slightly avenged, he slid between her legs, and all her flesh went into his mouth. Her skin and hairs rose as they brushed his lips. Orgasm came quickly, and her legs tightened around his head. Looking down at the top of her lover's face, she laughed.

"Marc, you're magic," she said. "You almost fall down a hole and disappear. Like Alice in Wonderland."

* * *

Marc Judge had the bad habit of using women. He had convinced himself that women have a habit of getting in the way, like a dog under a dinner table. But Celia was somehow different, and he began to visit her each time he came to New York from Los Angeles.

Celia loved the big city. She had grown up in a town the size of a fried egg, and she thought of the city as a colossal playground. Whenever he visited, she greeted Marc warmly, told him he was like the circus that only came once a year—but when it came, it was the best thing in town.

Celia was warm yet cool. She was a hard woman to figure. She certainly wasn't the model type. She was bright and creative and had a child's inquisitiveness. She was not the usual imposing "beautiful woman." Marc liked her reticence: Celia Frost could keep her silence in seven languages. He began to need her, like a beer or a cigarette; to be comfortable in the custody of her sensuality. With Celia he felt he had finally found a woman who was not sexually nearsighted.

And she was funny. Whenever he prodded her about her past, she'd tell him she had many fine memories but couldn't remember them. One Sunday Celia was reading the papers; so Marc turned on the football game. There were the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders, kicking and bouncing pom-poms, their nubile legs smooth as glass. They all had young, pretty faces, with not one worry-wrinkle among them. He swept the mess of papers off the bed, changed the channel and poured some beers. Celia's thighs were almost within his grasp.

Celia became aware of a strange sensation. She'd felt it before—sometimes late at night, while watching old movies. Now she was about to reach for his penis, but changed her mind.

"Undress," she ordered.

Marc's clothes scattered quickly on the floor. He returned to bed and continued to watch the screen as she buried her head in his thigh. On the screen there was a close-up of a man and woman kissing, and they both saw it.

"I'd like to watch you make love to her," he said softly.

He had just given away his precise fantasy, and she knew it.

"And he's making love to me," she replied.

He looked sharply at the television. It was an older man. He was wearing pinstripes and a red tie that looked like a great tongue strangling his neck. His face was cratered and ugly. Marc was confused.

"Why him?" he asked.

"I like ugly men. There is something about their lavish praise and gratitude that makes me feel powerful."

Marc's penis relaxed and died. He didn't like to think of "his" Celia making it with any old Tom or Dick.

She rolled his cock between her palms like a cigar, pumping new life into it.

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DM-109 Milkmaid's Threesome

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DM-115 Rainy Day Party

Lisa and her buxom friend are sweating from their lovemaking when her boyfriend enters. Lisa sucks him up. Her girlfriend guides them through some wild fucking and sucking until her boyfriend cums across her huge tits.



DM-110 Teacher's Girl

A shocked teacher discovers his pupil smoking instead of doing her homework. A firm spanking is followed by a wet pussy licking. Concerned Teach feels it's better for his student to suck cock than a cigarette. He fucks her pussy until she oozes beyond belief and then cums on her face.



DM-124 Judy's Three-Way

Judy and her girlfriend have a hot thing going when in walks her boyfriend. He turns up the heat fucking both girls, shoving his cock in deep. Both girls share him until boiling cock erupts in Judy's mouth. Cum drips from her tongue as she licks it clean.

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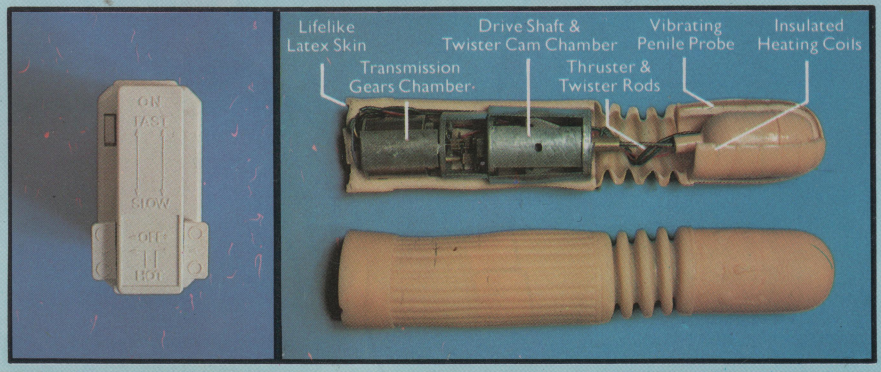
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"What I'd really like is to have you both make love to me," she said, "both of you watch me undress. I would lead him toward me by the long member hanging between his knees, and you would watch as he pressed his face into my groin." She hardly finished speaking before Marc came, as if he'd been saving all his sperm.

Celia laughed theatrically, and Marc felt uncomfortable and paranoid. His basic mistrust of women started inching up on him. He thought of past schemes, seductions and personal treacheries. Reflecting for a moment, he felt there was no way of knowing anyone or anything totally. Everything had to be felt on its pulses.

But then he felt a rush of affection for Celia flowing out of him, and the smell of her spicy underarm odor aroused him. His paranoia was overtaken by his lust, and he kissed her belly and thighs and fetched up between them, pointing his tongue into her cleft. He looked up along her body to her face. Then he got lost in her wetness; her cunt's musk reached his soul, which stirred again.

With his fingers he slowly unpetaled her lips. He took the shaft of her clitoris between his teeth and sucked as if he were drawing out venom from a snakebite. As he licked quickly and lightly, he felt her push upward with fluttering hip movements. She was starting to groan, and Marc played and caressed. He took the clitoris, trapped behind his teeth, and slapped at it with his tongue. When he felt her respond too rapidly, he soothed and calmed her clit until she was forced to beg for harder treatment. The powerful thrusts of her pelvis signaled her needs, and all the time he held her in his force.

With quick movements he roused her again and brought her to the same edge. She seemed to pass out from an intense orgasm. When she recovered, he took her into his mouth again, though she begged him incoherently not to. Again she climaxed, but weakly, clearly exhausted by this carnal exercise. Then Celia fell into a narrow sleep, her face calm and sweet as a child's.

Clicking off the television, Marc watched the tiny moon shrink and disappear on the screen. He began to stroke himself unconsciously. When he was married, he'd often masturbate while his wife slept. The act held some excitement he couldn't explain, as if he were getting away with something. As he massaged it faster, his penis seemed to fly like a featherless bird . . . and then it left its droppings of white essence on the sleeping woman's bare hip.

* * *

The next time Marc flew into New

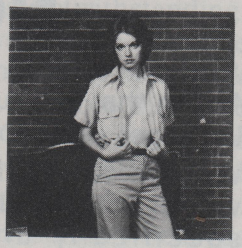
Experts Say ...

You Really Can Get Girls Through Hypnotism!

If You Live To Be 100 — You'll Never Find An Easier Way To Get Girls ... Believe It Or Not — It's True!!!







By the AAP COMMITTEE ON HYPNOSIS

NEW YORK — Their company name is Silverman Research of Prov., R.I. — And they claim to have a new, modern way of getting girls.

It's called S/A Hypnotism. And they say that thousands of men like yourself have already begun to use this easy-to-master principle to meet, date and even seduce girls.

They go on to claim that S/A Hypnotism works like nothing you've ever seen before. And they even offer to prove it to you.

They promise to show you exactly how to use this principle to meet more beautiful girls than you ever dreamed possible.

And they go on to say that it doesn't matter how many times you've failed with girls before. Nor does it matter why you failed.

To use their words: "That's all in the past now."

When we saw their ad on this new way of getting girls, we decided to take a closer look and find out for ourselves whether or not S/A Hypnotism really did work.

So that's exactly what we did. We investigated the situation completely.

And we can now say that our findings show that their method does indeed work.

Below is a copy of the original Silverman ad. If you're interested in learning how to get girls through hypnotism, it may be worth your while to read it.

(Reprinted By Permission)

GIRLS WILL BE NATURALLY ATTRACTED TO YOU

When you begin to use *S/A Hypnotism*, you will have *one of the most powerful forces known to man* working for you. Most girls will see you as a man who they'd like to get to know better ... much better. Many will be instantly attracted to you. Some will simply not be able to resist you.

Don't get us wrong. We're not going to give you any magical or super-natural powers.

All we are going to do is teach you how to use a highly effective, little-known principle — a principle that is available to any man who is willing to make the small effort required to learn it.

R. C., Mich., says: *"I tried every trick I knew to meet girls. But I seldom succeeded.*

I used just about every pick-up technique ever invented. And I still came up empty-handed.

I was quite lonely – to say the least.

Then I heard about S/A Hypnotism.

I'll admit ... I had my doubts at first. But I took a chance and gave it a try. I had nothing to lose.

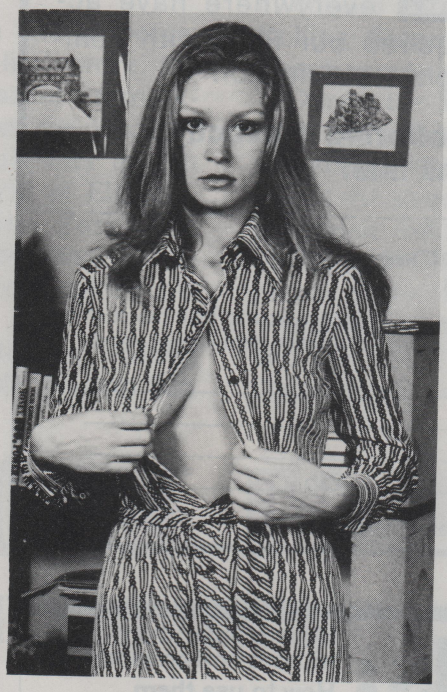
Well, I'll tell you ... It didn't take me long to see that I had stumbled onto something big. Really big!

Within just 4 or 5 days, I was meeting more beautiful girls than I knew what to do with.

I started making dates with more girls than I really had time for.

But that's nothing. You should see some of the sexy girls who were actually eager to sleep with me!

Honestly, I haven't had this much fun in years. Thanks to S/A Hypnotism!"



And now, you too, can learn to use *S/A Hypnotism* to meet, date and even *seduce* beautiful girls.

In a matter of days, you too, will be able to walk up to a girl (any girl), and within seconds, have her name, address and phone number.

And that will only be the beginning. Because from that point on, she will agree with practically anything you suggest (within reason).

That's the kind of power *S/A Hypnotism* will give you. It puts you "in control" at all times.

DON'T SELL YOURSELF SHORT

Now maybe this sounds like a bunch of "mumbo-jumbo" to you. If so — let us suggest this:

Put your doubts aside for awhile and give yourself a chance.

Notice we said "give yourself" a chance.

This principle works ... and all the doubts in the world won't change that. But if you let your doubts get in your way — and you don't at least give it a try — you'll be selling yourself short and robbing yourself of the success with girls you want so badly.

You don't need any special education or talent to learn *S/A Hypnotism*. There are no complicated courses to take.

Simply follow the steps in our easy-to-read, easy-to-understand book called ... *The Easy Way To Get Girls; Through S/A Hypnotism.*

Read the book through just two or three times (with a reasonable amount of concentration) ... and you'll be well on your way to getting all the beautiful girls you ever wanted.

And remember — it doesn't matter what you look like or how old you are. These things mean nothing when you use *S/A Hypnotism*.

MOST UNUSUAL GUARANTEE IN HISTORY OF ADVERTISING

S/A Hypnotism is working for thousands of men — and it will work for you. We guarantee it.

In fact, we're going to go ahead and make you one of the most unusual guarantees in the history of advertising. And here it is:

Try out the principle of *S/A Hypnotism* for a month. Then ... if you haven't met, dated and even *slept* with more beautiful girls in those four weeks than you have in the past year, return the material. We'll rush you a full refund *and more*.

We will send you:

- 10 dollars (the original amount you paid for our material)

Plus:

- 15¢ (the cost of the stamp you used to send us your order)
- 2¢ (the cost of the envelope you sent your order in)
- 5¢ (for the time it took you to fill out the coupon)
- 10¢ (for your trouble)

Think about that for a second.

Once again: *S/A Hypnotism* works. And like we said before: "We'll prove it to you." All you have to do is send in the coupon now.

Every man who is popular with girls has his own special technique he uses to get them. If you are lucky enough to be one of these successful gentlemen, you don't need us or S/A Hypnotism.

On the other hand — if you're seriously looking for a *reliable, no-nonsense* method of getting girls; a method that will work *anywhere, anytime* ... maybe you should give *S/A Hypnotism* an honest try. You may soon find yourself with more girls than any ten men put together!

NOTE: We have checked with the people at Silverman Research and have learned that their book on S/A Hypnotism is still available (with complete refund guarantee). You may order a copy if you wish.

Mirobar Sales, Dept. **HU-680**
964 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

Sounds almost too good to be true — but you've got a deal. What have I got to lose? Here's my 10 dollars. Send me *The Easy Way To Get Girls; Through S/A Hypnotism.*

After trying your material for a month, I must be meeting, dating, and even sleeping with more girls than I have in the past year. Or I may return the material for a full refund *and more*.

I understand my material will be sent in a plain wrapper.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

© 1976 Silverman Research

WE GIVE YOU ACTION NOT WORDS!

Action that will turn you on! Let's get right to the point. We sell Adult film & video entertainment, specifically uncensored explicit erotica. Film Collectors Association (F.C.A.) produces its own fine films that are not available anywhere except through us by mail. People of every profession and from everywhere have acquired our films with complete satisfaction

The material we are offering is exactly what you think it is!

Film Collectors Association Dept. H680
Box H 134 Inglewood, CA 90306

I hereby certify that I am 21 years of age and authorize you to mail me such materials and/or circulars which you, in your sole discretion, feel I may have an interest in.

Sign Name _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

☐ I enclosed $1 for full color Catalog and literature.

Sexual Aids:

How to order them without embarrassment.
How to use them without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be used for additional mailings or solicitations. Nor will it be sold or given to any other company. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction–or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sexual aids. It includes the finest and most effective devices available from around the world. Devices that can open new doors to sexual gratification (perhaps many doors you never knew existed!).

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sex life.

If you're prepared to intensify your own sexual pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection, Dept. H-06
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for three dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Our catalogue and products are sent only to adults over the age of 21. Your age and signature are needed below.

I am _____ years old.

Signed _____

Xandria, 115 Wisconsin St., San Francisco

York, he had no business in the city. He had missed Celia. It was not simply a matter of nostalgia; it was actual pain. Surprising her, he found her in faded, paint-stained blue jeans, dumping corpses of flies out of a kitchen light fixture. He distracted himself by focusing on Celia's apple-shaped backside. He slid his hand under her workshirt and felt her nipples fatten beneath his fingers. She seemed distant, and he again realized that he knew so little about her. It was only in bed that she was as revealing as an X-ray.

"I want you, Celia," he whispered.

She chiseled out a cloying smile and said, "You'll get what you need. Not what you want."

He felt the sting of her words, and a nervous pang settled in the pit of his stomach. She stared at him wickedly, clasping her hands over her head like a helmet.

She led him into the bedroom, where they sat on the bed, listening to the squeaking and groaning sounds coming from the apartment upstairs. A creaking bed echoed like a metronome.

Celia looked at Marc playfully, but made no move to undress.

"Tonight I am going to give you your dreams," she said in a mocking yet sensuous tone.

She leaned over and gave him a long, hard kiss. And she got up to leave.

"I'm going next door to borrow a cup of sugar," she said, cocking her head, leaving him with the smell of her perfume. He felt numb as he crawled beneath the sheets. Detecting Celia's voice through the wall a few minutes later, he listened to women's whispers and laughter. It both disturbed and excited him. He began to fondle his penis, but his anxiety wouldn't let him fully enjoy his arousal. The sound his masturbating hand made under the sheets sounded like a death rattle. He stopped.

By the time Celia returned, the skyline through the window had slid into twilight. She crawled into bed and started to grind against him. His mood lifted, and he was immediately glad he had not climaxed when he was alone. But the next minute Celia was suddenly up and changing her clothes, dressing for dinner.

"Up, up. We're going next door. Jaclyn has prepared a wonderful meal," she told him.

As soon as Marc saw Jaclyn, he recognized her as the Eurasian model he'd used last year in a perfume commercial. Instead of feeling delighted to be with these two beautiful women, Marc felt slightly uneasy and afraid. But it all started easily enough, and he listened to

(continued on page 102)

Beaver Hunt

Summer's coming. That means the days are getting longer and there's a lot more time to get some outdoor photos of your favorite Beaver. So get out in the sun with your camera and start focusing. HUSTLER pays $50 apiece for color photographs of gals or guys published in *Beaver Hunt*. And there's always a chance that your Beaver will be selected for an extended photo-feature at professional-models' rates.

All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model release on page 102 or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your $50.

Photo by Bobby Rodrigues



Cheryl Ann Rodrigues, 25, is a dental assistant from Honolulu, whose hobby is "making men hot." She says her fantasy is "to get down to some hard lovemaking till I can't take it anymore."

Photo by Husband



Terri is a 34-year-old housewife and mother from Parsippany, New Jersey. She likes horseback riding, and she fantasizes about "seeing myself in HUSTLER."



Photo by Ace Photographer

Susan Gerstner is a secretary from Arvada, Colorado, who is into ceramics and men. This 31-year-old mother dreams that her four daughters will be as uninhibited as she when they grow up.

Gail Williams is a 25-year-old housewife and mother from Gatlinburg, Tennessee. Gail's hobbies include photography and hiking, and her fantasy is "to make love behind a waterfall in a national park."



Photo by R. Williams

Photo by Steve Hammond



The owner of a pet shop, 41-year-old Yvonne Marie Dickmann of North Miami Beach, Florida, enjoys painting, sunbathing and "sexual variety." Her favorite fantasies are "being a Beaver at 41" and "having sex with Kris Kristofferson and Kenny Rogers."

Photo by Michael Hart



Sky Fox, 32, is a Provo, Utah, groundskeeper who delights in shooting the rapids and taking pictures. Her sexual fantasy is to be "an outrageous stripper."

Janet Repass, 22, is an accounting clerk from Gaithersburg, Maryland, who loves dancing and cooking. Her fantasy is "to have two men at the same time and have them do anything and everything I tell them."



Photo by Friend

Photo by R. M.



A 21-year-old housewife who hails from the hills of southern Indiana, J. S. likes to spend her spare time playing guitar or bicycling. She fantasizes about being "stuck on a remote desert island with Ted Nugent."



Photo by Eddie

S. Sue Spero, 28, is a baby-sitter from Alameda, California, who likes macrame and weight lifting. She dreams of "being in a sex film and having my cunt eaten by dogs and men."

Brandon, Mississippi, is the home of 19-year-old Brenda Runnels, a housewife whose hobbies are motorcycling, swimming and giving head. She says her husband fulfills *all* her sexual fantasies.



Photo by Ron Runnels

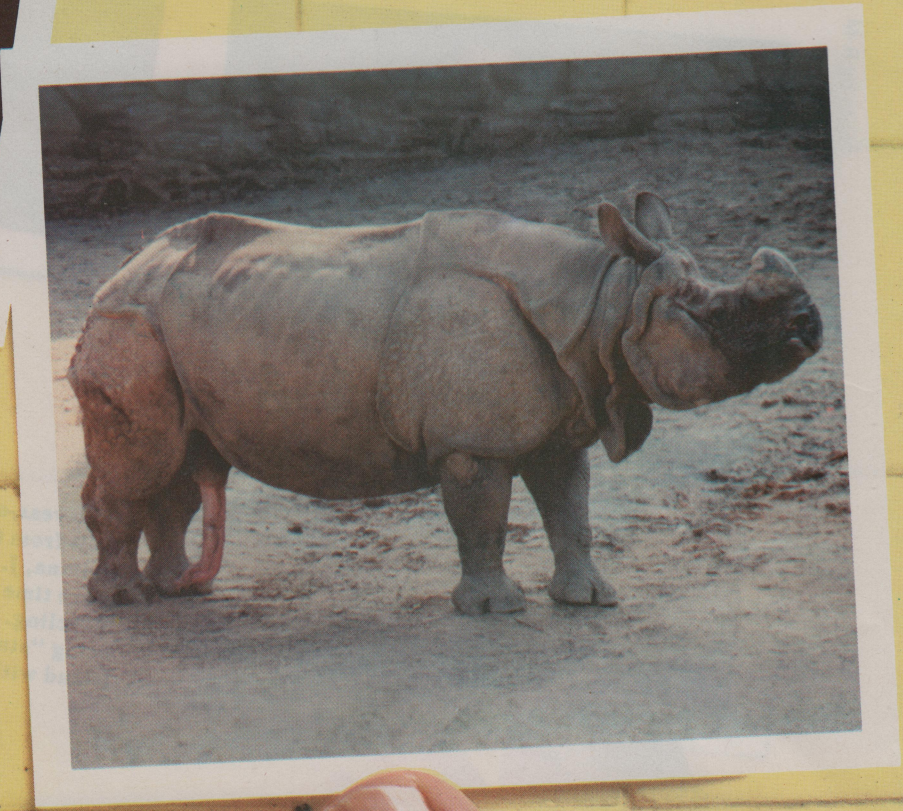


Photo by Harvey Alston

Ron Rhino is a stud from the Philadelphia Zoo who loves to give head—unfortunately, his horn and nose get in the way.

One for the Ladies



Photo by Richard Baker

Thirty-four-year-old Richard Baker is a receiving clerk from Red Hook, New York, whose hobbies include photography and studying history. He has now realized his fantasy of appearing in *Beaver Hunt*.

Twenty-three-year-old Rhonda Branchfield of Benton, Tennessee, likes to take care of plants and go disco dancing when she's not busy working as a barber. Her dream is "to see myself nude on the cover of a magazine."



Photo by Aaron Locke



Photo by Danny Westbrooke

Martha Westbrooke, a 19-year-old housewife from Emerson, Georgia, enjoys jogging and exercising in her free time. She says her fantasy is "to be tied to the bed and spanked."



HUSTLER®

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 97). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Please Print

Model's Name/Name to be published

Address

Date of Birth Phone (include area code)

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

Send prize to: ☐ Model ☐ Other

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature Date

Model's Social Security Number

TRIPLE EXPOSURE

(continued from page 96)

the two women joke over plates laden with beef stroganoff.

Later, slightly drunk, Jaclyn weaved into the kitchen and returned with a luscious strawberry cheesecake, slicing it into three enormous triangles. It was hard to imagine where all this food settled in these two lithe creatures. For a moment everyone ate silently, content with the richness of the dessert.

But then Celia looked mischievously over at Marc, dipped her fingers into his cake and fed him off her fingertips. Then she fed Jaclyn. Just watching the two women made Marc's penis swell. Celia nibbled some crumbs off Jaclyn's lips. With that, Marc's penis grew stiff. He watched Celia draw Jaclyn in for a kiss, pulling her closer by the gold chain around her neck. Celia bit Jaclyn's shoulder and ran her tongue along her cheek.

Marc found himself in bed with both women; three bodies swam on satin sheets. He sank into the pillows and stroked their heads. The two women's lips met and married, fusing in heat that melted away all inhibitions.

As if it were choreographically arranged, they began to work on him. Excitement mounted, but the situation felt too good for him to finish too quickly; so he begged them to slow down. They stopped briefly to kiss each other, to suck each other's nipples. Then they took turns lathering his cock with their warm mouths. Soon the bed wilted beneath him, and he came, splashing alternately into two mouths, and the sperm crawled down their chins in slow rivers.

He watched them watch each other. He pretended he was seeing everything through a keyhole. The women slid out of their few remaining clothes. Their bodies offered startling contrasts. Celia was all blond; Jaclyn was dark. When Jaclyn shifted her legs, her clit shone like a black cat's tongue, while Celia's was hidden like a seed in a grape. Marc watched them, and lust crystallized in his eyes.

Celia disappeared into Jaclyn's darkness. Her tongue played on Jaclyn's clit. Stopping for a moment, Celia crawled up and gave the dark beauty a long, deep kiss.

"Mmmmm . . . I taste so good," Jaclyn crooned hoarsely, dazed and bright-eyed, licking her own juices from Celia's mouth.

As Celia continued licking, Marc saw that Jaclyn's orgasm was imminent. He reached for Celia's cunt, then turned his fingers inward, touching her secret spot. Celia moaned and reciprocated, reaching blindly for his sex. Jaclyn rocked. Marc's fingers quickened their pace, and Celia's hands fisted tightly around his penis.

Each of them reached orgasm together, like stars independent of each other, but part of the same sky.

Celia was not finished. "That was just a rehearsal, folks," she said demonically, and suddenly her voice had a whip in it. "You ain't seen nothin' yet. Now I want to film it."

Marc suspected a conspiracy. He was about to protest, but the sight of Celia bringing a camera out from under the bed intrigued and bewildered him. Suddenly he was as vulnerable as driftwood washing up and down a beach. Celia held all the cards. And with Jaclyn playing with his genitals, he was too excited to offer resistance.

Celia, dangling a jeweled jockstrap from her finger, said, "Put it on."

Marc complied, anxiously.

"We're rolling," Celia warned, closing in on Marc's bloodless complexion. She let the camera scan the bedroom and settle on an altar of cigarette ashes before it caught Jaclyn pulling down Marc's jockstrap as he mounted her. Then he planted himself inside her.

"Don't sit like a hen warming eggs!" Celia cried.

Marc felt drugged.

"Jaclyn, don't lie there like a cutlet, sopping up egg and breadcrumbs—RESPOND!"

Jaclyn drew her breath and began to move. Color poured into her sleepy, pouty face, and Marc started moving frantically inside her.

"Now slow down," Celia said. "I want this to be a full-length feature—not the kind of lovemaking that's over between a sneeze and a blessing."

It was Celia's aggressiveness that got to Marc in the end. She inspired him to the very best of performances. He eased out of Jaclyn and in again. He entered her carefully, a slow-baller throwing a flawless pitch into his catcher's mitt. Looking into the camera, he at once felt warm and lustful; Celia focused in on his face. "Suck her nipples; cradle her ass; bite her neck. I want *everything*."

Celia called the shots and positions. She shot a half-hour's worth of film before she ordered Marc to withdraw so she could photograph his final spray onto Jaclyn's dark pubes.

* * *

Next morning, when Marc opened his eyes, he felt like he was coming out of a pea-soup fog. He propped himself up on the bed as Celia came in with a steaming cup of fresh coffee.

(continued on page 104)

FANTASY PRESENTS . . . swedish erotica

100% MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

film







(F-243) SWEET BLONDE BEAUTY - Strikingly beautiful Seka is surprised in the shower by her horny neighbor Phil. She loves it and offers her mouth and gorgeous body willingly. **$24.95**

(F-173) ORIENTAL ORGASMS - Three cute Oriental girls at once is a fantasy come true for this lucky guy. They pamper him with oral, anal, bi, and straight sex. **$24.95**

(F-75) ROCK HARD - One look at their lusty lead singer is all John Holmes and his black accompanist can stand. They turn their musical trio into a bedroom 3-some and practice for hours. **$24.95**







(F-270) REFRESHING BREAK - A sultry brunette and a foxy blonde lure John Holmes into their house to sample his 14" cock. The girls 69 while John alternates filling their desires. **$24.95**

(F-141) PUMP ME UP - After two guys fix a flat tire for an uninhibited blonde she repays them with what they want most - torrid sex - and enjoys it as much as they do. **$24.95**

(F-113) THE THERAPIST - Cindy, a hot blonde, becomes curious about sex with another girl and goes into action. The result is an exotic, erotic affair with a pretty, equally hot brunette. **$24.95**

SPECIAL OFFERS
Buy 3 Films at regular price - Receive Free Catalog
or
Buy 5 Films @ $22 ea. at discount price & Receive Free Catalog
($25.00 Savings)



(F-216) LACES & SPICE - Bubbly, box office star Desiree Cousteau wants to show John Holmes her new corset. He's more interested in her big tits and has a surprise of his own - a gigantic cock. **$24.95**

(F-260) HAPPY HOUR - Jamie Gillis demands some unconventional overtime from his pretty new barmaid. He puts his stir stick in everything but her drink. **$24.95**

(F-126) BOOBS - Cute Rene Bond and young Mindy bare their lovely breasts to three guys on a bet. All 4 win when they end up in the same bed - Rene with one guy and Mindy satisfying two at once. **$24.95**





NOT SIMULATED NOT A RIPOFF

★ **SWEDISH EROTICA** - an XXX rated series of over 300 of the hottest, highest quality 8mm and Super 8 films and tapes available today. Known by name throughout the world, these are the original uncut versions. The photos in this ad must be censored but the films display actual oral, anal, straight & group sex.

★ **100% GUARANTEE** - if you are unsatisfied with anything we sell, return it in the original condition within 10 days for a full refund or exchange, at your option.

★ **2 WEEK DELIVERY** - we ship airmail & UPS only. Purchases made by credit card, money order, or cashiers check will arrive within 2 weeks of the day we get your order or your money back.

viewer

(VW-1) Watch these exciting films in TOTAL PRIVACY with our viewer. This, compact, lightweight model accepts reels to 200' long and handles Super 8 & Reg. 8mm film.



WITH ANY FILM - $15
ALONE - $20

videotape

(V-12) 4 sizzling Swedish Erotica films on videotape, with soundtrack and previews of other tapes. Tape (V-12) features Holmes, Aunt Peg, Jamie Gillis, & more. VHS or Beta II. **$79.**

catalog

(C-1) Over 500 explicit, brilliant full color photos showing and describing each film in the Swedish Erotica series. Stars like Holmes Serena, Annette Haven, Keyes, Seka, Gillis, Cousteau, Ranger, and many more are featured. This thick bound volume contains a dazzling array of photos, poses & positions that can be enjoyed by anyone.



WITH ANY FILM OR TAPE - $ 7.00
ALONE - $10.00

Fantasy

An authorized Swedish Erotica dealer
6311 YUCCA ST., DEPT. AA
HOLLYWOOD, CA 90028

I certify that I am at least 18 years old and believe that this material is acceptable within my community.

Signature_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

Educational material - must be 18 years old
OFFER NOT GOOD OUTSIDE U.S.A.

☐ ☐ VISA

CD#_____
INTER_____ MO_____ YR_____
(Exp. Date)

ITEM #'s_____
_____

Sub-total on items $_____
POST & HAND. ($2 1st item, $1 ea additional item) _____
6% Sales Tax (CA residents) _____
TOTAL $_____

☐ Reg. 8mm ☐ S-8 ☐ VHS ☐ Beta II

Educational material - must be 18 years old - OFFER NOT GOOD OUTSIDE U.S.A.

JANN WENNER

(continued from page 46)

would be a meeting of two worlds."

Other publications had treated the music and the musicians gushingly, enthusiastically, without any critical distance, without putting, or seeing, the music in the larger context of world culture. *Rolling Stone* asked musicians about their feelings on drugs, politics, popular culture and anything else that came to an interviewer's mind.

And, at the same time, the music was seen as monumental, as history rather than fad. Its heroes were important; Lennon and Jagger were more significant than the entire House of Representatives. By 1970 the accepted way to end an argument about music, sex, dope or politics was to begin your final statement with "*Rolling Stone* says. . . ." And who was going to disagree? Ralph Gleason wrote in the third-anniversary issue: "I quite immodestly think that *Rolling Stone* is the most important publication in the United States today, when it's good."

Rolling Stone became the undisputed voice of the counterculture—and Wenner became a millionaire. Unlike many of the staff, who grew to dislike the publisher's style of push, push, push, Wenner never lost sight of the fact that the primary function of *his* publication was to make money. To its readers, and even moreso to the middle-aged middle class, *Rolling Stone* might have looked like an unorthodox weekly devoted to an unorthodox subject; but at its very heart was a very orthodox Jann Wenner, with a taste for the good life now within his grasp.

After a brief, not entirely happy, excursion into politics (culminating in the June 11, 1970, issue, with the thematic title "On America 1970: A Pitiful Helpless Giant"), Wenner pulled the magazine back to the safety of music coverage, and took advantage of the moment for a wholesale reorganization. The staff might have grown to think of *Rolling Stone* as one big family, but the man who signed the checks didn't.

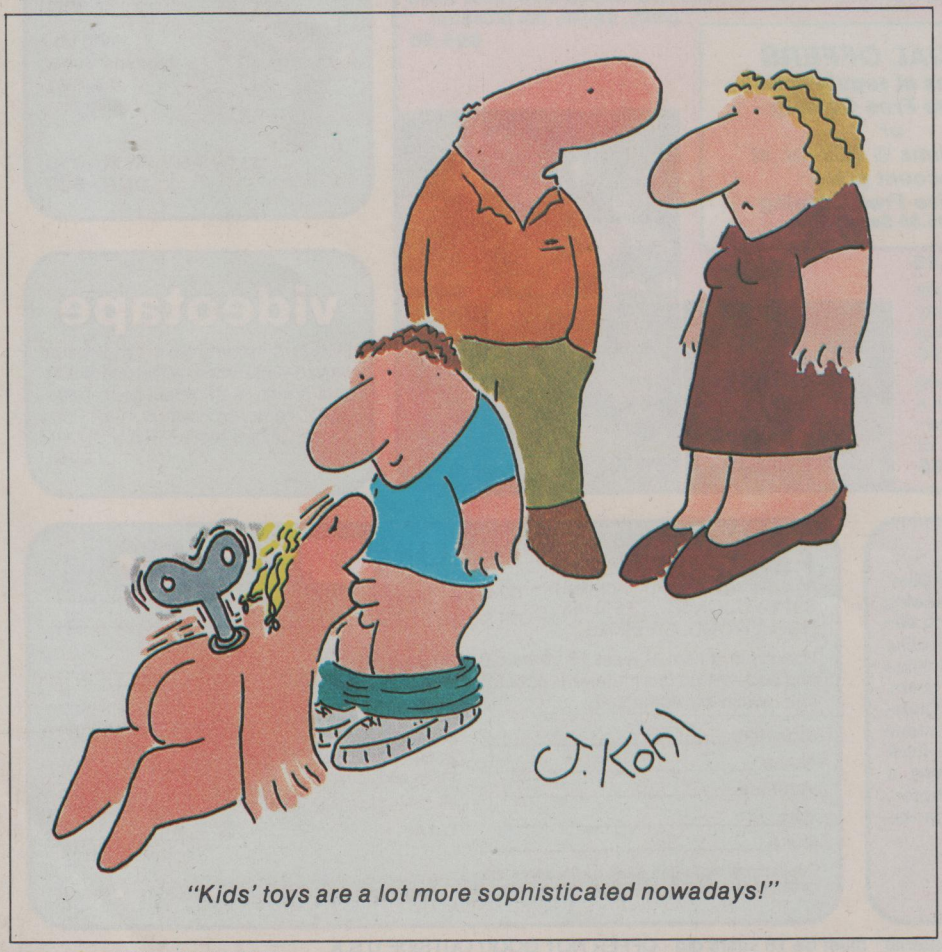
"Everybody got swell-headed," Wenner remarked at the time of the firings. "I mean, everybody. They thought they were something other than what we really were. It was a money crisis; so we dumped some bad people. It was an overdue housecleaning. The bad people left, and the good ones stayed."

Of course, there are conflicting opinions about the nature of the dismissals that occurred during Wenner's money crisis. "Jan was looking for some further investors in the magazine and was trying to draw some bigger-name writers," recalls one editor who received his pink slip during that time. "I remember he called me into his office and told me he could get a bigger-name rock critic than me. The next thing I knew, he had me rewrite a three-paragraph article 21 times, and the 21st rewrite was exactly like the original."

After the editor stormed out of Wenner's office, he found a broom in his own cubicle, along with a note from Wenner's secretary ordering him to "clean up this mess." In response, the editor stepped out and threw the broom down the hall, inadvertently tripping the approaching Wenner. Down he went. In the scuffle that followed, the frustrated editor managed to regain possession of the broom and proceeded to administer what many employees felt was a well-deserved beating to the floundering publisher.

"He just wanted me to quit," the editor continues. "The whole thing was [Wenner] trying to get me to quit. He just didn't have the balls to walk in and fire me." Even after the broom incident Wenner waited for several days before informing the editor that he was through at *Rolling Stone.* This indirect method of getting rid of people was quickly becoming a Wenner trademark. Better to make things as agonizingly uncomfortable as possible for a staffer,

(continued on page 125)



"Kids' toys are a lot more sophisticated nowadays!"

TRIPLE EXPOSURE

(continued from page 102)

"Quite a show you put on, sugar," she said. "Just the shots I was looking for."

"You handle the camera well," Marc said seriously.

"No," she said, "I handle *you* well."

"Honey, you know I want you," Marc said.

"No," Celia replied, "you know you need me."

Suddenly Jaclyn was in the room.

"You ready?" she asked Celia.

"Sure," Celia replied. She grabbed a suitcase from her closet. Marc could tell it was packed, from the effort Celia used to lift it.

"Hey, where are you going?" he asked.

"Istanbul," both women replied at once. And then they were gone.

Dazed, Marc lay on the bed. He put his hand on his cock and held it. But it would not stiffen. He stared at the bedroom door.

Then he arose. Naked, he walked to the living room. He looked in the directory next to the telephone, then dialed.

"Hello," he finally said. "Book me on the next flight to Istanbul. And leave the return date open."

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays $100 on publication for six-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



BLISSFUL UNION

by Leila Preston

I'm 28 years old, and I've been going steady with my boyfriend for about a year now. But something happened to me recently that makes me question how "straight" I really am, and I want to tell HUSTLER's readers about it.

A few months ago I got a long-distance call from Penny, an old friend of mine I hadn't seen in years. We had been best friends in high school, and hearing her voice again from out of the blue was a real surprise.

We talked about the old times, when we'd done almost everything together—double dates, cheerleader tryouts, movies, beach parties, slumber parties. We talked for almost an hour; then she told me she was coming to town to attend a wedding, and asked if we could get together.

I was overjoyed. Since she was only going to be in town for a few hours, she suggested that we meet at the ceremony. I told her I'd feel funny at the marriage of two total strangers, but she convinced me it would be fine, and I finally agreed.

When I arrived at the beautiful Victorian house that was the site of the wedding, I felt a little uneasy because Penny wasn't anywhere in sight. Then she came in. I remembered how good-looking she'd been in high school, and I could see she'd really taken care of herself since then. It seemed as if she hadn't aged a day. Her features were radiant, her skin was smooth and tanned, and her figure was trim and shapely. As we hugged each other I felt like crying, because I hadn't seen her for so long.

We went into the living room for the ceremony. Folding chairs had been set up for the guests, but there were more people than there were chairs. I sensed something odd about the gathering, although I couldn't quite place it. Then, after a few minutes, I realized what it was: Almost all of the guests were women.

I was surprised, and I didn't really know what to make of the situation, but before I could think much about it the ceremony began. The woman at the piano began to play wedding music, and the minister (another woman) entered the room. She was followed by the groom. My first impression was that he was extremely feminine in his appearance, but as he drew closer I saw why that was: The "groom" was a woman! She was wearing a tuxedo, but it didn't conceal the lines of her voluptuous body, and her short hair didn't make her seem a bit less lovely.

The pianist began to play the wedding march, and the bride appeared at the top of the stairs in a beautiful white wedding gown. My next thought was that I was at some sort of lesbian wedding, and I glanced at Penny in confusion—but she just smiled serenely and nodded vaguely, as if to tell me not to worry.

At this point I didn't know *what* to think. Suddenly I found myself remembering something about Penny I'd never really given much thought to: that during our senior year in high school she had stopped seeing her steady boyfriend and hadn't dated other boys at all.

After the ceremony the couple posed for pictures, and there was a reception line for cake and champagne. On top of the cake were what appeared to be the traditional figures of the bride and groom. But on closer examination I could see that they were certainly *not* traditional.

The groom was a seminude figure of a woman, dressed in a man's white tuxedo jacket, a white ornamental collar, white gloves and white spike-heeled shoes; the jacket was drawn back to emphasize her pink nudity, and her tiny candy hands held a single long-stemmed red rose. The bride was dressed in a white veil, white high-heeled shoes—and nothing else.

Penny drew me aside to talk to me, and when I told her how startled I was by the whole scene, she answered frankly that she was a lesbian herself.

Hearing that, I poured myself a second drink. Penny started to elaborate, but just then we were joined by some pushy middle-aged woman who kept interrupting us. Finally, Penny whispered that she wanted to talk to me alone.

I filled my glass again and, with my heart pounding, followed Penny upstairs and into a bedroom, where she closed the door behind us. For a few minutes we just sat beside each other on the bed, talking about the changes in our lives. Then Penny took out a joint and lit it. After a couple of tokes, I could feel my tension slowly dissolving.

Penny's fingers drifted through my hair and down across my back. She gently stroked my cheek, then touched a corner of my mouth. I reached out to push her hand away. I wanted to be gen-

Illustration by Mick McGinty

tle but firm. Her touch, though, was weakening my resistance, and with each second my willpower declined. Penny whispered, telling me how wonderful a woman's touch is. She kissed my neck, my mouth.

Somehow I couldn't help but yield to her. If it had been someone else, maybe it would have been different. But this was Penny, my first real friend. I remembered how close we had once been, how many good times we'd shared—and how there had been times in high school when we were more than inseparable; sometimes it had seemed that we were more than sisters, even more than twins. I realized, in fact, that I had managed to block memories of moments of deep affection between us, moments when we had almost been "girlfriends" in the truest sense of the word. Those thoughts were as much responsible for what happened next as the champagne and the marijuana.

With a little sigh I opened my mouth and let her tongue wash over mine. I took a deep breath, and with it found myself sucking on Penny's tongue, moaning into her mouth.

Soon her hands were on my breasts, and she was unbuttoning my blouse. She reached behind me with both hands and unhooked my bra. I followed her lead by nervously unbuttoning and lowering the front of her dress while she smiled at me. She wasn't wearing a bra, and she took my hands in hers and put them on her breasts. "Kiss them," she whispered, and in a trance I lowered my face and opened my mouth around one of her nipples, feeling it stiffen under my lips.

When I opened my eyes again, Penny had slid my skirt down around my knees and was lowering my panties. Very delicately she touched my clit with each of her fingers, one by one, then slid each, one after another, along the length of my slit to unseal the lips. Then she put each finger into her mouth. I spread my legs and looked down at my open cunt; a pearly froth was shimmering in the gap.

Penny was on her knees. She began by kissing my thighs, but soon she was running the full length of her tongue over my clit. It was more than I could bear. I felt a tide building in me, deep in my nerves, and when it crested, it brought with it a soaring, explosive orgasm that made me cry like a wild bird.

But it wasn't over yet. I opened my eyes to see Penny kneeling on the bed beside me. She eased me back and arranged herself so that our legs were parted and our crotches were thrust together, with our cunts glued against each other. Penny began rolling her ass, grinding her cunt over mine until our thighs were awash in our juices.

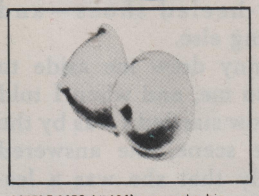
Soon we were both trembling from orgasm after orgasm. When we were both too exhausted to keep up the movements, we snuggled together and lay there holding each other. I fell asleep after a while, and the last thing I remember is Penny softly kissing my closed eyes, toying with my nipples and whispering sweet words of love to me.

An hour or so later I awoke to find Penny caressing me. I could hear the music coming from downstairs, where the reception was still in progress. Penny didn't say a word, but her smile was sufficiently eloquent as she helped me dress. Then we went downstairs. If I had at first felt awkward or uncertain about what we'd done, I wasn't anymore.

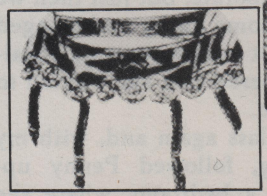
I've seen Penny again since then, and will continue to. She gave me a new perspective on lovemaking. I still have a boyfriend, but I know now that there are many varieties of love, and the only way to truly understand them is to experience them all.

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Showy, sexy cut-outs in this daring open-crotch, peek-a-boo derriere panty hose with that bold garter belt look. Black. One Size Fits All (Up to 5'9"). **$6.95**

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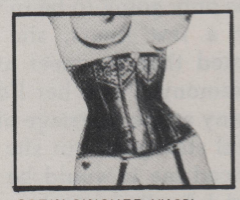
OPEN CROTCH (#115) panty hose *(not shown)* **$6.99. (2/$12.99)** in Black, Beige. *One size fits all.* XL size for Men **$9.99 (2/$18.99).** Black, Navy, Brown.

SHEER OPAQUE (201) Sexy Thigh-High stockings, have soft elastic that stay-up without Garter Belts. Silver Black, Brown, Navy. One size fits all. **$8.50 (2/$15.99)**

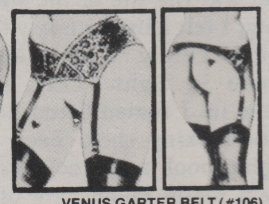
OPERA HOSE (#117) approx. 42" long *(not shown)* in Black, Off Black, Beige **$5.00 (3/$14.00)** sizes 8½-13

SEAMED STOCKINGS (#122) *not shown,* for that *ultra sexy* look. Black, Beige, Taupe. Sized 8½-13 Long. **$7.50 (2/$13.99)**

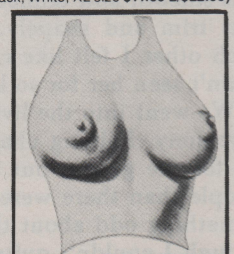
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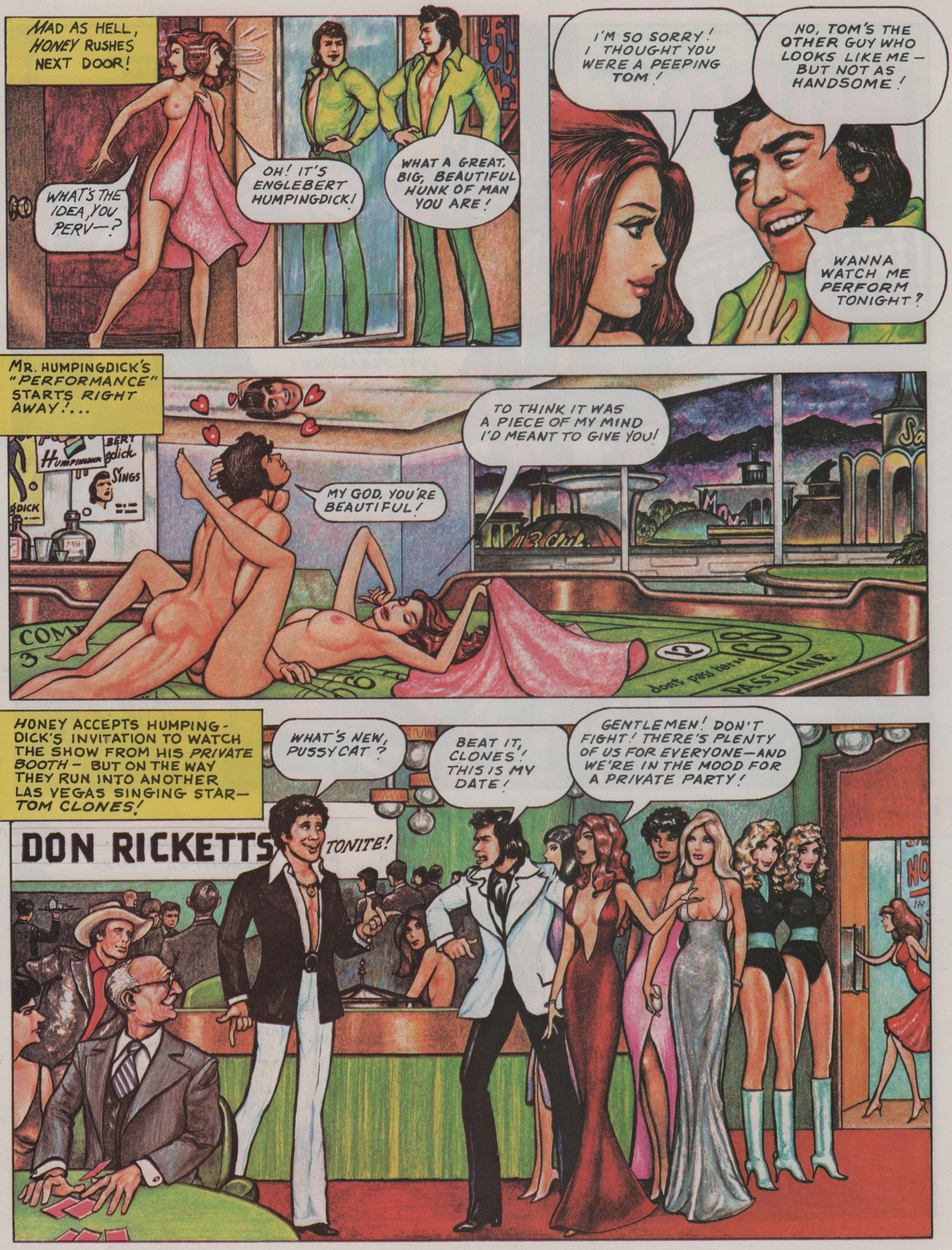
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Art: Tom Garst Text: Kelly Garrett


MAD AS HELL, HONEY RUSHES NEXT DOOR!
WHAT'S THE IDEA, YOU PERV—?
OH! IT'S ENGLEBERT HUMPINGDICK!
WHAT A GREAT, BIG, BEAUTIFUL HUNK OF MAN YOU ARE!
I'M SO SORRY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A PEEPING TOM!
NO, TOM'S THE OTHER GUY WHO LOOKS LIKE ME—BUT NOT AS HANDSOME!
WANNA WATCH ME PERFORM TONIGHT?
MR. HUMPINGDICK'S "PERFORMANCE" STARTS RIGHT AWAY!...
MY GOD, YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL!
TO THINK IT WAS A PIECE OF MY MIND I'D MEANT TO GIVE YOU!
HONEY ACCEPTS HUMPINGDICK'S INVITATION TO WATCH THE SHOW FROM HIS PRIVATE BOOTH — BUT ON THE WAY THEY RUN INTO ANOTHER LAS VEGAS SINGING STAR—TOM CLONES!
WHAT'S NEW, PUSSYCAT?
BEAT IT, CLONES! THIS IS MY DATE!
GENTLEMEN! DON'T FIGHT! THERE'S PLENTY OF US FOR EVERYONE—AND WE'RE IN THE MOOD FOR A PRIVATE PARTY!
DON RICKETTS
TONITE!

ONLY MICHELLE STAYS BEHIND. SHE'S JUST SEEN SOMETHING SHE HASN'T SEEN IN A LONG TIME — THREE CHERRIES!

THEES EES MORE FUN THAN FRENCH SEX — ALMOST!

CHINKA-CHINKA-CHINK!

WHILE DON RICKETTS DOES HIS ROUTINE ON THE SHOWROOM STAGE, HONEY AND THE GIRLS ENJOY THE ADVANTAGES OF A PRIVATE BOOTH!

I LOVE THE WARM-UP ACT!

SO IS THIS GUY!

THEY CALL ME A SADIST! THIS GUY IS GOOD!

DON'T RELEASE ME — TILL AFTER THE LOVIN' —

YOU STINKING BUNCH OF MORONS! YOU'RE ALL SO STUPID! YOU'D PAY TWENTY DOLLARS TO HEAR A FAT LITTLE ASSHOLE LIKE ME INSULT YOU!

I WISH MICHELLE WERE HERE! I HOPE SHE ISN'T BORED!

AN AUDIENCE OF HOCKEY PUCKS! YOU SWINE! YOU WORTHLESS SHITS!

GORGEOUS!

HERE COME DA WAITER! HERE COME DA WAITER!

GORGEOUS!

RIGHT ON! WHAT TALENT!

BACK IN THE CASINO, MICHELLE IS ANYTHING BUT BORED. IN FACT, SHE'S GOT GAMBLING FEVER!

I AM BLACK JACK

HEET ME TWICE!

FEEFTY DOLLARS ON ANY CRAPS!

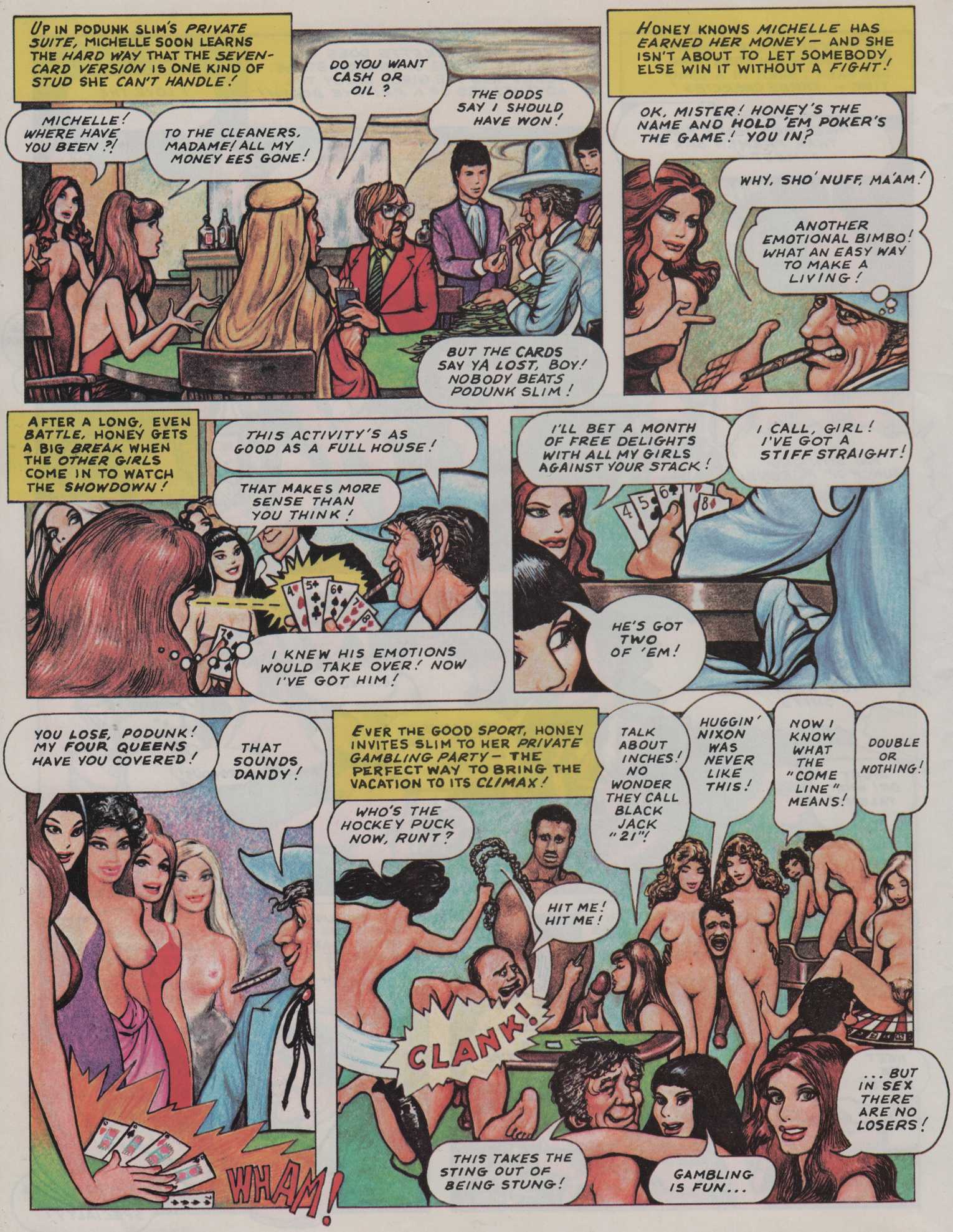
EETS JACKPOT TIME!

OOOH, LA, LA!

MICHELLE'S WHIRLWIND WAGERING ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF NONE OTHER THAN PODUNK SLIM - THE WORLD'S GREATEST POKER PLAYER!

PRETTY LADY, LOOKS LIKE YO'RE READY TO GO A FEW ROUNDS WITH TH' BIG BOYS!

WHY NOT? BEEG BOYS ARE MY SPECIALTY!


UP IN PODUNK SLIM'S PRIVATE SUITE, MICHELLE SOON LEARNS THE HARD WAY THAT THE SEVEN-CARD VERSION IS ONE KIND OF STUD SHE CAN'T HANDLE!
MICHELLE! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?!
TO THE CLEANERS, MADAME! ALL MY MONEY EES GONE!
DO YOU WANT CASH OR OIL?
THE ODDS SAY I SHOULD HAVE WON!
BUT THE CARDS SAY YA LOST, BOY! NOBODY BEATS PODUNK SLIM!
HONEY KNOWS MICHELLE HAS EARNED HER MONEY — AND SHE ISN'T ABOUT TO LET SOMEBODY ELSE WIN IT WITHOUT A FIGHT!
OK, MISTER! HONEY'S THE NAME AND HOLD 'EM POKER'S THE GAME! YOU IN?
WHY, SHO' NUFF, MA'AM!
ANOTHER EMOTIONAL BIMBO! WHAT AN EASY WAY TO MAKE A LIVING!
AFTER A LONG, EVEN BATTLE, HONEY GETS A BIG BREAK WHEN THE OTHER GIRLS COME IN TO WATCH THE SHOWDOWN!
THIS ACTIVITY'S AS GOOD AS A FULL HOUSE!
THAT MAKES MORE SENSE THAN YOU THINK!
I KNEW HIS EMOTIONS WOULD TAKE OVER! NOW I'VE GOT HIM!
I'LL BET A MONTH OF FREE DELIGHTS WITH ALL MY GIRLS AGAINST YOUR STACK!
I CALL, GIRL! I'VE GOT A STIFF STRAIGHT!
HE'S GOT TWO OF 'EM!
YOU LOSE, PODUNK! MY FOUR QUEENS HAVE YOU COVERED!
THAT SOUNDS DANDY!
WHAM!
EVER THE GOOD SPORT, HONEY INVITES SLIM TO HER PRIVATE GAMBLING PARTY — THE PERFECT WAY TO BRING THE VACATION TO ITS CLIMAX!
WHO'S THE HOCKEY PUCK NOW, RUNT?
HIT ME! HIT ME!
CLANK!
TALK ABOUT INCHES! NO WONDER THEY CALL BLACK JACK "21"!
HUGGIN' NIXON WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!
NOW I KNOW WHAT THE "COME LINE" MEANS!
DOUBLE OR NOTHING!
THIS TAKES THE STING OUT OF BEING STUNG!
GAMBLING IS FUN...
... BUT IN SEX THERE ARE NO LOSERS!

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK

We've broadened the scope of Mail-Order Feedback to include the lowdown on "straight" merchandise as well as on erotic goods. Suckers, as they say, are indeed born every minute, and it's this column's purpose to help you avoid being one. Write HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Besides us, we suggest that you bitch about your mail-order burns to your local Better Business Bureau or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

SMUT INFLATION

Who would have thought the soaring price of precious metals would affect your sex life? Kodak's recent 70% hike in the cost of raw film stock—due to the skyrocketing value of silver (which is used in the manufacture of film)—has suddenly presented the mail-order porn-movie industry with a dilemma: Should dealers raise their prices, or simply cut the length of their loops down from 8-10 minutes to 5-6 minutes? Insiders report that many companies will meet this new economic crisis and make up the difference in costs by *selling you shorter films* and hoping you don't notice. This means, among other things, that many fuck flicks are going to look choppier than ever.

VIDEO BOOM

Because rising silver prices result in price hikes for film products, video has become increasingly attractive to filmmakers because silver isn't used in the manufacture of videotape. Filmmakers also find videotape easier to edit. According to one industry source, editing time can be cut 25% by using videotape, which amounts to a big savings.

But ultimately the boom is being created by porn buyers themselves. After you've spent an evening watching your favorite smut on videotape, the trusty old 8mm loop might seem a little primitive. All you have to do is slip a videocassette into a player/recorder and push a button. Long-play capabilities allow you to watch feature films as well as loops. You can move the action backward and forward at high speed to reach a special scene that makes your mouth water. And, since videotapes come with sound, you can hear the moans and groans of love instead of the clicking that accompanies conventional film projectors.

Nothing underscores the coming popularity and economy of video better than the fact that *Swedish Erotica*, one of the industry's biggest porn-film-makers, is beginning to shoot its loops on videotape, then converting shortened versions to film for the 8mm market. Each loop for the video market will last 15 to 20 minutes, but its 8mm counterpart will be a chopped-down 8-10-minute version. The company hints it will be cutting back on its 8mm-sound inventory because the average guy who buys sound is switching to video.

We're not here to sell you on the video format or to frighten you away from buying 8mm. The reliable old celluloid will be around for many years to come, and your grandchildren will probably be jerking off in the glow of an 8mm projector.

If you plan on buying into the video market in the future, keep in mind that it's a major investment. Video recorders usually cost upward of $800; so it's important that you shop around for a recorder the same way you'd check out the marketplace for a stereo system or a car. Many mail-order houses offer recorders. But before you buy through the mails, you should know exactly what you're looking for, what format (VHS or Beta) is best for you, and what guarantees are available. And, of course, you should deal only with a company that you know is not going to rip you off.

But remember, even though video recorders are available by mail, it's unlikely you'll find a better price than you would at a local manufacturer's outlet. Keep your eyes open for ads announcing price breaks or clearance sales; like color-TV sets, video recorders will eventually drop in cost as more people acquire them. In the Los Angeles area, a hot market for videotape, recorder prices have occasionally dropped to the $700 level, and there's no reason to expect the trend will reverse.

As long as you exercise discretion and common sense in purchasing a video recorder, you're sure to enjoy many hours of viewing pleasure—and without commercials!

MISSING TAPES

More than a month ago I ordered some videotapes from two different companies. Astronics (also called AstroVideo, Inc., 90 Golden Gate Avenue, San Francisco, California 94102) sent me two tapes within two weeks, and I'm completely satisfied with their service. But Leasure Time Home Video (P.O. Box 16508, Columbus, Ohio 43216) has really pissed me off. I ordered $285 worth of video movies on my Master Charge, and my merchandise was supposed to reach me within five days. Leasure Time didn't waste any time charging the $285 to my account, but I still haven't received my tapes. I tried to call them, but they gave me the runaround. They didn't even send me a card saying my tapes would be late. I've been in the mail-order business myself for several years; so don't try making excuses for these rip-off artists. Just see if you can get me my tapes, or else get me my money back.

—F. B.
Waco, Texas

We contacted *Leasure Time* and asked the manager about F. B.'s order. He told us that several videotape features in F. B.'s particular Beta format were out of stock, including two of the three movies that he had ordered. The manager apologized for the delay and said that F. B. should have been notified that his tapes would be late. *Leasure Time* immediately sent F. B. the one videotape it had on hand, accompanied by a notice that the other two would quickly follow.

Edited by Jim Dawson

TEN INCHES POSSIBLE!

Would you like to have an 8, 9 or **10 INCH COCK?** We can give it to you! All you need is the **DESIRE** and to make the **DECISION** to **ACT TODAY,** and in **SIX WEEKS OR LESS,** depending on how you respond, you could have a **COCK UP TO 10 INCHES LONG.** No fancy creams to use, no capsules to take and no artificial appliances to wear. Experience the pride of displaying your **BIG COCK** to your favorite playmate, she will be amazed and delighted at just the sight of it. Imagine the erotic sensations when you slip it into her, filling her completely. Don't wait the sooner you order the sooner your fantasies will be realized. We can't guarantee that everyone will acquire a cock ten inches long but it will be **A MINIMUM OF EIGHT INCHES.** Send $6.95 to **ENLARGEMENT TECHNIQUES,** Dept. 4589 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028.

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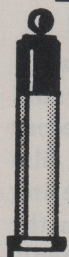
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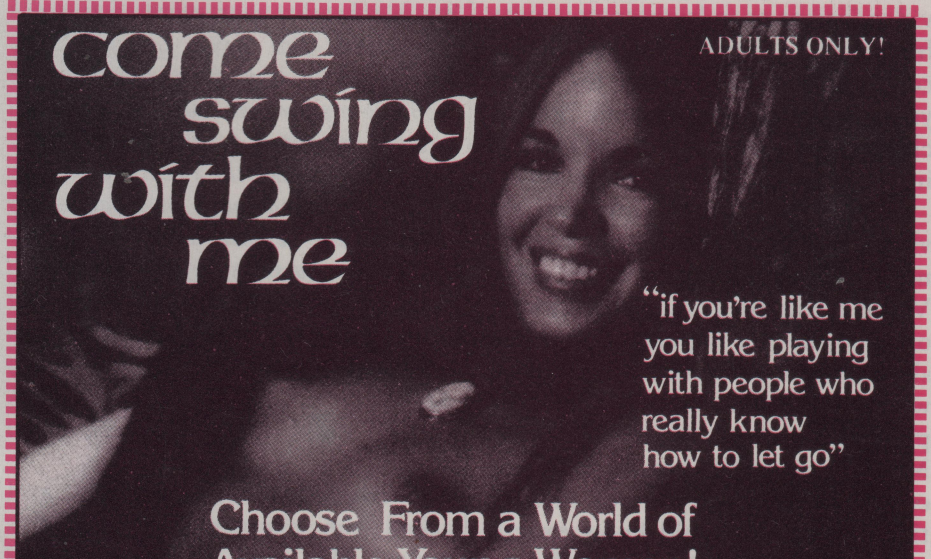


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ALL COLOR MAGAZINES

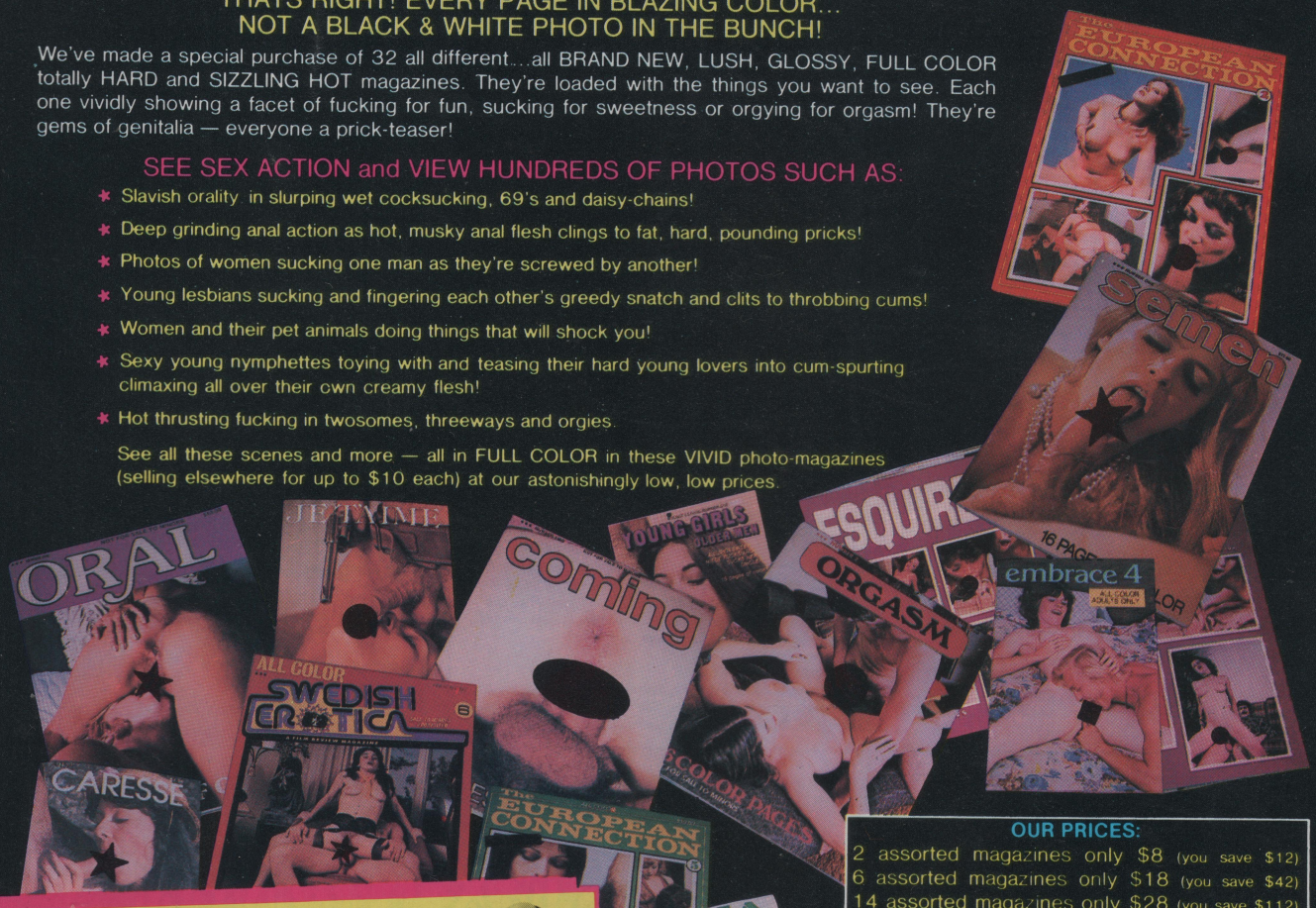
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a 200 ft.* collection of

COLOR PORN FILMS

at less than ½ price!



Here are 6 of the newest...the hottest films from Europe. Big prices, gapping pussies, inviting asses, horny pets and luscious girls who are so tempting... they'll put some starch in your pecker!!

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☐ 2 mags.@ $8 · · · ☐ 6 mags.@ $18 · · ☐ 14 mags.@ $28
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FILMS: $9.95 each Check one ☐ super 8 color ☐ reg. 8mm color
☐ #91 ☐ #92 ☐ #93 ☐ #94 ☐ #95 ☐ #96
☐ *I want to save $14.70.* Send all 6 films for only $45

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YOU MUST ACT NOW!

SUPERSTARS OF PORNO IN BIG SCREEN FILMS

Sensational porno films like DEEP THROAT and THE DEVIL IN MISS JONES cost **$5 and up** just to see once! Now, for **less than a single theater admission** you can **own** a full-length film with the **same superstar** performing every imaginable sex act for your **private** enjoyment. Not one, but **eight films** so controversial that we are not permitted to name them in advertising.

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☐ **NO. 1 TALENTED TONGUE**
If you have seen DEEP THROAT you'll recognize this star instantly. Watch her now, nude and more passionate than ever, perform for you privately, doing thing with men that have made her the queen of hardcore. If one of her acts turns you on . . . stop the action and play it again. You can't do that in the theater!

☐ **NO. 2 BIG RAPE OFF**
He gets her into a room and she beats and tears at him as he rips off her panties, pushes her skirt up over her breasts and forces himself between her legs. Do her frantic hip movements change from panic to ecstasy as he presses her? Judge for yourself in this super-realistic film!

☐ **NO. 3 LEZ BE FRIENDS**
Watch as the tortured girl's wild, sexual cravings inflame the nurse. The patient's fingers frantically caress her body until, in vividly photographed scenes, the young girl is finally calmed by her own climax at her nurse's skilled, loving hands.

☐ **NO. 4 THE DEVIL IN HER**
He tears off her blouse and bra until, her passions aroused, she tries to help him gain his love-goal. His frenzied thrusts and her groans are overheard by her mom & dad, and their sexual climax leads to a surprise ending.

☐ **NO. 5 CLITS AND DICKS**
A new, young model is taught every kind of sex by two virile males and her voluptuous girlfriend. At first she seals her lips tight. Then the other girl shows her how, and in a sexual feast you'll want to replay many times, her eager, moist lips show she has learned her lessons well.

☐ **NO. 6 WET, HOT AND HORNY**
The wedding night and the groom is nervous. She's waited so long that she casts aside all shame and bares her full, luscious body to him. He is startled, then aroused as she bares his manhood with trembling fingers and offers him her maidenhead.

☐ **NO. 7 LEZ LESSON**
Threatened with death, the terrified bride is forced to perform on the sex-starved gunwoman. But the wife becomes aroused and the gun is thrown aside as a close-up sequence shows how lovers parting silky female hair send the two women into writhing ecstasies of lesbian love.

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The sex-driven, mentally disturbed girl has masturbation problems that the Richard Roundtree type psychiatrist tries to solve. She uses her hot lust to break his professional calm. The doctor-patient love scenes top anything yet filmed!

Remember, these are not the usual cheapie, badly lit, poorly shot films that are sold for $25 or more! These are full feature 8mm films **made directly from the 16mm theater-class motion picture film** and are made available to you for only $4.99 each. **But you must act now!**

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We offer you this $24.95 200 ft. viewer at our wholesale cost of only $15 . . . **IF** you purchase at least one reel of film. And we'll give you a **90-day unconditional guarantee** on this precision machine that features an adjustable focus eye-piece, 15-second threading and a large bright image. **Added bonus: You can also use in on super-8 film.**

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☐ Save even more money . . . buy all 8 films, a $39.92 value — for only **$29.95**

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NOTE! Send $1 extra to cover postage and handling.

NAME (print)_____

ADDRESS _____

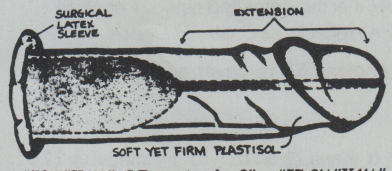
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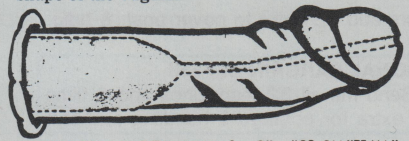


#56-5"X1¼" I.D. extends 2". #57-6½"X1½" I.D. extends 3". #58-7½"X1¾" extends 4".

* * *

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The curved design performs the same functions as the straight model except that its purpose is to more naturally conform to the shape of the vagina.



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* * *

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All Hide-a-Clips available in gorgeous 22K gold electroplated, or sleek silver color finish. Chain not included.

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TOTAL			
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TOTAL			$

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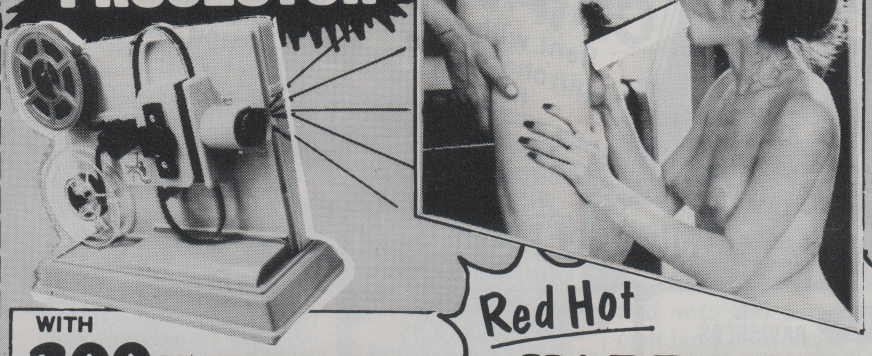
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☐ 1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4
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Film #2	☐ $3	☐ $6
Film #3	☐ $3	☐ $6
Film #4	☐ $3	☐ $6
All 4 only	☐ $10	☐ $20

☐ Super 8 add $1 per film

Package A	☐ $3
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Package C	☐ $3
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Close your eyes and put your finger in it. You'll swear it's the real thing. So lifelike and supple, you may never want anything else. Inflate with air or warm water, adjust for "tightness." Thousands of men have paid up to $25 for artificial vaginas not half as lifelike as this one. New design break-thru lets us offer this unique pleaser for only $5 ...$10 with vibrating option. Order today from...

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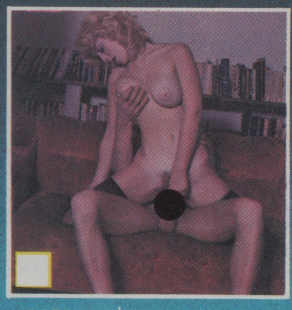
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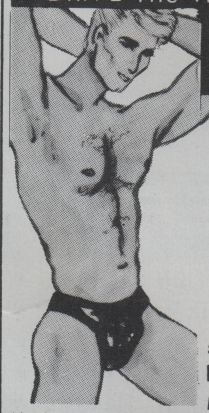
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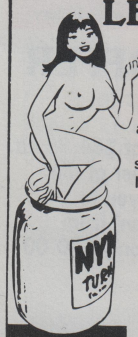


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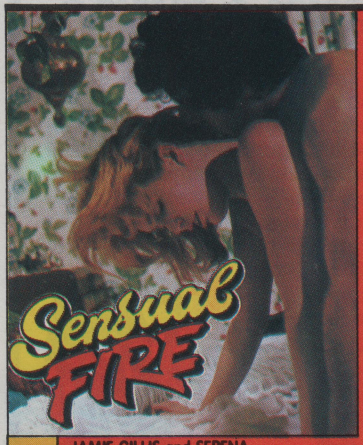
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To love you in that special way — all the way down, Angie's angelic face has kissable lips that open to a throat 7" deep. She was "born with a taste for French," and she'll satisfy you over and over.



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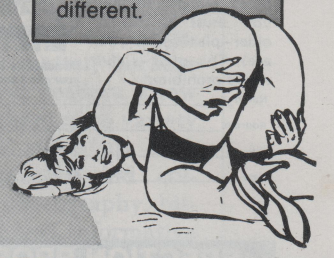


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Don't confuse Angie with an inferior competitor with a so called "foam expander" in an aerosol can. The "expander" is nothing more than a can of gas which you use to "expand" an inadequate amount of inferior foam. When the gas leaks out, the doll goes flat. Insist on the Genuine Angie Doll . . . packed tight with resilient, weight supporting foam. There is no substitute.

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NEW LOW PRICE
Just 1 year ago Angie sold for $70+. Amazing production cost cuts let us offer her now for only

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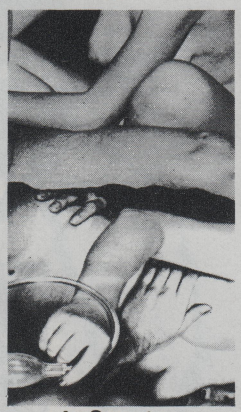
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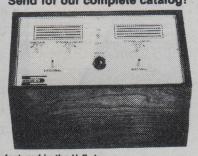


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(continued from page 104)

in the hope that he'll quit, rather than simply fire him.

"All together, maybe 20 people or so went in a two-or-three-week period," another editor remembers. "A lot of people, including me, just got fed up and quit." As Wenner put it once, "People come and go, but *Rolling Stone* goes on."

More often than not, the money crises *Rolling Stone* has faced have been a direct result of Wenner's longing for respectability. A respectable magazine couldn't continue to function in cavernous loft space over a printing plant in San Francisco. A respectable magazine had to have elegance, secretaries and hustling bodies—all of which cost money. For a while *Rolling Stone*'s financial charts resembled the roller coaster at Coney Island. In an effort to woo the heavyweight Madison Avenue advertising accounts, coverage of the drug scene was slowly phased out, as was occasional full-frontal nudity.

The ploy worked. Once the highly conservative ad agencies saw that *Rolling Stone* was safe, they began to view it as the key to a whole new market with a hell of a lot of money to spend. Not surprisingly, the record companies were the first to get on the bandwagon. To take just one example, Warner Brothers publicity director Gary George understood the influence of *Rolling Stone* with great clarity, and expressed it to reporter Geoffrey Stokes this way: "If we can get favorable reviews in *Rolling Stone* and the *Village Voice*, it makes a measurable difference in sales. Those papers not only sell records on their own, they influence every other review in the country.... If you get a lead review in *Stone*, it guarantees that other papers will have to review [your record]."

Ironically, *Rolling Stone*'s national success was not without its casualties. Old friends Gleason and Wenner grew increasingly at odds, especially following a 1974 interview with Gleason published in the *Columbia Journalism Review*, in which the critic openly questioned Wenner's choice of writers and subject matter. In truth, *Rolling Stone* had simply outgrown Gleason's style, creating its own new superstars along the way. Before his death from a heart attack in 1975, Gleason had even made overtures to Wenner about selling out his share of *Rolling Stone* stock, and was reportedly furious at Wenner's low offer for the shares. Yet following Gleason's death one staffer remembered Wenner as being "shattered."

* * *

It was inevitable that Wenner, given his tendency to hero-worship and his eagerness to hang out with the people his magazine reported on, should face charges of conflict of interest. He had already begun to mingle with the stars, so to speak, and their pictures inevitably appeared on the cover of *Rolling Stone*.

But at least one executive who worked with Wenner and, earlier, with record companies, discounts the conflicts: "How Wenner could ask for so much from the record companies and still keep his record reviewers absolutely, religiously honest is amazing to me. As far as I could see, he never had the slightest hesitation about where to draw the line. His principal aim was to keep his editorial material credible, and that's why he was so effective in getting advertising. He could lambaste an album and get away with it. People couldn't *avoid* advertising in *Rolling Stone*."

At the same time, of course, Wenner was quite capable of firing a critic who had attacked one of his favorite record-

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In New Jersey add 5% sales tax.

ing artists, or of re-reviewing a disc or concert if he felt criticism of it had been too harsh. He always has been, and still is, especially touchy about two of his all-time favorites—the Rolling Stones and Bob Dylan. As if to avoid problems, Wenner himself last year reviewed Dylan's *Slow Train Coming* album.

On one occasion in the early '70s a negative review of a Dylan album did manage to get past Wenner and into print. The repercussions were immediate. Clive Davis, head of CBS Records at the time and a close friend of Wenner, decided that enough was enough. Dylan had been mortally offended by the review and had insisted that Davis give it to Wenner with both barrels. Davis, accordingly, assembled his subordinates as witnesses, phoned Wenner and proceeded to call him everything but human. In conclusion, Davis asserted that CBS would no longer advertise in *Rolling Stone.*

Wenner was astonished and hurt, but he didn't give any ground to Davis. He knew, as did Davis, that the threat was an empty one. CBS's sales depended too much on its ads in *Rolling Stone.* No sooner did Davis put down the receiver than he called in his ad director and instructed him to get an ad for the Dylan album ready to send to Wenner immediately.

Added the executive who above discounted Wenner's conflict of interest, "One has to understand that Wenner made it very big very fast, and he didn't do that by being the nicest man in the world"—a fact Wenner himself admits.

"You've probably heard how awful I am," Wenner once said, "that I'm a cheat and a liar and everything else. Well, the truth is, I'm really not very nice. I can be very mean and unpleasant." Indeed, he has referred to former employees—and even a few present ones—as assholes, whores, liars and idiots. He has changed deals in midstream and has fired employees for the flimsiest of reasons.

Since the move east even Janie Wenner has drifted away from the day-to-day business end of the magazine, which has evolved from a family-type operation to a heavyweight publication staffed by high-powered professionals. In fact, she has kept an exceptionally low profile, leaving the socializing to her husband.

* * *

If only a single word could be used to describe Jann Wenner, the word would have to be *driven.* One former employee insists that Wenner and *Rolling Stone* are simply different manifestations of the same creature. Every once in a while he'll get bored with the magazine and drift away, maybe to launch new projects, like a book division or new magazines, or he'll try to get into film production. But *Rolling Stone* draws him back, and then that obsessive drive takes over, that urge to be in control. And it is the drive and the need to be in control that are responsible for the most outrageous Wenner anecdotes.

The stories are legion. In San Francisco and New York practically everyone who owns a typewriter has been hired, fired, rehired and fired again by Wenner, sometimes all in a single day. "Jann's real good at spotting talent," a former business associate remarked. "Then, three or four months later, when they haven't put out at 200 or 300 percent, Jann falls out of love just as fast as he fell in love."

According to one ex-staffer, "A lot of the problems with personnel that Jann gets criticized for really aren't his fault. . . . I always related to Jann as an employee to an employer, and I think I've had less trouble than anyone."

That editor has certainly had less trouble than many of the stringers, freelancers and other writers Wenner has hired. Consider, for instance, Hunter S. Thompson.

After months of bitter haggling over money and assignments, the publisher personally dispatched Thompson to cover the fall of Saigon in March 1975. Upon arriving in the doomed Vietnamese city, the Gonzo journalist was told that Wenner had revoked his status as a regular staff correspondent, which meant not only that his salary had been cut off, but his insurance as well—no small matter in a war zone. Thompson's understandable overseas-telephone ravings failed to budge Wenner, who suggested that the infuriated writer come home. Using the last of his expense money, Thompson escaped Saigon, fleeing to Laos two days before the city fell. From there he scrounged his way back to the United States.

Then there were the book deals. At one point *Rolling Stone* had its own book division, Straight Arrow Books, which, like many other Wenner projects, collapsed. Wenner nevertheless continued to hustle book contracts for his writers—only to pull out at the last minute. One writer in Texas had completed his research (and had actually begun to write) when he noticed that *Rolling Stone* was no longer returning his calls; worse, the contract—supposedly "in the mail"—never arrived.

Wenner's aborted attempt to run a book division was followed by his entry into television production. The *Rolling Stone* tenth-anniversary television special was a disaster. As at least one critic pointed out, it was the kind of

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show that *Rolling Stone* itself would have panned viciously. And then there was a "three-movie deal" that somehow failed to materialize, although at the time of this writing at least one of the components, a screenplay about San Francisco by veteran staffer Ben Fong-Torres, is still alive—barely.

There was also the *Look* magazine venture. *Look* went out of business in the early 1970s; in 1977 French magazine-publishing magnate Daniel Filipacchi acquired the rights to it for something in the neighborhood of $250,000. Filipacchi hired a staff, and in early 1979 the first issue of the resurrected magazine appeared—and bombed. With each succeeding issue more and more money was lost; so Filipacchi asked Wenner—who, according to industry insiders, he had always admired—to try to save it.

Wenner's efforts were supported financially for two issues, then fell apart when Filipacchi and his French backers refused to put up the additional money Wenner said was necessary, even though he had managed to cut monthly losses considerably. In all fairness to Wenner, it has to be said that he worked wonders, slashing away at an oversized staff and finally falling back on *Rolling Stone* regulars for assistance. Without question, Wenner's second issue—and *Look*'s last—was the best.

Besides *Look*, Wenner also invested in several other publications. *Outside,* an outdoorsy magazine, required start-up financing in the millions of dollars and was sold, after heavy losses, to a rival publication, *Mariah*, in 1978. Earlier, Wenner had tried to launch an ecology magazine, *Earth Times*; a trendy New York paper, *New York Scenes*; and a London edition of *Rolling Stone* (to have been partially bankrolled by Mick Jagger). All three failed in short order, contributing to the mother ship's financial woes.

One long-time *Rolling Stone* contributor, a friend of Wenner, says: "Jann has always wanted to do something great. That's why he got mixed up with *Look* and all those other magazines.

"*Rolling Stone* is simply the only thing Jann has ever been able to get right. Books fall through. Magazines fall through. Movies fall through. *Rolling Stone* goes on. Too many people judge him by his failures and by the fact that—let's face it—he's something of a buffoon. But most people go through their whole lives without a single inspiration on the level of *Rolling Stone*—and without the ability to realize it.

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NEXT MONTH

July issue on sale May 29, 1980



HUSTLER'S SIXTH ANNIVERSARY—With the July issue, HUSTLER starts its seventh year of publication, and we invite you to celebrate our anniversary with us. To make sure you enjoy our birthday, we've put together an exceptionally interesting series of articles and features for you. We're proud that HUSTLER is still the most controversial, hell-raising magazine in the country. And never forget that it's for *you* that we diligently defend our right to be a forum of free thought and expression.

WAS MARILYN MONROE MURDERED?—The tragic death of America's sex symbol was no suicide—she was murdered. Or so says Robert Slatzer, briefly Marilyn's husband and a longtime close friend who spent years accumulating evidence that her death in 1962 was a homicide. Was her murder suppressed to protect President John F. Kennedy and his brother Robert? You be the judge after reading the evidence.

WOMEN AGAINST PORN—Your rights are again being threatened, this time by a small faction of the women's movement with the bizarre notion that everything from sexy billboards to men's magazines causes rape. Claiming the First Amendment was never meant to protect "pornographic images," the antiporn feminists' march is on a collision course with our cherished principle of free speech. The new banner may be feminism, but the motives and goals of Women Against Pornography are no different than old-fashioned antisex crusades. Analysis by Kelly Garrett.

INTERVIEW: ED CLARK—Imagine what it would be like if government had no control over your life. To the Libertarian Party, this isn't a pipe dream; it's a political platform. Libertarian Presidential candidate Ed Clark tells how he plans to drastically reduce government's intrusion into the private lives of Americans and why we need a new commitment to government *by* the people and *for* the people.

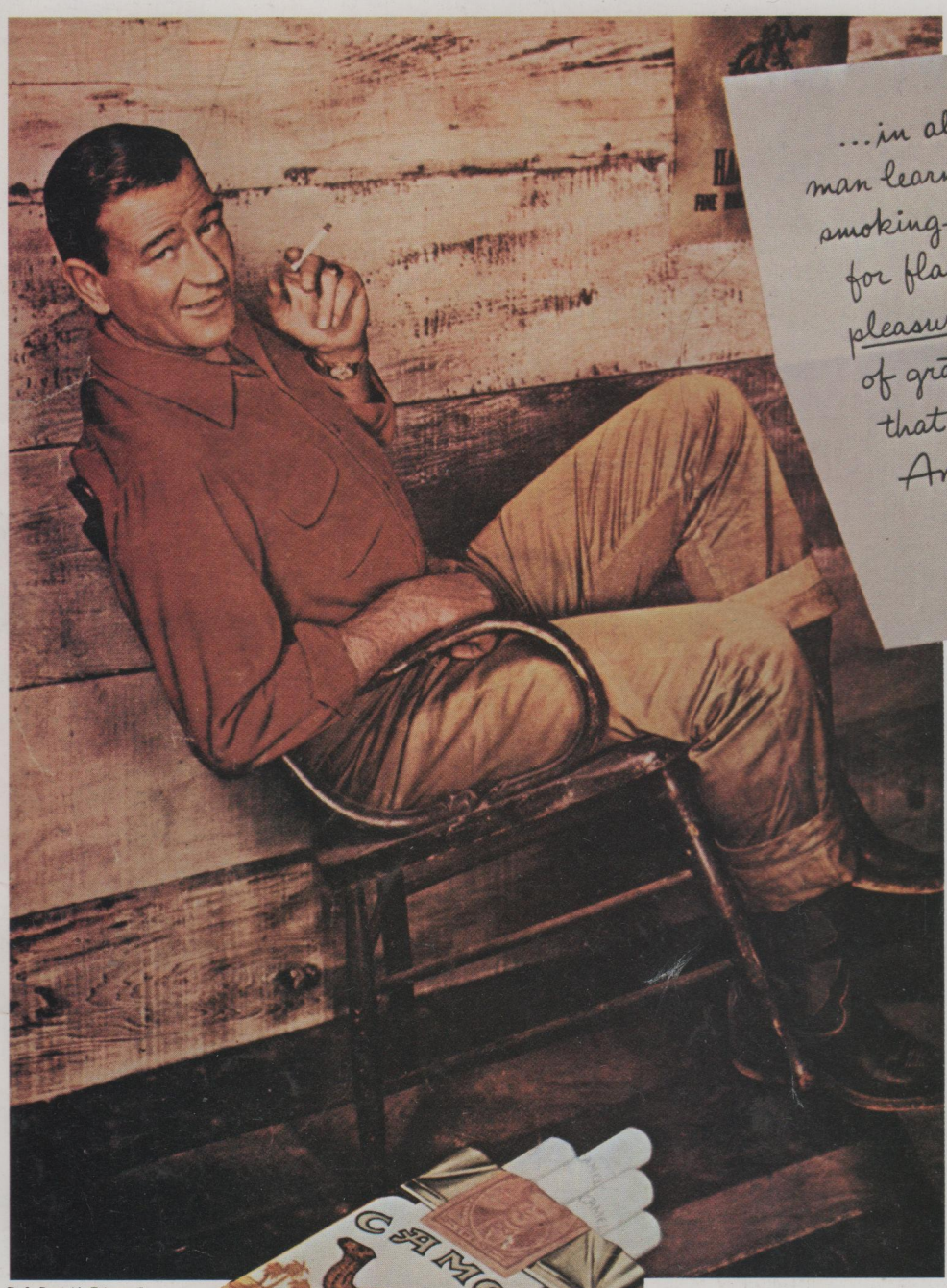


DREAM COME TRUE—A coed who goes to any length to make it with the man she craves (including sharing him with another woman) finds her dream-come-true quite different than what she had imagined. Fiction by Pepper Parrish.

PHOTO-FEATURES—CISSY's bedroom eyes will lure you into next month's bonus giant-size centerfold. ELAINE is a homebody, but THE NYMPH AND THE SATYR prefer the great outdoors. And two beautiful CELLMATES are quite satisfied being prisoners of love.

PLUS—An action-packed anniversary lineup, including ADVISE & CONSENT, SEX PLAY, KINKY KORNER, BITS & PIECES, HUSTLER HUMOR, HONEY and BEAVER HUNT.

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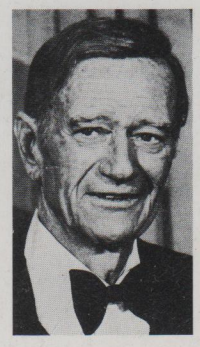


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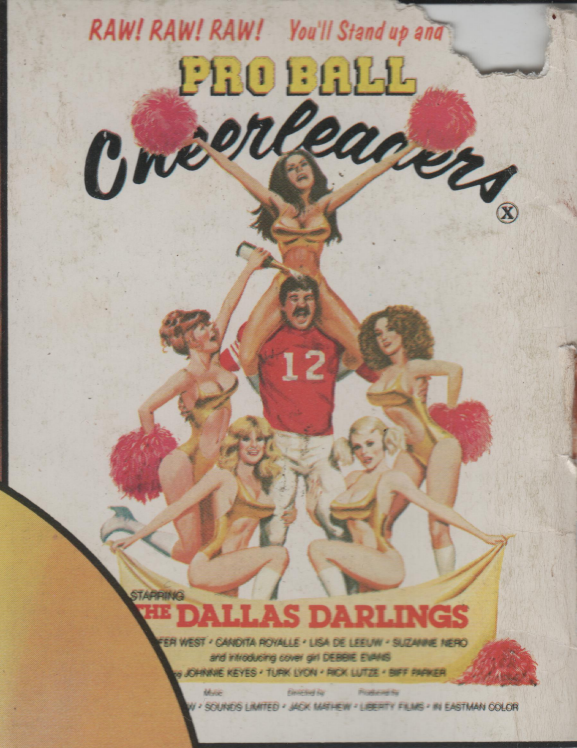
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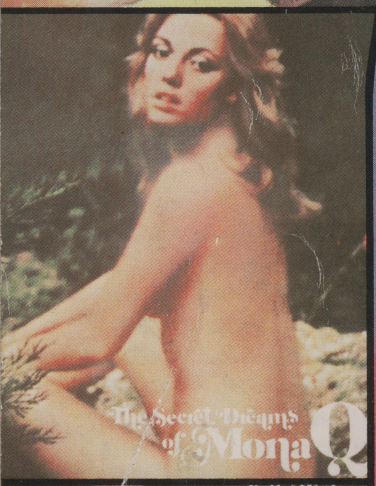
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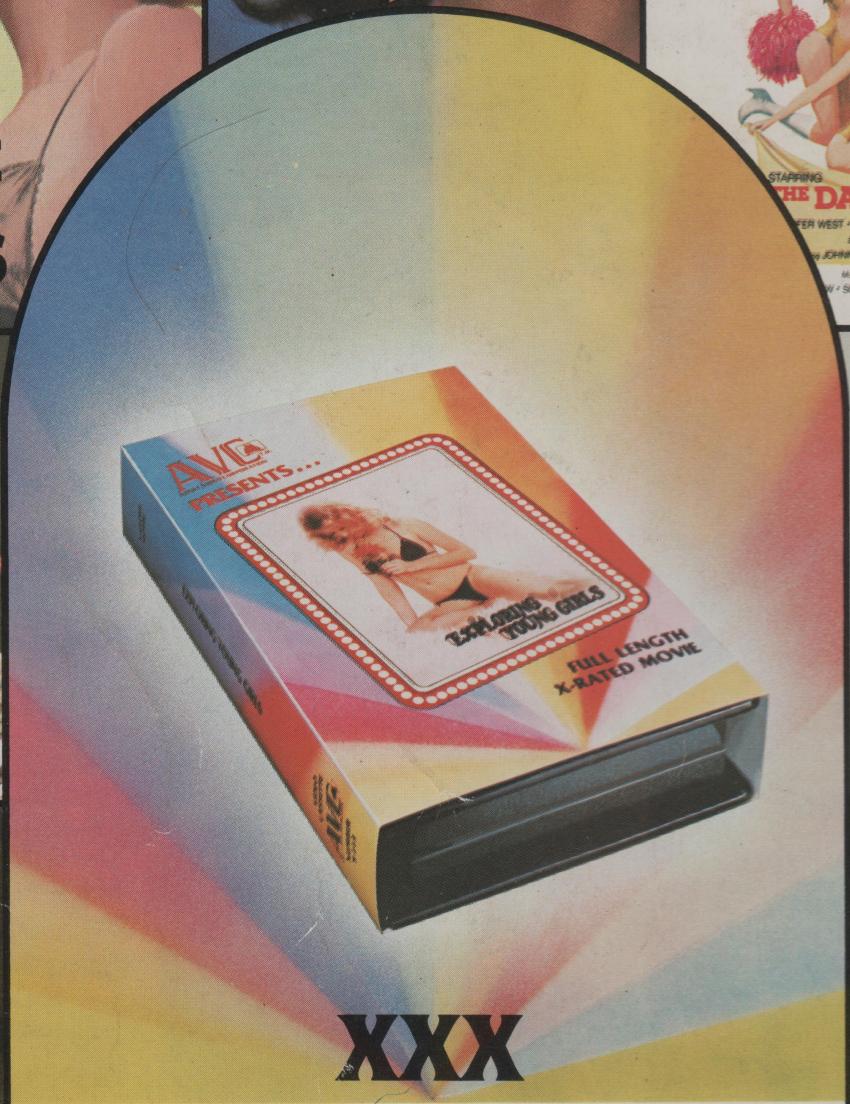
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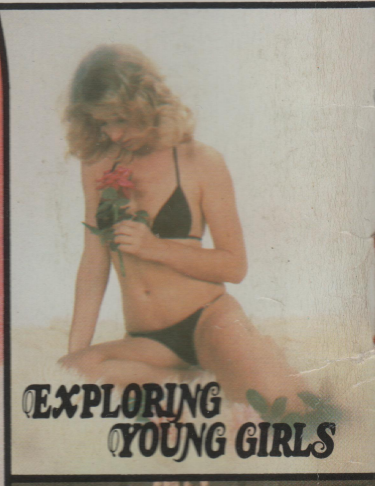


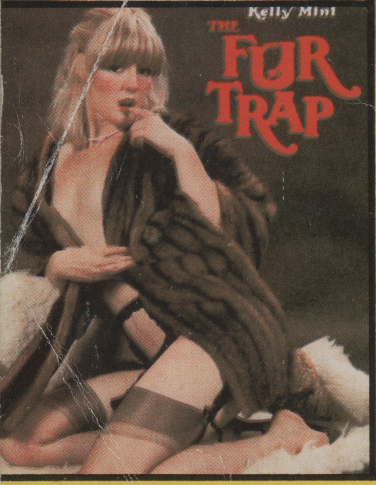














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